HORAE SUBSECIVAE.

FIRST SERIES.

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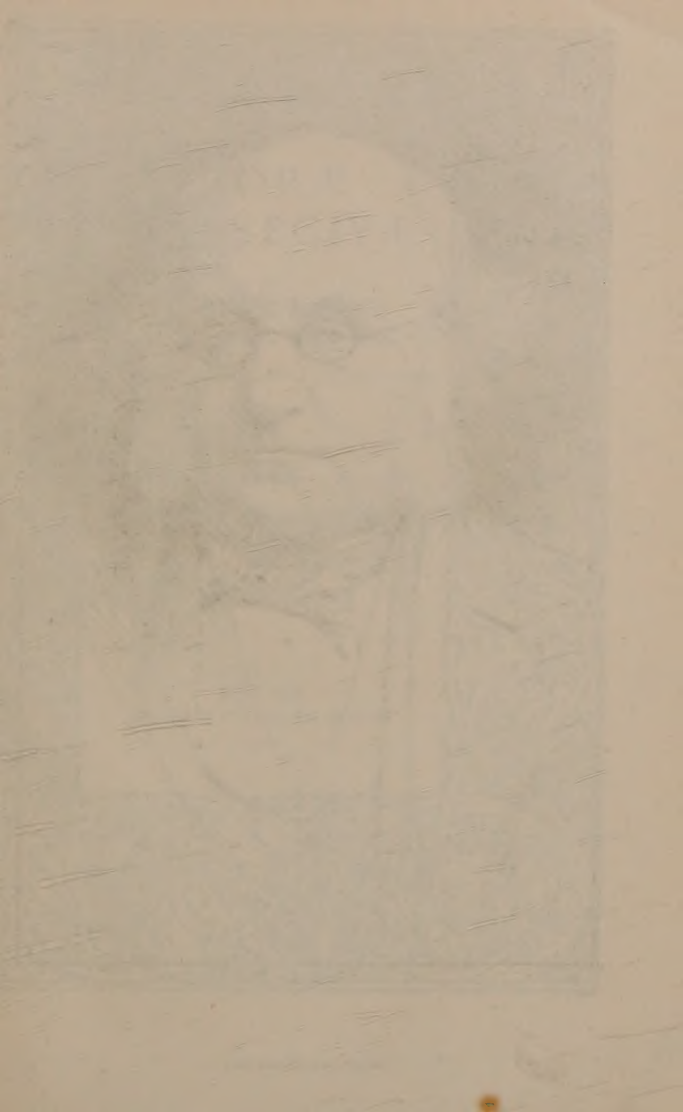

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HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ

BY

JOHN BROWN, M.D., LL.D., ETC.

NEW EDITION IN THREE VOLUMES

FIRST SERIES

LONDON
ADAM & CHARLES BLACK
1900

HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ

BY

JOHN BROWN, M.D., LL.D., ETC.

AND ANOTHER BY ANNA BROWN

FIRST SERIES

LONDON
ADAM & CHARLES BLACK
1900

TO JAMES SYME, F.R.S.E.,

SURGEON IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND,

PROFESSOR OF CLINICAL SURGERY IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

&c. &c. &c.

WITH THE AFFECTIONATE REGARDS OF HIS OLD APPRENTICE.

VERAX.

CAPAX SAGAX.

PERSPICAX EFFICAX.

TENAX.

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NOTE.

THE present volume consists of a re-issue of the more purely professional papers published in 1866, to which I have added a few words on Dr. John Scott, Mr. Syme, and Sir Robert Christison. They are addressed more to myself than to any one else.

At the request of a valued friend, the little Lectures on Health have been added as an Appendix.

With some true things, and not unimportant, there are some rash and jejune ones; but though recognising fully the immense enlargement of our means of knowledge in these latter years, I would put in as strong a word as ever for the cultivation and concentration of the unassisted senses. Microscopes, sphygmographs, etc., are

good, but don't let us neglect the drawing out into full power, by the keen and intelligent use of them, those eyes which we can always carry with us.

It is this *ἀκρίβεια* of the wise and subtle Greek, this accuracy (*ad* and *cura*) of the stout Roman, that is the eye of the physician and its memory, and it depends greatly on vivid *attention* in the act of seeing; as Dr. Chalmers said, there is a looking as well as a seeing. 'I've lost my spectacles,' said good easy Lord Cuninghame, as he was mooning about Brougham Hall in search of them, when on a visit to his vehement old friend its Lord, whose mind was always in full spate. 'Where did you lay them?' said Brougham. 'I forget.' 'Forget! you should never forget; nobody should forget. I never forget. You should attend; *I* always do. *I* observed where you laid your spectacles; there they are!'

The only other things I would now mention are, 1*st*, The cramming system of Examinations. Surely this matter, which is becoming an enormous nuisance and mischief and oppres-

sion to examiners as well as examinees, has reached that proverbial point when things begin to mend. Let some strong-brained, wide-knowledged, and merciful man find out the how to mend.

2d, I am more convinced than ever of the futility and worse of the Licensing system, and think, with Adam Smith, that a mediciner should be as free to exercise his gifts as an architect or a molecatcher. The Public has its own shrewd way of knowing who should build its house or catch its moles, and it may quite safely be left to take the same line in choosing its doctor.

Lawyers, of course, are different, as they have to do with the State—with the law of the land.

J. B.

23 Rutland Street,
April 12, 1882.

PREFACE TO EDITION OF 1866.

THESE occasional Papers appeared, with a few exceptions, in the early editions of HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ, and were afterwards excluded as being too professional for the general reader. They have been often inquired for since, and are now reprinted with some fear that they may be found a sort of compromise of flesh and fowl, like the duck-billed Platypus—neither one thing nor the other—not medical enough for the doctors, and too medical for their patients.

If they are of any use, it will be in confirming in the old, and impressing on the young practitioners of the art of healing, the importance of knowledge at first hand: of proving all things, and holding fast only that which is good; of travelling through life and through its campaigns, as far as can be, like Cæsar—

relictis impedimentis—neither burdened overmuch with mere word-knowledge, nor led captive by tradition and routine, nor demoralized by the pestilent lusts of novelty, notoriety, or lucre.

This is one great difficulty of modern times; the choosing not only what to know, but what to trust; what not to know, and what to forget. Often when I see some of our modern Admirable Crichtons leaving their university, armed *cap-a-pie*, and taking the road, where they are sure to meet with lions of all sorts, I think of King Jamie in his full armour—'Naebody daur meddle wi' me, and,' with a helpless grin, 'I daur meddle wi' naebody.' Much of this excess of the material of knowledge is the glory of our age, but much of it likewise goes to its hindrance and its shame, and forms the great difficulty with medical education. Every man ought to consider all his lecture-room knowledge as only so much outside of himself, which he must, if it is to do him any good, take in moderately, silently, selectly; and by his own gastric juice and *chylopoietics*, turn, as he best can, *in*

succum et sanguinem. The muscle and the cincritious matter, the sense and the power, will follow as matters of course.

And every man who is in earnest, who looks at nature and his own proper work, with his own eyes, goes on through life demolishing as well as building up what he has been taught, and what he teaches himself. He must make a body of medicine for himself, slowly, steadily, and with a single eye to the truth. He must not on every emergency run off to his *Cyclopædias*, or, still worse, to his *Manuals*.

For in physic, as in other things, men are apt to like ready-made knowledge; which is generally as bad as ready-made shoes, or a second-hand coat.

Our ordinary senses, our judgment and our law of duty, must make up the prime means of mastering and prosecuting with honour and success, the medical, or indeed any other profession founded upon the common wants of mankind. Microscopes, pleximeters, the nice tests of a delicate chemistry, and all the transcendental apparatus of modern refinement, must always be

more for the few than for the many. Therefore it is that I would insist more and more on immediate, exact, intense observation and individual judgment, as the mainstays of practical medicine. From the strenuous, life-long, truth-loving exercise of these, let no amount of science, however exquisite, decoy the student; and let him who has them, not greatly long after, as he will not greatly miss, these higher graces of the profession. What will make a valuable physician or surgeon now, and enable him when he dies to bequeath some good thing to his fellow-men, must in the main be the same as that which made Hippocrates and Sydenham, Baillie and Gregory, what we glory and rejoice to think they were.

Therefore, my young friend, trust neither too much to others, nor too much to yourself; but trust everything to ascertained truth to principles; and as chemists can do nothing without a perfect balance, so see to it that your balance, that weighing faculty which God has given you, is kept *true*—in a state, as Locke would say, of 'absolute indifferency,

turning only to the touch of honest weight. See that dust does not gather on its agate plate and studs, clogging its free edge. See that no one loads it, that you don't load it yourself—for we are all apt to believe that which we desire, —and put down its results, as on soul and conscience, at all hazards letting it tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

One can fancy the care with which such men as Newton, Bishop Butler, Dr. Wollaston, or our own Faraday, would keep their mental balance in trim—in what a sacred and inmost place,—away from all 'winds of doctrine,' all self-deceit and 'cunning craftiness,' all rust, all damp, all soiling touch, all disturbing influences, acting as truly as anything either of the Oertlings, or Staudinger, or the exquisite Bianchi could turn out,[1]—turning sweetly and at once, as theirs do, for big weights with the $\frac{1}{8}$th, and with small with the $\frac{1}{8000}$th of a grain. And to keep up our joke, we need not be always pondering ; we should use what the chemists call

[1] A friend says, 'put in Liebrich and Jung, and that a good balance should turn with $\frac{1}{10000}$th of a Troy grain'!

the *arrestment*, by which the balance is relieved and rests. We will weigh and judge all the better that we are not always at it; we may with advantage take a turn at rumination, contemplation, and meditation, all different and all restful, as well as useful; and don't let us out of idleness or super-consciousness take to everlasting weighing of ourselves.

As far as you can, trust no other man's scales, or weights, or eyes, when you can use your own, and let us in a general way look with both our eyes.

It was a great relief to reflecting mankind, when the stereoscope showed us the use of having two eyes, and that human nature had not been all its days carrying number two as a fox-hunter does his extra horse-shoe, in case of losing number one.

We see solidity by means of our two eyes; we see, so to speak, on both sides of a body; and we find, what indeed was known before, that the ultimate image, or rather the idea of external objects, is a compromise of two images, a *tertium quid*, which has no existence but in

the brain, somewhere, I suppose, in the optic Chiasma.

Now there is such a thing as stereoscopic thinking,—the viewing subjects as well as objects with our two eyes. Some men of intense nature shut one of the eyes of the mind as a sportsman does his actual eye when he aims at his game, because then there is a straight line between his eye and his object ; but for the general purpose of understanding and mastering the true bulk and projection, the whereabouts and relations of a subject, it is well to look with both eyes ; and so it comes to pass that the focus of one man's mental vision differs from that of another, probably in some respects from that of all others, and hence the allowance which we should make for other men when they fail to see not only things, but thoughts, exactly as we do. We will find, when we look through their stereoscope, we don't see their image as they do,—it may be double, it may be distorted and blurred. I have long thought that upon the deepest things in man's nature—those that bind him to duty, to God, and to eternity,—no

man receives the light, no man sees 'into the life of things,' exactly as any other does, and that as each man of the millions of the race since time began, has his own essence, that which makes him himself, and *quâ* that, distinct from all else, so ultimate truth, when it lies down to rest and be thankful on the optic *Thalami* of the soul, has in it a something incommunicable, unintelligible to all others. No two men out of ten thousand, gazing at a rainbow, see the same bow. They have each a glorious arch of their own, and while they agree as to what each says of it, still doubtless there is in each of those ten thousand internal glories within the veil, in the chamber of imagery, —some touch, some tint, which differentiates it from all the rest. But to return: look with both eyes, and *think* the truth as you would speak and act it. It is the rarer virtue, I suspect.

When the English nobility were overwhelming Canova with commissions, and were ignorant of the existence of their own Flaxman, the generous Italian rebuked them by saying, 'You English see with your ears;' and there is much

of this sort of seeing in medicine as well as in art and fashion.

I end with the weighty words of one who I rejoice is still a living honour to our art; a man uniting much of the best of Locke and Sydenham with more of himself, and whose small volumes contain the very *medulla medicinæ;* a man who has the courage to say, 'I was wrong,' 'I do not know;' and 'I shall wait and watch.'

'I make bold to tell you my conviction, that during the last thirty-six years the practice of medicine has upon the whole' (taking in the entire profession) 'gone backwards, and that year after year it is still going backwards. Doubtless in the meantime there has been a vast increase of physiological and pathological knowledge; but that knowledge has not been brought to bear, in anything like the degree it might and ought to have been, upon the practice of medicine; and simply for this reason, that the mass of the profession has never been taught what the practice of medicine means.

'Had the same office (the settling the kind

and amount of professional education) been committed to Gregory, and Heberden, and Baillie, they would, I am persuaded, have made *the indispensable subjects of education very few, and the lectures very few too.*

'They would have made the attendance upon the sick in hospitals a constant, systematic, serious affair.[1] As for the "ologies," they would have thrown them all overboard, or recommended them only to the study of those who had time enough, or capacity enough, to pursue them profitably.' These are golden words; put them in your scales, and read off and register their worth. You will observe that it is the practice, not the study—it is the inner art, not the outer science—of medicine which is here referred to as being retrograde. We question very much if there is as much *skill*, in its proper sense, now as then. There is to be sure the

[1] We wish we saw more time, and more handiwork, more mind spent upon anatomy and surgery, especially clinical surgery. There is a great charm for the young in the visibility of surgical disease and practice, in knowledge at the finger-ends, and the principles and performance of a true surgery constitute one of the best disciplines for the office of the physician proper.

immense negative blessing of our deliverance from the polypharmacy and *nimia diligentia* of our forefathers, and therefore very likely more of the sick get well now than then. But this is not the point in question; that is whether the men who practise medicine, taken in the slump, have the ability and practical *nous* that they had five-and-thirty years ago.

Diagnosis has been greatly advanced by the external methods of auscultation, the microscope, chemical analysis, etc.—and there is (I sometimes begin to fear we must say *was*) a better understanding of and trust in the great restorative powers of nature. The recognition of blood poisons, and of many acute diseases, being in fact the burning out of long-slumbering mischief, the cleansing away of the perilous stuff manufactured within, or taken in from without, as seen in a fit of gout; in all this we have gained more than we have lost (we always lose something), but is the practical power over disease commensurate with these enlargements? is our sagacity up to our science?

The raw 'prentice' lad, whom *Gideon Gray*

had sent up from *Middlemas* to the head of Caddon Water, to deliver the herd's wife, and who, finding her alone, and sinking from uterine hæmorrhage, and having got the huge flaccid deadly bag to contract once more, imprisoned it in a wooden *bicker* or bowl, with a tight binder over it, leaving his hands free for other work,—this rough and ready lad has probably more of the making of a village Abercrombie, than the pallid and accomplished youth who is spending his holidays at the next farm, and who knows all for and against Dr. R. Lee's placental and cardiac claims, and is up to the newest freak of the Fallopian tubes and their *fimbriæ*, or the very latest news from the *ovisac* and the *corpora lutea*.

To be sure, there may be boys who can both know everything, and do the one thing that is needed, but the mental faculties, or capacities rather, that are cultivated, and come out strong in the cramming system, are not those on which we rely for safe, ready, and effectual action.

We are now, in our plans of medical education, aiming too much at an impossible *maxi-*

mum of knowledge in all, meanwhile missing greatly that essential *minimum* in any, which, after all, is the one thing we want for making a serviceable staff of doctors for the community.

Sagacity, manual dexterity, cultivated and intelligent presence of mind, the *tactus eruditus*, a kind heart, and a conscience, these, if there at all, are always at hand, always inestimable; and if wanting, 'though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, I am as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal; and though I understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, I am nothing.' I can profit my patient and myself nothing.

In the words of Dr. Latham:[1]—

'In our day there is little fear that students will be spoiled by the recommendation of their instructors to be content with a scanty knowledge, and trust to their own sagacity for the rest. They are not likely to suffer harm by having Sydenham held up as an example for imitation. The fear is of another kind (and it is well grounded), namely, that many men of

[1] *Clinical Medicine*, Lect. I.

the best abilities and good education will be deterred from prosecuting physic as a profession, in consequence of the necessity indiscriminately laid upon all *for impossible attainments.*'

And again :—

'Let us take care then what we are about, and beware how we change the character of the English practitioner of physic. He is sound and unpretending, and full of good sense. What he wants is a little more careful, and a somewhat larger instruction in what bears directly upon the practical part of his profession. Give it him (indeed we *are* giving it him), and he will become more trustworthy and more respected every day. *But for all that is beyond this, we may recommend it, but we must not insist upon it ;* we must leave it for each man to pursue according to his leisure, his opportunities, and his capacity, and not exaggerate it into a matter of necessity for all. When too much is exacted, too little will be learned ; excess on the one hand naturally leads to defect on the other.'

I am almost ashamed of slipping into this volume the rambling paper on Vaughan, my only excuse, and it is none, being that the gentle and heavenly-minded Silurist was a country surgeon. Perhaps a better excuse would be, that I like to show that our *medicus* may be not only, like Locke, at once a good physician and metaphysician, or, like Adams, equally great as a scholar and a domestic 'leech,' but that he may be a poet too; and, moreover, that we hard-worked family doctors, when the day's work is over, and our books posted, our letters answered, and our newspaper duly studied, may take up our Tennyson, our Wordsworth, our Dryden, our Cowper, our Shakspere, or our Scott, and read ourselves pleasantly asleep in our arm-chair. May this be not seldom the fate of our 'Henry Vaughan'!

J. B.

23, Rutland Street,
April 15, 1866.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IN that delightful and provoking book, 'THE DOCTOR, etc.,' Southey says: '"Prefaces," said Charles Blount, Gent., "Prefaces," according to this flippant, ill-opinioned, and unhappy man, "ever were, and still are, but of two sorts, let the mode and fashions vary as they please,—let the long peruke succeed the godly cropt hair; the cravat, the ruff; presbytery, popery; and popery, presbytery again,—yet still the author keeps to his old and wonted method of prefacing; when at the beginning of his book he enters, either with a halter round his neck, submitting himself to his reader's mercy whether he shall be hanged or no, or else, in a huffing manner, he appears with the halter in his hand, and threatens to hang his reader, if he gives him not his good word. This, with the excitement of friends to his undertaking, and some few apologies for the want of time, books, and the like, are the constant and usual

shams of all scribblers, ancient and modern." This was not true then,' says Southey, 'nor is it now.' I differ from Southey, in thinking there is some truth in both ways of wearing the halter. For though it be neither manly nor honest to affect a voluntary humility (which is after all a sneaking vanity, and would soon show itself if taken at its word), any more than it is well-bred, or seemly to put on (for it generally is put on) the 'huffing manner,' both such being truly 'shams,'—there is general truth in Mr. Blount's flippances.

Every man should know and lament (to himself—mainly) his own shortcomings—should mourn over and mend, as he best can, the 'confusions of his wasted youth;' he should feel how ill he has put out to usury the talent given him by the Great Taskmaster—how far he is from being 'a good and faithful servant;' and he should make this rather understood than expressed by his manner as a writer; while at the same time, every man should deny himself the luxury of taking his hat off to the public, unless he has something to say, and has done his best to say it aright; and every man should pay not less attention to the dress in which his thoughts present themselves, than he would to that of his person on going into company.

Bishop Butler, in his Preface to his Sermons, in which there is perhaps more solid living sense

than in the same number of words anywhere else, after making the distinction between 'obscurity' and 'perplexity and confusion of thought,'—the first being in the subject, the others in its expression, says,—'confusion and perplexity are, in writing, indeed without excuse, because any one may, if he pleases, know whether he understands or sees through what he is about, and it is unpardonable in a man to lay his thoughts before others, when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. *It is coming abroad in disorder, which he ought to be dissatisfied to find himself in at home.*'

There should therefore be in his Preface, as in the writer himself, two elements. A writer should have some assurance that he has something to say, and this assurance should, in the true sense, not the Milesian, be modest.

My objects, in this volume of odds and ends, are, among others—

I. To give my vote for going back to the old manly intellectual and literary culture of the days of Sydenham and Arbuthnot, Heberden and Gregory; when a physician fed, enlarged, and quickened his entire nature; when he lived in the world of letters as a freeholder, and reverenced the ancients, while, at the same time, he pushed on among his fellows,

and lived in the present, believing that his profession and his patients need not suffer, though his *horæ subsecivæ* were devoted occasionally to miscellaneous thinking and reading, and to a course of what is elsewhere called 'fine confused feeding,' or though, at his bye-hours he be, as his Gaelic historian says of Rob Roy, a man 'of incoherent transactions—specially in general.' For system is not always method, much less progress.

II. That the study in himself and others of the human understanding, its modes and laws as objective realities, and his gaining that power over mental action in himself and others, which alone comes from knowledge at first-hand, is one which every physician should not only begin in youth, but continue all his life long, and which in fact all men of sense and original thought do make, though it may lie in their minds, as it were, unformed and without a tongue.

III. That physiology and the laws of health are the interpreters of disease and cure, over whose porch we may best inscribe *hinc sanitas*. That it is in watching Nature's methods of cure[1] in ourselves, and in the lower animals,—and in a firm

[1] "That there is no curing diseases by art, without first knowing how they are to be cured by nature," was the observation of an ancient physician of great eminence, who very early in my life superintended my medical education, and by this

faith in the self-regulative, recuperative powers of nature, that all our therapeutic intentions and means must proceed, and that we should watch and obey this truly Divine voice and finger, with reverence and godly fear, as well as with diligence and worldly wisdom — numbly standing by while He works, guiding, not stemming or withdrawing His current, and acting as His ministers and helps. Not, however, that we should go about making every man, and above all, every woman, his and her own and everybody else's doctor, by making them swallow a dose of science and physiology, falsely so called. There is much mischievous nonsense talked and acted on, in this direction. The physiology to be taught in schools, and to our clients the public, should be the physiology of common sense, rather than that of dogmatic and minute science; and should be of a kind, as it easily may be, *which will deter from self-doctoring*, while it guides in prevention and conduct; and will make them

axiom all my studies and practice have been regulated.'—Grant on Fevers, Lond. 1771. An admirable book, and to be read still, as its worth, like that of nature, never grows old, *naturam non pati senium*. We would advise every young physician who is in practice, to read this unpretending and now little-known book, especially the introduction. Any 'ancient physician,' and the greater his eminence and his age the better, so that the eminence be real, who takes it up, will acknowledge that the author had done what he said, made 'this axiom' the rule of his life and doctrine.

understand enough of the fearful and wonderful machinery of life, to awe and warn, as well as to enlighten.

Much of the strength and weakness of Homœopathy lies in the paltry fallacy, that every mother, and every clergyman, and "loose woman," as a wise friend calls the restless public old maid, may know when to administer *aconite*, *arsenicum*, and *nux*, to her child, his entire parish, or her 'circle.' Indeed here, as elsewhere, man's great difficulty is to strive to walk through life, and through thought and practice, in a straight line; to keep *in medio*—in that golden mean, which is our true centre of gravity, and which we lost in Eden. We all tend like children, or the blind, the old, or the tipsy, to walk to one side, or wildly from one side to the other: one extreme breeds its opposite. Hydropathy sees and speaks some truth, but it is as in its sleep, or with one eye shut, and one leg lame; its practice does good, much of its theory is sheer nonsense, and yet it is the theory that its masters and their constituents doat on.

If all that is good in the Water-Cure, and in Rubbing, and in Homœopathy, were winnowed from the false, the useless, and the worse, what an important and permanent addition would be made to our operative knowledge!—to our powers as healers! and here it is, where I cannot help thinking that we

have, as a profession, gone astray in our indiscriminate abuse of all these new practices and nostrums; they indicate, however coarsely and stupidly, some want in us. There is in them all something good, and if we could draw to us, instead of driving away from us, those men whom we call, and in the main truly call, quacks,—if we could absorb them with a difference, rejecting the ridiculous and mischievous much, and adopting and sanctioning the valuable little, we and the public would be all the better off. Why should not 'the Faculty' have under their control and advice, and at their command, rubbers, and shampooers, and water men, and milk men, and grape men, and cudgelling men, as they have cuppers, and the like, instead of giving them the advantage of crying out 'persecution,' and quoting the martyrs of science from Galileo downwards.

IV. As my readers may find to their discontent, the natural, and, till we get into 'an ampler æther and diviner air,' the necessary difference between speculative science and practical art is iterated and reiterated with much persistency, and the necessity of estimating medicine more as the Art of healing than the Science of diseased action and appearances,[1]

[1] When the modern scientific methods first burst on our medical world, and especially, when morbid anatomy in connexion with physical signs (as distinguished from purely vital symptoms, an incomplete but convenient distinction), the stethoscope, microscope, etc., it, as a matter of course, became the

and its being more teachable and better by example than by precept, insisted on as one of the most urgent wants of the time. But I must stick to this. Regard for, and reliance on a person, is not less necessary for a young learner, than belief in a principle, or an abstract body of truth; and here it is that we have given up the good of the old apprenticeship system, along with its evil. This will remedy,

rage to announce, with startling minuteness, what was the organic condition of the interior—as if a watchmaker would spend most of his own time and his workmen's in debating on the beautiful ruins of his wheels, instead of teaching himself and them to keep the *totum quid* clean and going,—winding it up before it stopped. Renowned clinical professors would keep shivering, terrified, it might be dying, patients sitting up while they exhibited their powers in auscultation and pleximetry, etc., the poor students, honest fellows, standing by all the while and supposing this to be their chief end; and the same eager, admirable, and acute performer, after putting down everything in a book, might be seen moving on to the lecture-room, where he told the same youths *what they would find on dissection*, with more of minuteness than accuracy, deepening their young wonder into awe, and begetting a rich emulation in all these arts of diagnosis,—while he forgot to order anything for the cure or relief of the disease! This actually happened in a Parisian hospital, and an Englishman, with his practical turn, said to the lively, clear-headed professor, 'But what are you going to give him?' 'Oh!' shrugging his shoulders, 'I quite forgot about that;' possibly little was needed, or could do good, but that little should have been the main thing, and not have been shrugged at. It is told of another of our Gallic brethren, that having discovered a specific for a skin disease, he pursued it with such keenness on the field of his patient's surface, that he perished just when it did. On going into the dead-house, our

and is remedying itself. The abuse of *huge classes* of mere hearers of the law, under the *Professor*, has gone, I hope, to its utmost, and we may now look for the system breaking up into small bands of doers acting under the *Master*, rather than multitudes of mere listeners, and not unoften sleepers.

Connected with this, I cannot help alluding to the crying and glaring sin of *publicity*, in medicine, as

conqueror examined the surface of the subject with much interest, and some complacency—not a vestige of disease—or life, and turning on his heel, said, '*Il est mort guéri!*' Cured indeed! with the disadvantage, single, but in one sense infinite, of the man being dead; dead, with the advantage, general, but at best finite, of the *scaly tetter* being cured.

In a word, let me say to my young medical friends, give more attention to steady common observation—the old Hippocratic ἀκρίβεια, exactness, literal accuracy, precision, niceness of sense; what Sydenham calls the natural history of disease. *Symptoms* are universally available; they are the voice of nature; *signs*, by which I mean more artificial and refined means of scrutiny—the stethoscope, the microscope, etc.—are not always within the power of every man, and with all their help, are additions, not substitutes. Besides, the best natural and unassisted observer—the man bred in the constant practice of keen discriminating insight—is the best man for all instrumental niceties; and above all, the faculty and habit of gathering together the entire symptoms, and selecting what of these are capital and special; and trusting in medicine as a tentative art, which even at its utmost conceivable perfection, has always to do with variable quantities, and is conjectural and helpful more than positive and all-sufficient, content with *probabilities*, with that measure of uncertainty which experiences teaches us attaches to everything human and conditioned. Here are the candid and wise words of Professor Syme:—'In performing an opera-

indeed in everything else. Every great epoch brings with it its own peculiar curse as well as blessing, and in religion, in medicine, in everything, even the most sacred and private, this sin of publicity now-a-days most injuriously prevails. Every one talks of everything and everybody, and at all sorts of times, forgetting that the greater and the better—the inner part, of a man, is, and should be private—much of it more than private. Public piety, for instance,

tion upon the living body, we are not in the condition of a blacksmith or carpenter, who understands precisely the qualities of the materials upon which he works, and can depend on their being always the same. The varieties of human constitution must always expose our proceedings to a degree of uncertainty, and render even the slightest liberties possibly productive of the most serious consequences; so that the extraction of a tooth, the opening of a vein, or the removal of a small tumour, has been known to prove fatal. Then it must be admitted that the most experienced, careful, and skilful operator may commit mistakes; and I am sure that there is no one of the gentlemen present who can look back on his practice and say he has never been guilty of an error.' This is the main haunt and region of his craft. This it is that makes the rational practitioner. Here again, as in religion, men now-a-days are in search of a sort of fixed point, a kind of demonstration and an amount of certainty which is plainly not intended; for from the highest to the lowest of these compound human knowledges, '*probability*,' as the great and modest Bishop Butler says, 'is the rule of life;' it suits us best, and keeps down our always budding self-conceit and self-confidence. Symptoms are the body's mother-tongue; signs are in a foreign language; and there is an enticing absorbing something about them, which, unless feared and understood, I have sometimes found standing in the way of the others, which are the staple of our indications, always at hand, and open to all.

which means too much the looking after the piety of others and proclaiming our own—the Pharisee, when he goes up to the temple to pray, looking round and criticising his neighbour the publican, who does not so much as lift up his eyes even to heaven—the watching and speculating on, and judging (scarcely ever with mercy or truth) the intimate and unspeakable relations of our fellow-creatures to their infinite Father, is often not co-existent with the inward life of God in the soul of man, with that personal state, which alone deserves the word *piety*.

So also in medicine, every one is for ever looking after, and talking of everybody else's health, and advising and prescribing either his or her doctor or drug, and that wholesome modesty and shamefacedness, which I regret to say is now old-fashioned, is vanishing like other things, and is being put off, as if modesty were a mode, or dress, rather than a condition and essence. Besides the bad moral habit this engenders, it breaks up what is now too rare, the old feeling of a family doctor—there are now as few old household doctors as servants—the familiar, kindly, welcome face, which has presided through generations at births and deaths; the friend who bears about, and keeps sacred, deadly secrets which must be laid silent in the grave, and who knows the kind of stuff his stock is made of, their 'constitutions,'—all this sort of thing is greatly gone, especi-

ally in large cities, and much from this love of change, of talk, of having everything explained,[1] or at least named, especially if it be in Latin, of running from one 'charming' specialist to another; of doing a little privately[2] and dishonestly to one's-self or the children with the globules; of going to see some notorious great man without telling or taking with them their old family friend, merely, as they say, 'to satisfy their mind,' and of course, ending in leaving, and affronting, and injuring the wise and good man. I don't

[1] Dr. Cullen's words are weighty: 'Neither the acutest genius nor the soundest judgment will avail in judging of a particular science, in regard to which they have not been exercised. *I have been obliged to please my patients sometimes with reasons, and I have found that any will pass, even with able divines and acute lawyers; the same will pass with the husbands as with the wives.*'

[2] I may seem too hard on the female doctors, but I am not half so hard or so bitter as the old Guy (or, as his accomplished and best editor M. Reveillé-Parise, insists on calling him, Gui) Patin. I have afterwards called Dr. J. H. Davidson our Scottish Guy Patin; and any one who knew that remarkable man, and knows the Letters of the witty and learned enemy of Mazarin, of antimony, and of quacks, will acknowledge the likeness. Patin, speaking of a certain Mademoiselle de Label, who had interfered with his treatment, says,—'C'est un sot animal qu'une femme qui se mêle de notre métier.' But the passage is so clever and so characteristic of the man, that I give it in full:—'Noël Falconet a porté lui-même la lettre à Mademoiselle de Label; son fils est encore malade. Elle ne m'a point voulu croire; et au lieu de se servir de mes remèdes, elle lui a donné des siens, *quo agnito recessi.* C'est un sot animal qu'une femme qui se mêle de notre métier: cela n'appartient qu'à ceux qui ont un haut-de-chausses et la tête bien faite. J'avois fait saigner

say these evils are new, I only say they are large and active, and are fast killing their opposite virtues. Many a miserable and tragic story might be told of mothers, whose remorse will end only when they themselves lie beside some dead and beloved child, whom they, without thinking, without telling the father, without 'meaning anything,' have, from some such grave folly, sent to the better country, leaving themselves desolate and convicted. Publicity, itching ears, want of reverence for the unknown, want of

et purger ce malade ; il se portoit mieux ; elle me dit ensuite que mes purgatifs lui avoient fait mal, et qu'elle le purgeoit de ses petits remèdes, dont elle se servoit à Lyon autrefois. Quand j'eus reconnu par ces paroles qu'elle ne faisait pas grand état de mes ordonnances, je la quittai là et ai pratiqué le précepte, *sinite mortuos sepelire mortuos.* Peut-être pourtant qu'il en réchappera, ce que je souhaite de tout mon cœur ; car s'il mouroit, elle diroit que ce seroit moi qui l'aurois tué. Elle a témoigné à Noël Falconet qu'elle avoit regret de m'avoir fâché, qu'elle m'enverroit de l'argent (je n'en ai jamais pris d'eux). Feu M. Hautin disoit : *Per monachos et monachas, cognatos et cognatas, vicinos et vicinas, medicus non facit res suas.* Ce n'est pas à faire à une femme de pratiquer la méthode de Galien, *res est sublimioris intelligentiæ ;* il faut avoir l'esprit plus fort. *Mulier est animal dimidiati intellectus ;* il faut qu'elles filent leur quenouille, ou au moins, comme dit Saint Paul, *contineant se in silentio.* Feu M. de Villeroi, le grand secrétaire d'Etat, qui avoit une mauvaise femme (il n'étoit pas tout seul, et la race n'en est pas morte), disoit qu'en latin une femme étoit *mulier*, c'est-à-dire *mule hier, mule demain, mule toujours.*'[1]

[1] Salomon a dit quelque part : *Il n'y a pas de malice au-dessus de celle d'une femme.* Erasme mit à côté cette réflexion : *Vous observerez qu'il n'y avait pas encore de moines* (R. P.)

trust in goodness, want of what we call faith, want of gratitude and fair dealing, on the part of the public; and on the part of the profession, cupidity, curiosity, restlessness, ambition, false trust in self and in science, the lust and haste to be rich, and to be thought knowing and omniscient, want of breeding and good sense, of common honesty and honour, these are the occasions and results of this state of things.

I am not, however, a pessimist,—I am, I trust, a rational optimist, or at least a meliorist. That as a race, and as a profession, we are gaining, I don't doubt; to disbelieve this, is to distrust the Supreme Governor, and to miss the lesson of the time, which is, in the main, enlargement and progress. But we should all do our best to keep what of the old is good, and detect, and moderate, and control, and remove what of the new is evil. In saying this, I would speak as much to myself as to my neighbours. It is in vain, that γνώθι σεαυτὸν (know thyself) is for ever descending afresh and silently from heaven like dew; all this in vain, if ἐγωγε γιγνώσκω (I myself know, I am as a god, what do I not know!) is for ever speaking to us from the ground and from ourselves.

Let me acknowledge—and here the principle or habit of publicity has its genuine scope and power —the immense good that is in our time doing by carrying Hygienic reform into the army, the factory, and the nursery—down rivers and across fields. I

see in all these great good; but I cannot help also seeing those private personal dangers I have spoken of, and the masses cannot long go on improving if the individuals deteriorate.

There is one subject which may seem an odd one for a miscellaneous book like this, but one in which I have long felt a deep and deepening concern. To be brief and plain, I refer to *man-midwifery*, in all its relations, professional, social, statistical, and moral. I have no space now to go into these fully. I may, if some one better able does not speak out, on some future occasion try to make it plain from reason and experience, that the management by accoucheurs, as they are called, of natural labour, and the separation of this department of the human economy from the general profession, *has been a greater evil than a good*, and that we have little to thank the Grand Monarque for, in this as in many other things, when, to conceal the shame of the gentle La Vallière, he sent for M. Chison instead of the customary *sage-femme*.

Any husband or wife, any father or mother, who will look at the matter plainly, may see what an inlet there is here to possible mischief, to certain unseemliness, and to worse. Nature tells us with her own voice what is fitting in these cases; and nothing but the omnipotence of custom, or the urgent cry of peril, terror, and agony, what Luther calls *miserrima miseria*, would make her ask for the presence of

a man on such an occasion, when she hides herself, and is in travail. And as in all such cases, the evil reacts on the men as a special class, and on the profession itself.

It is not of grave moral delinquencies I speak, and the higher crimes in this region; it is of affront to Nature, and of the revenge which she always takes on both parties, who actively or passively disobey her. Some of my best and most valued friends are honoured members of this branch; but I believe all the real good they can do, and the real evils they can prevent in these cases, would be attained, if—instead of attending,—to their own ludicrous loss of time, health, sleep, and temper,—some 200 cases of delivery every year, the immense majority of which are natural, and require no interference, but have nevertheless wasted not a little of their life, their patience, and their understanding—they had, as I would always have them to do, and as any well-educated resolute doctor of medicine ought to be able to do, confined themselves to giving their advice and assistance to the midwife when she needed it.

I know much that may be said against this—ignorance of midwives; dreadful effects of this, etc.; but to all this I answer, Take pains to educate carefully, and to *pay well*, and treat well these women, and you may safely regulate ulterior means by the ordinary general laws of surgical and medical therapeutics.

Why should not 'Peg Tamson, Jean Simson, and Alison Jaup'[1] be sufficiently educated and paid to enable them to conduct victoriously the normal obstetrical business of 'Middlemas' and its region, leaving to 'Gideon Gray' the abnormal, with time to cultivate his mind and his garden, or even a bit of farm, and to live and trot less hard than he is at present obliged to do? Thus, instead of a man in general practice, and a man, it may be, with an area of forty miles for his beat, sitting for hours at the bedside of a healthy woman, his other patients meanwhile doing the best or the worst they can, and it may be, as not unfrequently happens, two or more labours going on at once; and instead of a timid, ignorant, trusting woman—to whom her Maker has given enough of 'sorrow,' and of whom Shakspeare's *Constance* is the type, when she says, 'I am sick, and capable of fears; I am full of fears, subject to fears; I am a woman, and therefore naturally born to fears'—being in this hour of her agony and apprehension subjected to the artificial misery of fearing the doctor may be too late, she might have the absolute security and womanly hand and heart of one of her own sex.

This subject might be argued upon statistical grounds, and others; but I peril it chiefly on the whole system being *unnatural*. Therefore, for the sake of those who have borne and carried us, and

[1] *Vide* Sir Walter Scott's *Surgeon's Daughter*.

whom we bind ourselves to love and cherish, to comfort and honour, and who suffer so much that is inevitable from the primal curse,—for its own sake, let the profession look into this entire subject in all its bearings, honestly, fearlessly, and at once. Child-bearing is a process of health; the exceptions are few indeed, and would, I believe, be fewer if we doctors would let well alone.

One or two other things, and I am done. I could have wished to have done better justice to that noble class of men—our country practitioners, who dare not speak out for themselves. They are underpaid—often not paid at all—underrated, and treated in a way that the commonest of their patients would be ashamed to treat his cobbler. How is this to be mended? It is mending itself by the natural law of starvation, and descent *per deliquium*. Generally speaking, our small towns had three times too many doctors, and, therefore, each of their Gideon Grays had two-thirds too little to live on; and being in this state of chronic hunger they were in a state of chronic anger at each other not less steady, with occasional seizures more active and acute; they had recourse to all sorts of shifts and meannesses to keep soul and body together for themselves and their horse, whilst they were acting with a devotion, and generally speaking, with an intelligence and practical beneficence, such as I

know, and I know them well, nothing to match The gentry are in this, as in many country things, greatly to blame. They should cherish, and reward, and associate with those men who are in all essentials their equals, and from whom they would gain as much as they give; but this will right itself as civilized mankind return, as they are doing, to the country, and our little towns will thrive now that lands change, lairds get richer, and dread the city as they should.

The profession in large towns might do much for their friends who can do so little for themselves. I am a voluntary in religion, and would have all State churches abolished; but I have often thought that if there was a class that ought to be helped by the State, it is the country practitioners in wild districts; or what would be better, by the voluntary association of those in the district who have means —in this case creeds would not be troublesome. However, I am not backing this scheme. I would leave all these things to the natural laws of supply and demand, with the exercise of common honesty, honour, and feeling, in this, as in other things.

The taking the wind out of the rampant and abominable quackeries and patent medicines, by the State withdrawing altogether the protection and sanction of its stamp, its practical encouragement (very practical), and giving up their large gains

from this polluted and wicked source, would, I am sure, be a national benefit. Quackery, and the love of being quacked, are in human nature as weeds are in our fields; but they may be fostered into frightful luxuriance, in the dark and rich soil of our people, and not the less that Her Majesty's superscription is on the bottle or pot.

I would beg the attention of my elder brethren to what I have said on Medical Reform and the doctrine of free competition. I feel every day more and more its importance and its truth. I rejoice many ways at the passing of the new Medical Bill, and the leaving so much to the discretion of the Council; it is curiously enough almost verbatim, and altogether in spirit, the measure Professor Syme has been for many years advocating through good and through bad report, with his characteristic vigour and plainness. Holloway's Ointment, or Parr's Pills, or any such *monstra horrenda*, attain their gigantic proportions and power of doing mischief, greatly by their having Governmental sanction and protection. Men of capital are thus encouraged to go into them, and to spend thousands a year in advertisements, and newspaper proprietors degrade themselves into agents for their sale. One can easily see how harmless, if all this were swept away, the hundred Holloways, who would rise up and speedily kill nobody but each other, would

become, instead of one huge inapproachable monopolist; this is the way to put down quackery, by ceasing to hold it up. It is a disgrace to our nation to draw, as it does, hundreds of thousands a year from these wages of iniquity.

I had to apologize for bringing in 'Rab and his Friends.' I did so, remembering well the good I got then, as a man and as a doctor. It let me see down into the depths of our common nature, and feel the strong and gentle touch that we all need, and never forget, which makes the whole world kin; and it gave me an opportunity of introducing, in a way which he cannot dislike, for he knows it is true, my old master and friend, Professor Syme, whose indenture I am thankful I possess, and whose first wheels I delight in thinking my apprentice-fee purchased, thirty years ago. I remember as if it were yesterday, his giving me the first drive across the west shoulder of Corstorphine Hill. On starting, he said, 'John, we'll do one thing at a time, and there will be no talk.' I sat silent and rejoicing, and can remember the very complexion and clouds of that day and that matchless view: *Dunmyat* and *Benledi* resting couchant at the gate of the Highlands, with the blue Grampians, *immane pecus*, crowding down into the plain.

This short and simple story shows, that here, as everywhere else, personally, professionally, and pub-

licly, reality is his aim and his attainment. He is one of the men—they are all too few—who desire to be on the side of truth more even than to have truth on their side ; and whose personal and private worth are always better understood than expressed. It has been happily said of him, that he never wastes a word, or a drop of ink, or a drop of blood ; and his is the strongest, exactest, truest, immediatest, safest intellect, dedicated by its possessor to the surgical cure of mankind, I have ever yet met with. He will, I firmly believe, leave an inheritance of good done, and mischief destroyed, of truth in theory and in practice established, and of error in the same exposed and ended, such as no one since John Hunter has been gifted to bequeath to his fellow-men. As an instrument for discovering disease, I have never seen his perspicacity equalled ; his mental eye is *achromatic*, and admits into the judging mind a pure white light, and records an undisturbed, uncoloured image, undiminished and unenlarged in its passage ; and he has the moral power, courage, and conscience, to use and devote such an inestimable instrument to its right ends. I need hardly add, that the story of 'Rab and his Friends' is in all essentials strictly matter of fact.

There is an odd sort of point, if it can be called a point, on which I would fain say something—and that is an occasional outbreak of sudden, and it may

be felt, untimely humourousness. I plead guilty to this, sensible of the tendency in me of the merely ludicrous to intrude, and to insist on being attended to, and expressed: it is perhaps too much the way with all of us now-a-days, to be for ever joking. *Mr. Punch*, to whom we take off our hats, grateful for his innocent and honest fun, especially in his John Leech, leads the way; and our two great novelists, Thackeray and Dickens, the first especially, are, in the deepest and highest sense, humorists,—the best, nay, indeed the almost only good thing in the latter, being his broad and wild fun; Swiveller, and the Dodger, and Sam Weller, and Miggs, are more impressive far to my taste than the melo-dramatic, utterly unreal Dombey, or his strumous and hysterical son, or than all the later dreary trash of Bleak House, etc.

My excuse is, that these papers are really what they profess to be, done at bye-hours. *Dulce est desipere*, when in its fit place and time. Moreover, let me tell my young doctor friends, that a cheerful face, and step, and neckcloth, and button-hole, and an occasional hearty and kindly joke, a power of executing and setting agoing a good laugh, are stock in our trade not to be despised. The merry heart does good like a medicine. Your pompous man, and your selfish man, don't laugh much, or care for laughter; it discomposes the fixed grandeur of the one,

and has little room in the heart of the other, who is literally self-contained. My Edinburgh readers will recall many excellent jokes of their doctors—'Lang Sandie Wood,' Dr. Henry Davidson our *Guy Patin* and better, etc.

I may give an instance, when a joke was more and better than itself. A comely young wife, the 'cynosure' of her circle, was in bed, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess stopping the way; she could swallow nothing; everything had been tried. Her friends were standing round the bed in misery and helplessness. '*Try her wi' a compliment*,' said her husband, in a not uncomic despair. She had genuine humour as well as he; and as physiologists know, there is a sort of mental tickling which is beyond and above control, being under the reflex system, and instinctive as well as sighing. She laughed with her whole body and soul, burst the abscess, and was safe.

Humour, if genuine (and if not, it is not humour), is the very flavour of the spirit, its savour, its rich and fragrant *ozmazome*—having in its aroma something of everything in the man, his expressed juice: wit is but the laughing flower of the intellect or the turn of speech, and is often what we call a 'gum-flower,' and looks well when dry. Humour is, in a certain sense, involuntary in its origin, and in its effect; it is systemic, and not local.

Sydney Smith, in his delightful and valuable *Sketches of Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, to which I have referred, makes a touching and impressive confession of the evil to the rest of a man's nature from the predominant power and cultivation of the ludicrous. I believe Charles Lamb could have told a like, and a sadder story. He started in life with all the endowments of a great, ample, and serious nature, and he, greatly from the awful shadow that haunted his life, ended in being chiefly the incomparable joker and humourist, but always, and to the end, a being of 'large discourse.'[1]

[1] Many good and fine things have been said of this wonderful and unique genius, but I know none better or finer than these lines by my friend John Hunter of Craigcrook. They are too little known, and no one will be anything but pleased to read them, except their author. The third line might have been Elia's own :—

'. . . Humour, wild wit,
Quips, cranks, puns, sneers,—with clear sweet thought profound ;
And stinging jests, with honey for the wound ;
The subtlest lines of ALL fine powers, split
To their last films, then marvellously spun
In magic web, whose million hues are ONE !'

I knew one man who was almost altogether and absolutely comic, and yet a man of sense, fidelity, courage, and worth, but over his entire nature the comic ruled supreme—the late Sir Adam Ferguson, whose very face was a breach of solemnity; I daresay, even in sleep he looked a wag. This was the way in which everything appeared to him first, and often last too, with it might be a serious enough middle.

I saw him not long before his death, when he was of great age and knew he was dying; there was no levity in his manner

This Preface was written, and I had a proof ready for his pencil, when I was summoned to the death of him to whom I owe my life. He had been dying for months, but he and I hoped to have got and to have given into his hands a copy of these *Horæ*, the correction of which had often whiled away his long hours of languor and pain. God thought otherwise. I shall miss his great knowledge, his loving and keen eye—his *ne quid nimis*—his sympathy—himself.

or thoughtlessness about his state; he was kind, and shrewd as ever; but how he flashed out with utter merriment when he got hold of a joke, or rather when it got hold of him, and shook him, not an inch of his body was free of its power—it possessed him, not he it. The first attack was on showing me a calotype of himself by the late Adamson (or Hill and Adamson, the Vandyck and Raeburn of photography), in the corner of which he had written, with a hand trembling with age and fun, 'Adam's-sun *fecit*'—it came back upon him and tore him without mercy.

Then, his blood being up, he told me a story of his uncle, the great Dr. Black the chemist; no one will grudge the reading of it in my imperfect record, though it is to the reality what reading music is to hearing it.

Dr. Black, when Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, had a gruff old man as his porter, a James Alston. James was one of the old school of chemistry, and held by phlogiston, but for no better reason than the endless trouble the new-fangled discoveries brought upon him in the way of apparatus.

The professor was lecturing on Hydrogen Gas, and had made arrangements for showing its lightness—what our preceptor, Dr. Charles Hope, called, in his lofty way, its 'principle of absolute levity.' He was greatly excited, the good old man of genius. James was standing behind his chair, ready and

Let me be thankful that it was given to me *assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu.*

Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ; placide quiescas!

Or, in more sacred and hopeful words, which, put there at my father's request, may be found at the close of the paper on young Hallam: 'O man greatly beloved, go thou thy way till the end; for thou

sulky. His master told his young friends that the bladder he had filled with the gas must, on principle, ascend; but that they would see practically if it did, and he cut the string. Up it rushed, amid the shouts and upturned faces of the boys, and the quiet joy of their master; James regarding it with a glum curiosity.

Young Adam Ferguson was there, and left at the end of the hour with the rest, but finding he had forgotten his stick, went back; in the empty room he found James perched upon a lofty and shaky ladder, trying, amid much perspiration and blasphemy, and want of breath, to hit down his enemy, who rose at each stroke, the old battling with the new. Sir Adam's reproduction of this scene, his voice and screams of rapture, I shall never forget.

Let me give another pleasant story of Dr. Black and Sir Adam, which our Principal (Dr. Lee) delights to tell; it is merely its bones. The doctor sent him to the bank for £5—four in notes, and one in silver; then told him that he must be paid for his trouble with a shilling, and next proceeded to give him good advice about the management of money, particularly recommending a careful record of every penny spent, holding the shilling up before him all the time. During this address, Sir Adam was turning over in his mind all the trash he would be able to purchase with the shilling, and his feeling may be imagined when the doctor finally returned it to his pocket!

shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.'

It is not for a son to speak what he thinks of his father so soon after his death. I leave him now with a portrait of his spiritual lineaments, by Dr. Cairns:—

'As he was of the Pauline type of mind, his Christianity ran into the same mould. A strong, intense, and vehement nature, with masculine intellect and unyielding will, he accepted the Bible in its literal simplicity as an absolute revelation, and then showed the strength of his character in subjugating his whole being to this decisive influence, and in projecting the same convictions into other minds. He was a believer in the sense of the old Puritans, and, amid the doubt and scepticism of the nineteenth century, held as firmly as any of them by the doctrines of atonement and grace. He had most of the idiosyncrasy of Baxter, though not without the contemplation of Howe. The doctrines of Calvinism, mitigated but not renounced, and received simply as dictates of Heaven, without any effort or hope to bridge over their inscrutable depths by philosophical theories, he translated into a fervent, humble, and resolutely active life.

'There was a fountain of tenderness in his nature as well as a sweep of impetuous indignation; and the one drawn out, and the other controlled by his

Christian faith, made him at once a philanthropist and a reformer, and both in the highest departments of human interest. The union of these ardent elements, and of a highly devotional temperament, not untouched with melancholy, with the patience of the scholar, and the sobriety of the critic, formed the singularity and almost the anomaly of his personal character. These contrasts were tempered by the discipline of experience; and his life, both as a man and a Christian, seemed to become more rich, genial, and harmonious as it approached its close.'—*Scotsman*, October 20th.

J. B.

23 Rutland Street,
October 30, 1858.

POST-PREFACE.

THE only new matter in this edition, beyond a shaft from the quiver of the *snell* and shrewd Guy Patin, is made up of two hitherto unpublished letters of Locke and Sydenham, which I had the good fortune to find in the British Museum,—that among the best and chiefest of our national glories, and where, strange to say, I found myself for the first time the other day.

Not to my sorrow, for I am not by any means sure that it is not an advantage to be not young before seeing and feeling some things. A man at all capable of ideal exquisiteness has a keener because a deeper sense of the beauty of the Clytie—of the awfulness of those deep-bosomed Fates, resting in each other's laps, 'careless diffused'—after, than before he finds himself

'Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.'

Time and suffering, and self-knowledge, the mystery, the vanity and the misery of life, quicken and exalt our sense and relish of that more ample greatness, that more exact goodness, that sense of God,[1] which the

[1] In a certain and large sense Malebranche is right. We see everything in God, as well as God in everything; all beauty of thought, passion, affection, form, sound, colour, and touch, whatever stirs our mortal and immortal frame, not only comes from, but is centred in God, in his unspeakable perfections.

contemplation of Nature and Art at their utmost of power and beauty ought always to awaken and fill. It is the clear shining *after* the rain. Pain of body or of mind, by a double-edged, but in the main, merciful law of God and of our nature, quickens and exalts other senses besides that of itself. Well is it that it does. Sweetness is sweeter than before to him who knows what bitterness has been, and remembered sweetness too. The dislocation of the real and the ideal—the harsh shock of which comes on most men before forty, and on most women sooner, when the two lines run on together—sometimes diverging frightfully, for the most part from their own fault—but never meet, makes him look out all the more keenly for the points where he can safely *shunt* himself: it is a secret worth knowing and acting upon, and then you can go and come as

This we believe to be not only morally, but in its widest sense, philosophically true, as the white light rays itself out into the prismatic colours, making our world what it is—as if all that we behold were the *spectrum* of the unseen Eternal. In that thinnest but not least great of his works, Mr. Ruskin's second volume of *Modern Painters*, there may be found the best unfolding I know of the doctrine that all sublimity and all beauty is typical of the attributes of God. I give his divisions, which are themselves eloquent:—Typical Beauty: first of Infinity, or the type of Divine Incomprehensibility; second, of Unity, or the type of Divine Comprehensiveness; third, of Repose, or the type of Divine Permanence; fourth, of Symmetry, or the type of Divine Justice; fifth, of Purity, or the type of Divine Energy; lastly, of Moderation, or the type of Government by Law.

you list. This is our garden, every one's garden of the Hesperides, into which, if we only know the right *airt* and door—it is small and lowly, and made for children, or those who can stoop and make themselves so for the nonce—we may at any time enter, and find sunshine and shadows, and soft airs and clear waters, and pluck the golden apples from the laden boughs. And though the Dragon is there, he is our own Dragon; and it adds to the glory of the new-born day, and gives a strange flavour of peril to its innocent brightness, when we see on the horizon that he is up too, and watching, lying sinuous and immense all across the Delectable Mountains, with his chin on his paw on the biggest hill, and the sunlight touching up his scales with gold and purple.

This is our Paradise at hand—next door, next room, you are in it by thinking of it, it comes into you if you open *your* door,—guarded only to those who have been cast out of it, and under whose flaming sword the small people may creep, and the only serpent in which each must himself bring, or be; and then, best of all—if you are in the right garden—this ideal fruit is among the best of whets and tonics, and strengtheners for the hard everyday work, and still harder night-and-day suffering of that real world, which is not much of a garden, but rather a field and a road, with graves as milestones. This

in its own place, wisely, temperately enjoyed, enables many a man and many a woman to lighten somewhat

> 'The heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,'

and go on their way, if not rejoicing, at least patient and thankful; and, like the heroic apostle, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.

I am therefore less sorry than glad that I was as old as Cortez when he first gazed on the Pacific, before I saw the Pyrenees, and the Venus of Melos, and Titian's Entombment, and Paul Veronese's Cain, with his wife and child, and the Rhine under a midnight thunder-storm at Coblentz, and the Turners at Farnley Hall; and it pleases me more than the reverse, to think that I have the Alps, and Venice, and Memphis, and old Thebes, yet to see, and a play or two of Shakspere's to read, and the Mangostein to pluck and eat, and Niagara to hear.

But one thing I am glad to have seen, and not to have seen it till I did, and that is the Panizzi Reading Room in the British Museum, where you may any day see three hundred, feeding silently like one, browsing each as if alone in his own chosen pasture. There can never be any nobler or more fitting monument to that great man, who is the informing spirit, the soul and motive power of that amazing concen-

tration and record of human conquest and progress, —whose prodigious brain and will has reared

'This dome of thought, this palace of the soul,'

and whose formidable understanding and inevitable visage fronts you in Marochetti's marble as you enter —a head of the genuine old Roman build, an unmistakeable *rerum dominus.*

The letter now printed at page 89, was written two months later than the one quoted at page 15, and on the same subject.

I like this letter exceedingly, every word of it, and wish I could ask the delightful and omniscient *Notes and Queries* who 'Tom Bagnall' was, and what is the joke of 'the thrushes and fieldfares,' and the 'hey trony nony.' The solemn and prolonged, but genial banter about 't'other condition' is very pleasant and characteristic; the desipience of such a man as John Locke is never out of place, and is as sweet to listen to now as it could have been to his thoughtful and affectionate self to indulge in, a hundred and eighty years, and more ago.

In the same MS. volume in which I found this letter, is a case-book of Locke's, in his own neat hand, written in Latin (often slovenly and doggish enough), and which shows, if there were any further need, that he was in active practice in 1667. The title in the Museum volume is 'Original Medical

Papers by John Locke, presented by Wm. Seward, Esq.;' and its contents are—

1. Hydrops.
2. Rheumatismus.
3. Hydrops.
4. Febris Inflammatoria.

To us now it seems curious to think of the author of the *Essay on Human Understanding* recording all the aches and doses and minute miseries of an *ancilla culinaria virgo*, and to find that after a long and anxious case he was turned off, when, as he says, his impatient patient *alio advocato medico erumpsit* (!)

I cannot help reminding my young friends, of the value of his posthumous little book on the *Conduct of the Understanding*. I am glad to see that Bell and Daldy have published this precious legacy to the youth of England for the first time, (!) introduced and edited by Mr. Bolton Corney: it is a book every father should give his son.

There is interesting matter in this letter besides its immediate subjects; and some things, I rather think, unknown before of Sydenham's college life. It is the only bit of English by its author, except a letter to the Honourable Robert Boyle, quoted in Latham's *Life*.

I have to thank the public and my own special craft cordially and much for their reception of these Idle Hours—Brown Studies, as a friendly wag calls

them—and above all, for their taking to their hearts that great old dog and his dead friends,—for all which the one friend who survives, thanks them. There is no harm and some good in letting our sympathy and affection go forth without stint on such objects, dead and homely though they be.

When I think of that noble head, with its look and eye of boundless affection and pluck, simplicity and single-heartedness, I feel what it would be for us, who call ourselves the higher animals, to be in our ways as simple, affectionate, and true as that old mastiff; and in the highest of all senses, I often think of what Robert Burns says somewhere,—Bacon says it too—'Man is the God of the dog.' It would be well for man if his worship were as immediate and instinctive—as absolute as the dog's. Did we serve our God with half the zeal Rab served his, we might trust to sleep as peacefully in our graves as he does in his. When James turned his angry eye and raised his quick voice and foot, his worshipper slunk away, humbled and afraid, angry with himself for making *him* angry; anxious by any means to crouch back into his favour, and a kind look or word. Is that the way we take His displeasure, even when we can't think, as Rab couldn't, we were immediately to blame? It is, as the old worthy says, something to trust our God in the dark, as the dog does his.

A dear and wise and exquisite child drew a plan

for a headstone on the grave of a favourite terrier, and she had in it the words 'WHO died' on such a day; the older and more worldly-minded painter put in 'WHICH;' and my friend and 'Bossy's' said to me, with some displeasure, as we were examining the monuments, 'Wasn't he a WHO as much as they?' and wasn't she righter than they? and

> 'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis'—

as that of 'Rab'?

With regard to the quotations—and the much Latin and some Greek, the world of men, and especially of women, is dead against me. I am sorry for it. As he said, who was reminded in an argument that the facts were against him, 'So much the worse for them,' and I may add for me. Latin and Greek are not dead—in one sense, they are happily immortal; but the present age is doing its worst to kill them, and much of their own best good and pleasure.

23 RUTLAND STREET,
October 13, 1859.

'Human wisdom has reached its furthest point when it gets to say—*I* do not know—*God* knows. In the child's story of "Beauty and the Beast," the Beast says to Beauty, "Do you not think me very ugly?" "Why, yes," said she, "for I cannot tell a story." "You are right," replied the Beast; "and besides being ugly I am very stupid." "I think you cannot be *very* stupid," said Beauty, "if you yourself know this."'—*From a thoughtful Discourse on Plato, by, I believe, a Liverpool Merchant.*

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—*Clinical Wards of Royal Infirmary. The Physician and his Clerk* loquuntur.

JOHN MURDOCH, in the Clinical Ward with thoracic aneurism of the aorta, had at his bedside a liniment of aconite, etc.,—under the stress of a paroxysm of pain he drank it off, and was soon dead.

Physician.—Well, sir, what about Murdoch? did you see him alive?

Clerk.—Yes, sir.

P.—Did you feel his pulse?

C.—No, sir.

P.—Did you examine his eyes?

C.—No, sir.

P.—Did you observe any frothing at the mouth and nose?

C.—No, sir.

P.—Did you count his respirations?

C.—No, sir.

P.—Then, sir, what the d—l did you do?

C.—*I ran for the stomach-pump.*

The physician was a man of great keenness of mind, peremptory, and with no misgivings, anxious for what he called pure science, curiously deficient in power over what Plato calls 'the middle propositions,' which

lie between exact facts and speculative science, and have to do with immediate application and act.

As an instance of the curious constitution of his mind —he gave as a proof that mercury was of no use in controlling the deposition of lymph in *Iritis*— that when calomel and lymph were put together into a watch-glass, they did not meddle with each other!

He had a compact small brain, quick and mobile, rapid and assured in its conclusions, with perhaps more energy and sharpness of expression than of thought.

The clerk was in much his reverse, a very large and quiet brain, a deep chest, and a deep mind; a voice powerful, but not by reason of its loudness, a nature roomy and practical. He died when rising to the highest, and lives after death.

LOCKE AND SYDENHAM.

'Ils n'étoient pas Savans, mais ils étoient Sages.'

'PHILOSOPHIA *dividitur in* SCIENTIAM *et* HABITUM ANIMI: *—unam illam qui didicit, et favenda et vitanda præcepit, nondum* SAPIENS *est, nisi in ea quæ didicit, animus ejus transfiguratus est.*'

'Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge is proud, that he has learnt so much;
Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.'

COWPER.

LOCKE AND SYDENHAM.

THE studies of Metaphysics and Medicine have more in common than may perhaps at first sight appear. These two sciences, as learnt, taught, and practised by the two admirable men we are about to speak of, were in the main not ends in themselves, but means. The one, as Locke pursued it, is as truly a search after truth and matter of fact, as the other; and neither Metaphysics nor Medicine is worth a rational man's while, if they do not issue certainly and speedily in helping us to keep and to make our minds and our bodies whole, quick, and strong. Soundness of mind, the just use of reason—what Arnauld finely calls *droiture de l'âme*—and the cultivation for good of our entire thinking nature, our common human understanding, is as truly the one great end of the Philosophy of Mind, as the full exercise of our bodily functions, and their recovery and relief when deranged or impaired, is of the Science of Medicine,

—the Philosophy of Healing; and no man taught the world to better purpose than did John Locke, that Mental science, like every other, is founded upon fact—upon objective realities, upon an induction of particulars, and is in this sense as much a matter of proof as is carpentry, or the doctrine of projectiles. The *Essay on Human Understanding* contains a larger quantity of facts about our minds, a greater amount of what everybody knows to be true, than any other book of the same nature. The reasonings may be now and then erroneous and imperfect, but the ascertained truths remain, and may be operated upon by all after-comers.

John Locke and Thomas Sydenham,—the one the founder of our analytical philosophy of mind, and the other of our practical medicine,—were not only great personal friends, but were of essential use to each other in their respective departments; and we may safely affirm, that for much in the *Essay on Human Understanding* we are indebted to its author's intimacy with Sydenham, 'one of the master builders at this time in the commonwealth of learning,' as Locke calls him, in company with 'Boyle, Huygens, and the incomparable Mr. Newton:' And Sydenham, it is well known, in his dedicatory letter to their common friend Dr. Mapletoft, prefixed to the third edition of his *Observationes Medicæ*, expresses his obligation to Locke

in these words :—'Nôsti præterea, quam huic meæ methodo suffragantem habeam, qui eam intimius per omnia perspexerat, utrique nostrum conjunctissimum Dominum Johannem Lock; quo quidem viro, sive ingenio judicioque acri et subacto, sive etiam antiquis (hoc est optimis) moribus, vix superiorem quenquam inter eos qui nunc sunt homines repertum iri confido, paucissimos certe pares.' Referring to this passage, when noticing the early training of this *ingenium judiciumque acre et subactum*, Dugald Stewart says, with great truth, 'No science could have been chosen, more happily calculated than Medicine, to prepare such a mind for the prosecution of those speculations which have immortalized his name; the complicated and fugitive, and often equivocal phenomena of disease, requiring in the observer a far greater proportion of discriminating sagacity than those of Physics, strictly so called; resembling, in this respect, much more nearly, the phenomena about which Metaphysics, Ethics, and Politics are conversant.' And he shrewdly adds, 'I have said that the study of Medicine forms one of the best preparations for the study of Mind, *to such an understanding as Locke's.* To an understanding less comprehensive, and less cultivated by a liberal education, the effect of this study is like to be similar to what we may have in the works of Hartley, Darwin, and Cabanis:

to all of whom we may more or less apply the sarcasm of Cicero on Aristoxenus the musician, who attempted to explain the nature of the soul by comparing it to a harmony; *Hic ab artificio suo non recessit.*'

The observational and only genuine study of mind—not the mere reading of metaphysical books, and knowing the endless theories of mind, but the true study of its phenomena—has always seemed to us (speaking *quâ medici*) one of the most important, as it certainly is the most studiously neglected, of the accessary disciplines of the student of medicine.

Hartley, Mackintosh, and Brown were physicians; and we know that medicine was a favourite subject with Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, Berkeley, and Sir William Hamilton. We wish our young doctors kept more of the company of these and suchlike men, and knew a little more of the laws of thought, the nature and rules of evidence, the general procedure of their own minds in the search after the proof and the application of what is true, than we fear they generally do.[1]

[1] Pinel states, with much precision, the necessity there is for physicians to make the mind of man, as well as his body their especial study. 'L'histoire de l'entendement humain, pourroit-elle être ignorée par le médecin, qui a non-seulement à décrire les vésanies ou maladies morales, et à indiquer toutes leurs nuances, mais encore, qui a besoin de porter la logique la plus sévère pour éviter de donner de la réalité à

They might do so without knowing less of their Auscultation, Histology, and other good things, and with knowing them to better purpose. We wonder, for instance, how many of the century of graduates sent forth from our famous University every year—armed with microscope, stethoscope, uroscope, pleximeter, etc., and omniscient of *râles* and *rhonchi* sibilous and sonorous; crepitations moist and dry; *bruits de râpe, de scie, et de soufflet;* blood plasmata, cytoblasts and nucleated cells, and great in the infinitely little,—we wonder how many of these eager and accomplished youths could 'unsphere the spirit of Plato,' or are able to read with moderate relish and understanding one of the Tusculan Disputations, or have so much as even heard of Butler's *Three Sermons on Human Nature*, Berkeley's *Minute Philosopher*, or of a posthumous *Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding*,[1] of which Mr. Hallam says, 'I cannot think any parent or instructor justified in neglecting to put this little treatise in the hands of a boy about the time that

des termes abstraits, pour procéder avec sagesse des idées simples à des idées complexes, et qui a sans cesse sous ses yeux des écrits, où le défaut de s'entendre, la séduction de l'esprit de système, et l'abus des expressions vagues et indéterminées ont amené des milliers de volumes et des disputes interminables?'—*Méthodes d'étudier en Médecine.*

[1] There is a handsome reprint of this 'pith of sense' put forth the other day by Bell & Daldy.

the reasoning faculties become developed,' and whose admirable author we shall now endeavour to prove to have been much more one of their own guild than is generally supposed.

In coming to this conclusion, we have been mainly indebted to the classical, eloquent, and conclusive tract by Lord Grenville,[1] entitled, *Oxford and Locke;* to Lord King's Life of his great kinsman; to Wood's *Athenæ* and *Fasti Oxonienses;* to the letters from Locke to Drs. Mapletoft, Molyneux, Sir Hans Sloane, and Boyle, published in the collected edition of his works; to Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors; and to a very curious collection of letters of Locke, Algernon Sidney, the second Lord Shaftesbury, and others, edited and privately printed by Dr. Thomas Forster; and to a Medical Commonplace Book, and many very interesting letters on medical subjects, by his great kinsman, in the possession of the Earl of Lovelace, and to which, by his Lordship's kindness, we have had access; some of the letters are to Fletcher of Saltoun, on the health of his brother's wife, and, for unincumbered good sense, rational trust in nature's *vis medicatrix*, and wholesome fear of polypharmacy and the *nimia diligentia* of his time, might have been written by Dr. Combe or Sir James Clark.

Le Clerc, in his Eloge upon Locke in the *Biblio-*

[1] See Note A

thèque Choisie (and in this he has been followed by all subsequent biographers), states, that when a student at Christ Church, Oxford, he devoted himself with great earnestness to the study of Medicine, but that he never practised it as his profession, his chief object having been to qualify himself to act as his own physician, on account of his general feebleness of health, and tendency to consumption To show the incorrectness of this statement, we give the following short notice of his medical studies and practice; it is necessarily slight, but justifies, we think, our assertion in regard to him as a practitioner in medicine.

LOCKE was born in 1632 at Wrington, Somersetshire, on the 29th of August, the anniversary, as Dr. Forster takes care to let us know, of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist—eight years after Sydenham, and ten before Newton. He left Westminster School in 1651, and entered Christ Church, distinguishing himself chiefly in the departments of medicine and general physics, and greatly enamoured of the brilliant and then new philosophy of Descartes.

In connexion with Locke's university studies, Anthony Wood, in his autobiography, has the following curious passage: 'I began a course of chemistry under the noted chemist and rosicrucian Peter Sthael of Strasburg, a strict Lutheran, and a great hater of women. The club consisted of ten,

whereof were Frank Turner, now Bishop of Ely, Benjamin Woodroof, now Canon of Christ Church, and John Locke of the same house, now a noted writer. This same John Locke was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented, while the rest of our club took notes from the mouth of their master, who sat at the upper end of a long table, the said Locke scorned to do this, but was for ever prating and troublesome.' This misogynistical rosicrucian was brought over to Oxford by Boyle, and had among his pupils Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Wallis, and Sir Thomas Millington. The fees were three pounds, one-half paid in advance.

Locke continued through life greatly addicted to medical and chemical researches. He kept the first regular journal of the weather, and published it from time to time in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and in Boyle's *History of the Air*. He used in his observations a barometer, a thermometer, and a hygrometer His letters to Boyle are full of experiments and speculations about chemistry and medicine; and in a journal kept by him when travelling in France is this remarkable entry: 'M. Toinard produced a large bottle of muscat; it was clear when he set it on the table, but when the stopper was drawn, a multitude of little bubbles arose. It comes from this, that the included air had liberty to expand itself:—*query, whether this be air new generated.* Take a bottle of

fermenting liquor, and tie a bladder over its mouth, how much new air will this produce, *and has this the quality of common air?*' We need hardly add, that about a hundred years after this Dr. Black answered this capital query, and in doing so, transformed the whole face of chemistry.

We now find that, in contradiction to the generally received account, 'sour' Anthony Wood, who was an Oxford man and living on the spot, says in his spiteful way, 'Mr. Locke, after having gone through the usual courses preparatory to practice, entered upon the physic line, and got some business at Oxford.' Nothing can be more explicit than this, and more directly opposed to Le Clerc's account of his friend's early life, which, it may be remembered, was chiefly derived from notes furnished by the second Lord Shaftesbury, whose information must necessarily have been at second or third hand. In 1666, Lord Ashley, afterwards the first Lord Shaftesbury, came to Oxford to drink the water of Astrop; he was suffering from an abscess in his chest, the consequence of a fall from his horse. Dr. Thomas, his lordship's attendant, happening to be called out of town, sent his friend Locke, then practising there, who examined into his complaints, and advised the abscess to be opened; this was done, and, as the story goes, his lordship's life was saved. From this circumstance took its origin the well-known friendship of these two

famous men. That their connexion at first was chiefly that of patient and doctor, is plain from the expression, 'He, the Earl, would not suffer him to practise medicine out of his house, except among some of his particular friends,' implying that he was practising when he took him.

In 1668, Locke, then in his thirty-sixth year, accompanied the Earl and Countess of Northumberland to the Continent, as their physician. The Earl died on his journey to Rome, leaving Locke with the Countess in Paris. When there, he attended her during a violent attack of what seems to have been tic-douloureux, an interesting account of which, and of the treatment he adopted, was presented by the late Lord King to the London College of Physicians—and read before them in 1829. By the great kindness of the late Dr. Paris, President of the College, we had access to a copy of this medical and literary curiosity, which besides its own value as a plain, clear statement of the case, and as an example of simple skilful treatment, is the best of all proofs that at that time Locke was a regular physician. We cannot give it higher praise, or indicate more significantly its wonderful superiority to the cases to be found in medical authors of the same date, than by saying that in expression, in description, in diagnosis, and in treatment, it differs very little from what we have in our own best works.

After the Earl's death, Locke returned to England, and seems to have lived partly at Exeter House with Lord Shaftesbury, and partly at Oxford. It was in 1670, at the latter place, that he sketched the first outline of his immortal Essay, the origin of which he has so modestly recorded in his Epistle to the Reader. Dr. Thomas, and most probably Dr. Sydenham, were among the 'five or six friends meeting at my chamber,' who started the idea of that work, 'which has done more than any other single work to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries nature has set to the human faculties. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is to be advanced, Locke has most contributed by precept and example to make mankind at large observe them, and has thus led to that general diffusion of a healthful and vigorous understanding, which is at once the greatest of all improvements, and the instrument by which all other improvements must be accomplished.'

About this time, Locke seems to have been made a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1674, he took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine; he never was Doctor of Medicine, though he generally passed among his friends as Dr. Locke.

In 1675, he went abroad for his health, and apparently, also, to pursue his medical studies. He re-

mained for some time at Montpellier, then the most famous of the schools of medicine. He attended the lectures of the celebrated Barbeyrac, to whose teaching Sydenham is understood to have been so much indebted. When there, and during his residence abroad, he kept a diary, large extracts from which are for the first time given by Lord King.[1] The following is his account of the annual 'capping' at Montpellier. 'The manner of making a Doctor of Physic is this:—1st, a procession in scarlet robes and black caps—the professor took his seat—and after a company of fiddlers had played a certain time, he made them a sign to hold, that *he* might have an opportunity to entertain the company, which he did in a speech against innovations—the musicians then took their turn. The Inceptor or candidate then began his speech, wherein I found little edification, being chiefly complimentary to the chancellor and professors, who were present. The Doctor then put on his head the cap that had marched in on the

[1] Lord King refers to numerous passages in Locke's Diaries exclusively devoted to medical subjects, which he has refrained from publishing, as unlikely to interest the general public; and Dr. Forster gives us to understand that he has in his possession 'some ludicrous, sarcastic, and truly witty letters to his friend Furley on medicine, his original profession;' but which letters the Doctor declines giving to the public 'in these days of absurd refinement.' We would gladly forswear our refinement to have a sight of them; anything that Locke considered worth the writing down about anything is likely to be worth the reading.

beadle's staff, in sign of his doctorship—put a ring upon his finger—girt himself about the loins with a gold chain—made him sit down beside him—that having taken pains he might now take ease, and kissed and embraced him in token of the friendship which *ought* to be amongst them.'

From Montpellier he went to Paris, and was a diligent student of anatomy under Dr. Guenelon, with whom he was afterwards so intimate, when living in exile at Amsterdam.

In June 1677, when in Paris, he wrote the following jocular letter to his friend Dr. Mapletoft, then physic professor at Gresham College. This letter, which is not noticed in any life of Locke that we have seen, is thus introduced by Dr. Ward :—' Dr. Mapletoft did not continue long at Gresham, and yet longer than he seems to have designed, by a letter to him, written by the famous Mr. John Locke, dated from Paris, 22d June 1677, in which is this passage : " If either absence (which sometimes increases our desires) or love (which we see every day produces strange effects in the world) have softened you, or disposed you towards a liking for any of our fine new things, 'tis but saying so, and I am ready to furnish you, and should be sorry not to be employed ; I mention love, for you know I have a particular interest of my own in it. When you look that way, nobody will be readier, as you may guess, to throw

an old shoe after you, much for your own sake, and a little for a friend of yours. But were I to advise, perhaps I should say that the lodgings at Gresham College were a quiet and comfortable habitation." By this passage,' continues Ward, 'it seems probable that Dr. Mapletoft had then some views to marriage, and that Mr. Locke was desirous, should it so fall out, to succeed him. But neither of these events happened at the time, for the Doctor held his professorship till the 10th October 1679, and, in November following, married Rebecca, the daughter of Mr. Lucy Knightley of Hackney, a Hamburg merchant.' And we know that on the 10th of May that same year, Locke was sent for from Paris by Lord Shaftesbury, when his Lordship was made President of Sir William Temple's Council, half a year after which they were both exiles in Holland. As we have already said, there is something very characteristic in this jocular, *pawky*, affectionate letter.

There can be little doubt from this, that so late as 1677, when he was forty-five years of age, Locke was able and willing to undertake the formal teaching of medicine.

It would not be easy to say how much mankind would have at once lost and gained—how much the philosophy of mind would have been hindered, and how much that of medicine would have been advanced, had John Locke's lungs been as sound as

his understanding, and had he 'stuck to the physic line,' or had his friend Dr. Mapletoft 'looked that way' a little earlier, and made Rebecca Knightley his wife two years sooner, or had Lord Shaftesbury missed the royal reconcilement and his half-year's presidency.

Medicine would assuredly have gained something it still lacks, and now perhaps more than ever, had that 'friend of yours,' having thrown the old shoe with due solemnity and precision after the happy couple, much for their sakes and a little for his own, settled down in that quiet, comfortable, baccalaurian habitation, over-against the entrance into Bishopsgate Street; and had thenceforward, in the prime of life, directed the full vigour of that liberal, enlightened, sound, humane, and practical understanding, to the exposition of what Lord Grenville so justly calls 'the large and difficult' subject of medicine. What an amount of gain to rational and effective medicine —what demolition of venerable and mischievous error—what fearless innovations—what exposition of immediately useful truth—what an example for all future labourers in that vast and perilous field, of the best *method* of attaining the best ends, might not have been expected from him of whom it was truly said that 'he knew something of everything that could be useful to mankind!' It is no wonder then, that, looking from the side of medicine, we grudge the loss

of the Locke 'Physic Lectures,' and wish that we might, without fable, imagine ourselves in that quaint, steep-roofed quadrangle, with its fifteen trees, and its diagonal walks across the green court; and at eight o'clock, when the morning sun was falling on the long legs and antennæ of good Sir Thomas's gilded grasshoppers, and the mighty hum of awakening London was beginning to rise, might figure to ourselves the great philosopher stepping briskly through the gate into his lecture-room—his handsome, serious face, set 'in his hood, according to his degree in the university, as was thought meet for more order and comeliness sake,' and there, twice every week in the term, deliver the 'solemn Physic Lecture,' in the Latin tongue, in dutiful accordance with the 'agreement, tripartite, between the mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London—the wardens and commonalty of the mystery of mercers, and the Lecturers in Gresham House;' and again, six hours later, read the same 'solemn lecture,' we would fancy with more of relish and spirit, in the 'English tongue,' 'forasmuch,' so the worthy Founder's will goes, 'as the greater part of the auditory is like to be of such citizens and others as have small knowledge, or none at all, of the Latin tongue, and for that every man, for his health's sake, will desire to have some knowledge of the art of physic.'

We have good evidence, from the general bent

and spirit of Locke's mind, and from occasional passages in his letters, especially those to Dr. Molyneux, that he was fully aware of the condition of medicine at that time, and of the only way by which it could be improved. Writing to Dr. Molyneux, he says, 'I perfectly agree with you concerning general theories—the curse of the time, and destructive not less of life than of science—they are for the most part but a sort of waking dream, with which, when men have warmed their heads, they pass into unquestionable truths. *This is beginning at the wrong end*, men laying the foundation in their own fancies, and then suiting the phenomena of diseases, and the cure of them, to these fancies. I wonder, after the pattern Dr. Sydenham has set of a better way, men should return again to this romance-way of physic. But I see it is more easy and more natural for men *to build castles in the air of their own than to survey well those that are on the ground. Nicely to observe the history of diseases in all their changes and circumstances is a work of time, accurateness, attention, and judgment*, and wherein if men, through prepossession or oscitancy, mistake, they may be convinced of their error by unerring nature and matter of fact. What we know of the works of nature, especially in the constitution of health and the operations of our own bodies, *is only by the sensible*

effects, but not by any certainty we can have, of the tools she uses, or the ways she works by.'

Exact, patient, honest, 'nice' observation, is neither easy nor common; as Buffon says:—'Il y a une espèce de force de génie, et de courage d'esprit, à pouvoir envisager sans s'étonner, la Nature dans la multitude innombrable de ses productions, et à se croire capable de les comprendre et de les comparer; il y a une espèce de goût, à les aimer, plus grand que le goût qui n'a pour but, que des objets particuliers, et l'un peut dire, que l'amour et l'étude de la Nature, suppose dans l'esprit deux qualités qui paroissent opposées, les grandes vues d'un génie ardent, qui embrasse tout d'un coup-d'œil, et les petites attentions d'un instinct laborieux, que ne s'attache qu'à un seul point.'

Gaubius calls it '*masculum* illud observandi studium veteribus tantopere excultum;' and Dr. Samuel Brown, *heu nimium brevis ævi decus et desiderium!* thus enforces the same truth:—'Few people are aware of the difficulty of the art of simple observation; to observe properly in the simplest of the physical sciences requires a long and severe training. No one knows this so feelingly as the great discoverer. Faraday once said that he always doubts his own observations. Mitscherlich said it required fourteen years to discover

and establish a single new fact in chemistry. An enthusiastic student one day betook himself to Cuvier with a new muscle he supposed he had discovered. The master bade his scholar return to him with the same discovery in six months!'

But we must draw this notice of Locke in his character of Doctor to a close. In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1697, there is an account by him of an odd case of hypertrophied nails, which he had seen at La Charité when in Paris, and he gives pictures of the hornlike excrescences, one of them upwards of four inches long. The second Lord Shaftesbury, who was Locke's pupil, and for whom he chose a wife, in a letter to Furley, who seems to have been suffering from a relapse of intermittent fever, explains, with great distinctness and good sense, '*Dr. Locke's* and all our ingeniouse and able doctors' method' of treating this disease with the Peruvian bark; adding, 'I am satisfied, that of all medicines, if it be good of its kind, and properly given, it is the most innocent and effectual, whatever bugbear the world makes of it, especially the tribe of inferior physicians, from whom it cuts off so much business and gain.' We now conclude our notices of Locke's medical history—which, however imperfect, seem to us to warrant our original assertion—with the following weighty sentence taken from the 'Fragment on Study

given by Lord King, and which was written when Locke was at his studies at Oxford. It accords curiously with what we have already quoted from Dugald Stewart:—'Physic, polity, and prudence are not capable of demonstration, but a man is principally helped in them, 1, By the history of matter of fact; and 2, By a sagacity of inquiring into probable causes, and finding out an analogy in their operations and effects. Whether a certain course in public or private affairs will succeed well —whether rhubarb will purge, or quinquina cure an ague, can be known only by experience.'[1]

SYDENHAM, the prince of practical physicians, whose character is as beautiful and as genuinely English as his name, did for his art what Locke did for the

[1] The all-accomplished, and, in the old sense, 'the admirable' Dr. Thomas Young, puts this very powerfully in the preface to his *Introduction to Medical Literature.* 'There is, in fact, no study more difficult than that of physic: it exceeds, as a science, the comprehension of the human mind; and those who blunder onwards, without attempting to understand what they see, are often nearly on a level with those who depend too much upon imperfect generalizations.' 'Some departments of knowledge defy all attempts to subject them to any didactic method, and require the exercise of a peculiar address, a judgment, or a taste, *which can only be formed by indirect means.* It appears that physic is one of those departments in which there is frequent necessity for the exercise of *an incommunicable faculty of judgment, and a sagacity which may be called transcendental, as extending beyond the simple combination of all that can be taught by precept.*'

philosophy of mind—he made it, in the main, observational; he made knowledge a means, not an end. It would not be easy to over-estimate our obligations as a nation to these two men, in regard to all that is involved in the promotion of health of body and soundness of mind. They were among the first in their respective regions to show their faith in the inductive method, by their works. They both professed to be more of guides than critics, and were the interpreters and servants of Nature, not her diviners and tormentors. They pointed out a way, and themselves walked in it; they taught a method, and used it, rather than announced a system or a discovery; they collected and arranged their *visa* before settling their *cogitata*—a mean-spirited proceeding, doubtless, in the eyes of the prevailing dealers in hypotheses, being in reality the exact reverse of their philosophy. How curious, how humbling, to think that it was not till this time, that men in search of truth were brought to see that 'it is not the insufficiency or incapacity of man's mind, but the *remote standing or placing thereof*, that breedeth mazes and incomprehensions; for as the sense afar off is full of mistaking, but is exact at hand, so is it of the understanding, *the remedy whereof is not to quicken or strengthen the organ, but to go nearer to the object.*' Well might this greatest of Lord Chancellors now even say, as he does in the context (he is treating of medicine)—'Medicine is a

science which hath been more professed than laboured, more laboured than advanced, the labour being in my judgment more in a circle than in progression : I find much iteration but small addition;' and he was right in laying much of this evil condition to the discontinuance of 'the ancient and serious diligence of Hippocrates.' This serious diligence, this ἀκριβεία or nicety of observation by which the 'divine old man of Cos' achieved so much, was Sydenham's master-principle in practice and in speculation. He proclaimed it anew, and displayed in his own case its certain and inestimable fruits.

It appears to us one of the most interesting, as it is certainly one of the most difficult and neglected departments of medical literature, to endeavour to trace the progress of medicine as a *practical art*, with its rules and instruments, as distinguished from its consolidation into a systematic science with its doctrines and laws,—and to make out how far these two, which conjoined form the philosophy of the subject, have or have not harmonized with, and been helpful to each other, at different periods of their histories. Much might be done to make such an inquiry instructive and attractive, by marking out the history of medicine into several great epochs, and taking, as representative of each, some one distinguished artsman or practitioner, as well as teacher or discoverer. We might have Hippocrates and his epoch, Syden-

ham and his, John Hunter, Pinel, Laennec and theirs These great men differed certainly widely enough in character and in circumstances, but agreed all in this, their possessing in large measure, and of rare quality, that native sagacity, that power of keen, serious, choice, patient, continuous, honest observation, which is at once a gift and a habit; that instinct for seeking and finding, which Bacon calls '*experientia literata*, *sagacitas potius et odoratio quædam venatica*, *quam scientia*;' that general strength and soundness of understanding, and that knack of being able to apply their knowledge, instantly and aright, in practice, which must ever constitute the cardinal virtues of a great physician, the very pith and marrow of his worth.

Of the two first of these famous men, we fear there survives in the profession little more than the names; and we receive from them, and are made wiser and better by inheriting, their treasures of honest and exquisite observation, of judicious experience, without, we fear, knowing or caring much from whom it has come. 'One man soweth, and another reapeth.' The young forget the old, the children their fathers; and we are all too apt to reverse the saying of the wise king,—'I praised the dead that are already dead, more than the living that are yet alive.'

As we are not sufficiently conscious of, so we assuredly are not adequately grateful for, that accu-

mulated volume of knowledge, that body of practical truth, which comes down as a heritage to each one of us, from six thousand years of human endeavour; and which, like a mighty river, is moving for ever onwards—widening, deepening, strengthening, as it goes; for the right administration and use of whose untold energies and wealth, we, to whom it has thus far descended, are responsible to Him from whom it comes, and to whom it is hastening—responsible to an extent we are too apt to forget, or to underrate. We should not content ourselves with sailing victoriously down the stream, or with considering our portion of it merely; we should go up the country oftener than we do, and see where the mighty feeders come in, and learn and not forget their names, and note how much more of volume, of *momentum*, and power, the stream has after they have fallen in.

It is the lot of the successful medical practitioner, who is more occupied with discerning diseases and curing them, than with discoursing about their essence, and arranging them into systems, who observes and reflects in order to act rather than to speak,—it is the lot of such men to be invaluable when alive, and to be forgotten soon after they are dead; and this not altogether or chiefly from any special ingratitude or injustice on the part of mankind, but from the very nature of the case. Much that made such a man what the community to their highest profit found him

to be, dies, must die with him. His inborn gifts, and much of what was most valuable in his experience, were necessarily incommunicable to others, this depending somewhat on his forgetting the process by which, in particular cases, he made up his mind, and its minute successive steps, from his eagerness to possess and put in action the result, and likewise from his being confident in the general soundness of his method, and caring little about formally recording to himself his transient mental conditions, much less announcing them articulately to others ;—but mainly, we believe, because no man *can* explain directly to another man *how* he does any one practical thing, the doing of which he himself has accomplished, not at once, or by imitation, or by teaching, but by repeated personal trials, by missing much, before ultimately hitting.

You may be able to expound excellently to your son the doctrines of gunnery, or read him a course of lectures upon the principles of horsemanship, but you cannot transfer to him your own knack as a deadshot, or make him keep his seat over a rasping fence. He must take pains to win these for himself, as you have done before him. Thus it is that much of the best of a man like Sydenham, dies with him.

It is very different with those who frequent the field of scientific discovery. Here matters are reversed. No man, for instance, in teaching anatomy

or physiology, when he comes to enounce each new subordinate discovery, can fail to unfold and to enhance the ever-increasing renown of that keen *black-a-vised* little man, with his piercing eye, 'small and dark, and so full of spirit;' his compact broad forehead, his self-contained peremptory air, his dagger at his side, and his fingers playing with its hilt, to whom we owe the little book, *De motu cordis et sanguinis circulatione.* This primary, capital discovery, which no succeeding one can ever supersede or obscure, he could leave consummate to mankind; but he could not so leave the secret of his making it; he could not transmit that combination of original genius, invention, exactness, perseverance, and judgment, which enabled him, and can alone enable any man, to make such a permanent addition to the fund of scientific truth. But what fitted Harvey for that which he achieved, greatly unfitted him for such excellence in practice as Sydenham attained. He belonged to the science more than to the art. His friend Aubrey says of him, that 'though all his profession would allow him to be an excellent anatomist, I have never heard of any who admired his therapeutic way.' A mind of his substance and mettle, speculative and arbitrary, passing rapidly and passionately from the particular to the general, from multiformity to unity, with, moreover, a fiery temper and an extemporaneous dagger as its sting, was not likely to take kindly

to the details of practice, or make a very useful or desirable family doctor. Sydenham, again, though his works everywhere manifest that he was gifted with ample capacity and keen relish for abstract truth, moved habitually and by preference in the lower, but at the time the usefuller sphere of everyday practice, speculating chiefly in order to act, reducing his generalizations back to particulars, so as to answer some immediate instance,—the result of which was the signallest success of 'his therapeutic way.' We have had in our own day two similar examples of the man of science and the man of art; the one, Sir Charles Bell—like Harvey, the explorer, the discoverer, the man of genius and science, of principles and laws, having the royal gifts of invention and eloquence—was not equally endowed with those homelier, but in their degree not less rare qualities, which made Dr. Abercrombie, our Scottish Sydenham, what he was, as a master in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. The one pursued his profession as a science, to be taught, to be transmitted in its entireness—the other as an art to be applied. The one was, in the old phrase, *luciferous;* the other *frugiferous*.

One great object we have in now bringing forward the works and character of Sydenham, is to enforce the primary necessity, especially in our day, of attending to medicine as the art of healing, not less than as the science of diseases and drugs. We

want at present more of the first than of the second. Our age is becoming every day more purely scientific, and is occupied far more with arranging subjects and giving names, and remembering them, than with understanding and managing objects. There is often more knowledge of words than of things.

We have already stated our notion, that to the great body of modern physicians, Sydenham is little more than a name, and that his works, still more than those of his companion Locke, are more spoken of than read. This is owing to several causes; partly to their being buried in Latin, which men seem now-a-days ashamed to know; partly to much in them being now scientifically obsolete and useless; partly from their practical value being impaired by our ignorance of his formulas of cure; and greatly also, we fear, from what Baglivi calls 'an inept derision and neglect of the ancients,' which is more prevalent than seemly. We include ourselves among these; for until we got Dr. Greenhill's edition, we had never read seriously and thoroughly these admirable tracts, which were all of an occasional character, and were forced from their author by the importunity of friends, or the envious calumny of enemies. often in the form of familiar letters.

We had, when at college, picked up like our neighbours the current commonplaces about Syden-

ham; such as that he went by the name of 'the Prince of English physicians;' that Boerhaave (of whom by the way we knew quite as little, unless it were a certain awful acquaintance with his ugly, squab, and gilded visage, which regarded us grimly from above a druggist's door, as we hurried along the Bridges to the University) was wont to take his hat off, whenever he mentioned his name, and to call him '*Angliæ lumen, Artis Phœbum, veram Hippocratici veri speciem:*' that his life was written by Samuel Johnson in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and was one of his earliest and worst paid performances: that he was a Whig, and went into the field as a Parliament man. Moreover, that when asked by Sir Richard Blackmore what he would advise him for medical reading, he replied, '*Read Don Quixote, Sir,*'—an answer as full of sense as wit, and the fitness and wisdom of which it would be not less pleasant than profitable to unfold at length. We had been told also, in a very general way by our teachers, that Sydenham had done some things for his profession, which, considering the dark age in which he worked, were highly to his credit; that his name was well connected with the history and management of the small-pox; the nature of epidemics, the constitutions of years, dropsies, etc., and that he had recorded his own sufferings from the gout in a clever and entertaining way.

All this was true, but by no means the whole truth. Not only are his observations invaluable to any one engaged in tracing the history of medicine as a practical art, and as an applied science; in marking in what respects it is changed, and in what unchanged; in how much it is better now than then, and in what little it is not so good. In addition to all this, they are full of valuable rules for the diagnosis and treatment of disease; and we can trace to him as their origin, many of our most common and important therapeutic doctrines. They everywhere manifest how thoroughly he practised what he taught, how honestly he used his own 'method,' that of continued, close, serious observation. But we confess, after all, our chief delight is from the discovery he makes in his works of his personal character—the exemplar he furnishes in himself of the four qualities Hippocrates says are indispensable in every good physician—*learning*, *sagacity*, *humanity*, *probity*. This personality gives a constant charm to everything he writes, the warmth of his large, humane, practical nature is felt throughout.

Above all, we meet with a habitual reference to what ought to be the supreme end of every man's thoughts and energies—the two main issues of all his endeavours,—the glory of God and the good of men. Human life was to him a sacred, a divine,

as well as a curious thing, and he seems to have possessed through life, in rare acuteness, that sense of the value of what was at stake, of the perilous material he had to work in, and that gentleness and compassion for his suffering fellow-men, without which no man—be his intellect ever so transcendent, his learning ever so vast, his industry ever so accurate and inappeasable—need hope to be a great physician, much less a virtuous and honest man. This characteristic is very striking. In the midst of the most minute details, and the most purely professional statements, he bursts out into some abrupt acknowledgment of 'The Supreme Judge,' 'The true Archiater and Archeus.' We may give one among many such instances. He closes his observations on *The Epidemic Cough and Pleurisy Peripneumony of* 1675, with this sudden allusion to the Supreme Being: 'Qui post sequentur morbi, solus novit, QUI novit omnia.' And again, after giving his receipt for the preparation of his laudanum liquidum, so much of Spanish wine, of opium, of saffron, of cinnamon, and cloves, he adds, 'Profecto non hic mihi tempero, quin gratulabundus animadvertam, DEUM omnipotentem παντῶν Δωτῆρα ἐάων non aliud remedium, quod vel pluribus malis debellandis par sit, vel eadem efficacius extirpet, humano generi in miseriarum solatium concessisse, quam opiata.'

If we may adapt the simple but sublime saying of Sir Isaac Newton, Sydenham, though diligent beyond most other 'children' in gathering his pebbles and shells on the shore of the great deep, and in winning for mankind some things of worth from the vast and formless infinite, was not unconscious of the mighty presence beside which he was at work; he was not deaf to the strong music of that illimitable sea. He recognised in the midst of the known, a greater, an infinite, a divine unknown; behind everything certain and distinct, he beheld something shadowy and unsearchable, past all finding out; and he did not, as many men of his class have too often done, and still do, rest in the mere contemplation and recognition of the τὶ θεῖον. This was to him but the shadow of the supreme substance, ὁ Θεός. How unlike to this fervour, this reverence and godly fear, is the hard, cool, nonchalant style of many of our modern men of science, each of whom is so intent on his own little pebble, so bent upon finding in it something no one else ever found, so self-involved and self-sufficient, that his eyes and his ears are alike shut to the splendours and the voices — the brooding darkness, and the 'look that threatens the profane' — of the liberal sea, from out whose abyss it has been flung, and

> 'Which doth with its eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder—everlastingly.'

This habit of Sydenham's mind is strikingly shown in the first sentence of his Preface to the first edition of his *Medical Observations:* 'Qui medicinæ dat operam, hæc secum ut sæpe perpendat oportet: Primo, se de ægrorum vitâ ipsius curæ commissâ, rationem aliquando SUPREMO JUDICI redditurum. Deinde quicquid artis aut scientiæ Divino beneficio consecutus est, imprimis, ad SUMMI NUMINIS laudem, atque humani generis salutem, esse dirigendum: indignum autem esse, ut cœlestia illa dona, vel avaritiæ, vel ambitus officio inserviant. Porro, se non ignobilis alicujus aut contemnendi animalis curam suscepisse; ut enim, humani generis pretium agnoscas, UNIGENITUS DEI FILIUS, homo factus est adeoque naturam assumptam sua dignatione nobilitavit. Denique, nec se communi sorte, exemptum esse, sed iisdem legibus mortalitatis, iisdem casibus et ærumnis, obnoxium atque expositum, quibus alii quilibet; quo diligentius et quidem teneriori cum affectu, ipse plane ὁμοιοπαθὴς ægrotantibus opem ferre conetur.'

When it is the free outcome of an earnest, sincere, and ample nature, this sudden reference to Divine things—this involuntary *Oh altitudo!*—in the midst of a purely technical exposition, has an effect, and moves the hearer far beyond any mere elaborate and foreseen argumentation. When a youth is told beforehand what you mean to make

him, believe, and, above all, what you mean to insist that he must *feel*—you have much of him against you. You should take him before he is aware; and, besides, if this burst of emotion is the expression of an inward restraint, carried to its utmost, and then forced into utterance; if the speaker has resisted being moved, and is moved in spite of himself, then is he surest to move those upon whom he is acting. The full power of lightning is due to speed and concentration—you have it in the Teutonic *Blitz*, gone as soon as come.

Such of our readers (a fast-lessening band!) as were pupils of that remarkable man and first-rate teacher, Dr. John Barclay,—must remember well his sudden bursts of this kind, made all the more memorable, that he disliked formal moralizing upon his favourite science. There was one occasion when he never failed to break out. It was when concluding his description of the bones of the skull. His old pupils knew what was coming, the new ones were set a wondering; all saw some suppressed emotion working within him,—his language was more close and rapid; that homely, sensible, honest face, was eager with some unacknowledged central feeling, and after finishing the *Sella Turcica*, and the clinoid processes, he threw down the sphenoid bone, and the time being up, and his hand on the open door of that well-known arena in which

he moved, he seemed as if leaving; indeed, we believe he intended then to leave, when turning round upon the class, with a face serious almost to anger, and a voice trembling with feeling, he said, 'Yes, gentlemen! there is a God, omnipotent, omniscient, and *eternal*,' as he vanished under the gallery into his room. Depend upon it, this single sentence made a deeper impression on his hearers than any more elaborate demonstration after the manner of Paley. The ardent old man did not linger among particulars, but passed at once, and with a sort of passionate fervour, to the full absolute assertion.

Two examples of these brief lightnings, which at one flash 'unfold both earth and heaven,' occur to us now. Dr. Dick, in his *System of Theology*, at the close of his lecture on the Immensity and Omnipresence of the Deity, pictures a man about to commit some great sin, as shutting himself in his room, or going into the depths of an unfrequented wood, so as to get absolutely by himself, and then turning and looking and looking again to make sure—'*let him turn and look again!*'

And John Foster, in that intense bit of spiritual vivisection, the Preface to Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, when minuting the process of a step-by-step descent into the deepest meditative wickedness and impiety, the very 'superfluity of naughtiness,' repre-

sents the person as speaking his last thought aloud, and starting at his own voice, and his desperate sin, and then exclaiming, 'If any one were within hearing!' *If any one were within hearing!*—as if some One had not all the while been within hearing.

The following are a few quotations, taken at random, from Sydenham's various treatises and letters, in which we may see what he himself was as a practitioner, and what were his views as to the only way in which Medicine, as an art, could be advanced.

In his Epistle to Dr. Mapletoft, prefixed to the *Observationes Medicæ*, his first publication, when he was forty-two years of age, he gives his friend a long and entertaining account of his early professional life, and thus proceeds: 'Having returned to London, I began the practice of Medicine, which when I studied curiously with most intent eye (*intento admodum oculo*) and utmost diligence, I came to this conviction, which to this day increases in strength, that our art is not to be better learned than by its exercise and use; and that it is likely in every case to prove true, that those who have directed their eyes and their mind, the most accurately and diligently, to the natural phenomena of diseases, will excel in eliciting and applying the true indications of cure. With this thread as my guide, I first applied my mind to a closer observation of fevers, and after no small amount of irksome waiting, and perplexing mental agitations.

which I had to endure for several years, I at last fell upon a method by which, as I thought, they might be cured, which method I some time ago made public, at the urgent request of my friends.'

He then refers to the persecution and calumnies he had been exposed to from the profession, who looked upon him as a pestilent fellow, and a setter forth of strange doctrines; adopting the noble saying of Titus Tacitus in reply to Metellus: 'Facile est in me dicere, cum non sim responsurus; tu didicisti maledicere; ego, conscientiâ teste, didici maledicta contemnere. Si tu linguæ tuæ dominus es, et quicquid lubet effutias; ego aurium mearum sum dominus, ut quicquid obvenerit audiant inoffensæ.'[1]—It is easy to speak against me when I make no reply; you have learned to speak evil; I, my conscience bearing me witness, have learned to despise evil speaking. You are master of your tongue, and can make it utter what you list; I am master of my ears, and can make them hear without being offended.

And, after making the reference we have already

[1] Sydenham here quotes from memory, as Bacon, and many other men of that time, whose minds were full of the classics, often did, and none of the commentators have discovered the exact passage. The remark is in Beyerlinck, *Magn. Theatr. Vit. Human.*, tom. vi. page 60, H. (Lugd. 1666, folio), referred to by Dr. Greenhill. It is as follows: 'Tacitus Lucio Metello ei in Senatu maledicenti respondit, "Facile est in me dicere, quia non responsurus sum, potentia ergo tua, non mea patientia est accusanda."' Seneca is referred to by Beyerlinck.

mentioned, to his method having had the sanction and assistance of Locke, he thus concludes in regard to the ultimate success of his newly discovered way, —'As concerns the future, I cast the die, not over-careful how it may fall, for, since I am now no longer young, and have, by the blessing of the Almighty, a sufficient provision for the remainder of my journey (*tantum mihi est viatici, quantum restat viæ*), I will do my best to attain, without trouble to myself or others, that measure of happiness so beautifully depicted by Politian :—

> "Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
> Quem non mendaci resplendens gloria fuco
> Sollicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus.
> *Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu*
> *Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ.*"'

We shall now give more fully his peculiar views, and in order to render him due honour for originating and acting upon them, we must remember in the midst of what a mass of errors and prejudices, of theories actively mischievous, he was placed, at a time when the mania of hypothesis was at its height, and when the practical part of his art was overrun and stultified by vile and silly nostrums. We must have all this in our mind, or we shall fail in estimating the amount of independent thought, of courage and uprightness, and of all that deserves to be called magnanimity and virtue, which was involved in his thinking and writing and acting as he did.

'The improvement of physic, in my opinion, depends, *1st*, Upon collecting as genuine and natural a description or history of diseases as can be procured; and, *2d*, Upon laying down a fixed and complete method of cure. With regard to the history of diseases, whoever considers the undertaking deliberately will perceive that a few such particulars must be attended to: *1st*, All diseases should be described as objects of natural history, with the same exactness as is done by botanists, for there are many diseases that come under the same genus and bear the same name, that, being specifically different, require a different treatment. The word *carduus* or thistle, is applied to several herbs, and yet a botanist would be inaccurate and imperfect who would content himself with a generic description. Furthermore, when this distribution of distempers into *genera* has been attempted, it has been to fit into some hypothesis, and hence this distribution is made to suit the bent of the author rather than the real nature of the disorder. How much this has obstructed the improvement of physic any man may know. In writing, therefore, such a natural history of diseases, every merely philosophical hypothesis should be set aside, and the manifest and natural phenomena, however minute, should be noted with the utmost exactness. The usefulness of this procedure cannot be easily overrated, as compared with the subtle inquiries and trifling notions of modern

writers; for can there be a shorter, or indeed any other way, of coming at the morbific causes, or of discovering the curative indications, than by a certain perception of the peculiar symptoms? By these steps and helps it was that the father of physic, the great Hippocrates, came to excel; *his theory* (θεωρία) *being no more than an exact description or view of Nature.* He found that Nature alone often terminates diseases, and works a cure with a few simple medicines, and often enough with no medicines at all. If only one person in every age had accurately described, and consistently cured, but a single disease, and made known his secret, physic would not be where it now is; but we have long since forsook the ancient method of cure, *founded upon the knowledge of conjunct causes*, insomuch that the art, as at this day practised, is rather the art of talking about diseases than of curing them. I make this digression in order to assert, that the discovering and assigning of remote causes, which now-a-days so much engrosses the minds and feeds the vanity of curious inquirers, is an impossible attempt, and that only immediate and conjunct causes fall within the compass of our knowledge.' Or as he elsewhere pithily states it:—'Cognitio nostra, in rerum cortice, omnis ferme versatur, ac ad τὸ ὅτι sive quod res hoc modo se habeat, fere tantum assurgit; τὸ διοτι, sive rerum causas, nullatenus attingit.'

His friend Locke could not have stated the case

more clearly or sensibly. It is this doctrine of 'conjunct causes,' this necessity for watching the action of compound and often opposing forces, and the having to do all this not in a machine, of which if you have seen one, you have seen all, but where each organism has often much that is different from, as well as common with all others. Here you must mend your watch while it is going, you must shoot your game on the wing. It is this which takes medicine out of the category of exact sciences, and puts it into that which includes politics, ethics, navigation, and practical engineering, in all of which, though there are principles, and those principles quite within the scope of human reason, yet the application of these principles must, in the main, be left to each man's skill, presence of mind, and judgment, as to the case in hand.

It is in medicine as in the piloting of a ship—rules may be laid down, principles expounded, charts exhibited; but when a man has made himself master of all these, he will often find his ship among breakers and quicksands, and must at last have recourse to his own craft and courage. Gaubius, in his admirable chapter, *De disciplinâ Medici*, thus speaks of the *reasonable* certainty of medicine as distinguished from the absolute certainty of the exact sciences, and at the same time gives a very just idea of the infinite (as far as concerns our limited powers of sense and

judgment) multiplicity of the phenomena of disease :—

'Nec vero sufficit medicum *communia* modo intueri; oportet et *cuivis homini propria*, quæ quidem diversitas tam immensa occurrit ut nullâ observationum vi exhauriri possit. Solâ denique contemplatione non licet acquiescere, inque obscuris rebus suspendere judicium, donec lux affulgeat. *Actionem exigit officium. Captanda hinc agendi occasio, quæ sæpe præceps, per conjecturam* cogit determinare, quod *per scientiam* sat cito nequit. Audiant hæc obtrectatores, et cum didicerint *scientias puras*, ab iis quas *applicatas* vocant, *contemplativas à practicis*, distinguere, videant quo jure medicinam præ aliis, ut omnis certi expertem, infament.'

It would not be easy to put more important truth into clearer expression. Conjecture, in its good sense, as meaning the throwing together of a number of the elements of judgment, and taking what upon the whole is the most likely, and acting accordingly, has, and will ever have, a main part to play in any art that concerns human nature, in its entireness *and in action*. When in obscure and dangerous places, we must not contemplate, we must act, it may be on the instant. This is what makes medicine so much more of an art than a science, and dependent so much more upon the agent than upon his instructions; and this it is that makes us so earnest in our cautions against the supposition that any amount of

scientific truth, the most accurate and extensive, can in medicine supersede the necessity of the recipient of all this knowledge having, as Richard Baxter says, by nature 'a special sagacity,—a naturally searching and conjecturing turn of mind.' Moreover, this faculty must be disciplined and exercised in its proper function, by being not a hearer only, but also a doer, an apprentice as well as a student, and by being put under the tutorage of a master who exercises as well as expounds his calling.

This native gift and its appropriate object have been so justly, so beautifully described by Hartley Coleridge in his *Life of Fothergill*, that we cannot refrain from closing our remarks on this subject by quoting his words. Do our readers know his *Biographia Borealis?* If they do, they will agree with us in placing it among the pleasantest books in our language, just such a one as Plutarch, had he been an Englishman, would have written:—'There are certain inward gifts, more akin to genius than to talent, which make the physician prosper, and deserve to prosper; for medicine is not like practical geometry, or the doctrine of projectiles, an application of an abstract, demonstrable science, in which a certain result may be infallibly drawn from certain data, or in which the disturbing forces may be calculated with scientific exactness. It is a *tentative art*, to succeed in which demands a quickness of

eye, thought, tact, invention, which are not to be learned by study, nor, unless by connatural aptitude, to be acquired by experience; and it is the possession of this *sense*, exercised by a patient observation, and fortified by a just reliance on the *vis medicatrix*, the self-adjusting tendency of nature, that constitutes the true physician or healer, as imagination constitutes the poet, and brings it to pass, that sometimes an old apothecary, not far removed from an old woman, and whose ordinary conversation savours, it may be, largely of twaddle, who can seldom give a rational account of a case or its treatment, acquires, and justly, a reputation for infallibility, while men of talent and erudition are admired and neglected; *the truth being, that there is a great deal that is mysterious in whatever is practical.*'

But to return to our author. He was the first to point out what he called the varying 'constitutions' of different years in relation to their respective epidemics, and the importance of watching the type of each new epidemic before settling the means of cure. In none of his works is his philosophic spirit, and the subtlety and clearness of his understanding, shown more signally than in his successive histories of the epidemics of his time. Nothing equal to them has ever appeared since; and the full importance of the principles he was the first to lay down, is only now beginning to be acknowledged. His confession

as to his entirely failing to discover what made one epidemic so to differ from another, has been amply confirmed by all succeeding observers. He says,—'I have carefully examined the different constitutions of different years as to the manifest qualities of the air, yet I must own I have hitherto made no progress, having found that years, perfectly agreeing as to their temperature and other sensible properties, have produced very different tribes of diseases, and *vice versa*. The matter seems to stand thus: there are certain constitutions of years that owe their origin neither to heat, cold, dryness, nor moisture, but *upon a certain secret and inexplicable alteration in the bowels of the earth*, whence the air becomes impregnated with such kinds of *effluvia* as subject the human body to distempers of a certain specific type.'

As to the early treatment of a new epidemic, he says,—'My chief care, in the midst of so much darkness and ignorance, is *to wait a little*, and proceed very slowly, especially in the use of powerful remedies, in the meantime observing its nature and procedure, and by what means the patient was relieved or injured;' and he concludes by regretting the imperfection of his observations, and hoping that they will assist in beginning a work that, in his judgment, will greatly tend to the advantage of mankind. Had his successors followed in his track with equal sagacity and circumspection, our knowledge of these

destructive and mysterious incursions of disease, would, in all likelihood, have been greatly larger and more practical than it is now.

Sydenham is well known to have effected a revolution in the management of the small-pox, and to have introduced a method of treatment upon which no material improvement has since been made. We owe the cool regimen to him. Speaking of the propriety of attending to the wishes of the sufferer, he says, with equal humanity and good sense,—'A person in a burning fever desires to drink freely of some small liquor; but the rules of art, built upon some hypothesis, having a different design in view, thwart the desire, and instead thereof, order a cordial. In the meantime the patient, not being suffered to drink what he wishes, nauseates all kinds of food, but art commands him to eat. Another, after a long illness, begs hard, it may be, for something odd, or questionable; here, again, impertinent art thwarts him and threatens him with death. How much more excellent the aphorism of Hippocrates—"Such food as is most grateful, though not so wholesome, is to be preferred to that which is better, but distasteful." Nor will this appear strange, if it be considered that the all-wise Creator has formed the whole with such exquisite order, that, as all the evils of nature eminently conspire to complete the harmony of the whole work, so every being is endowed with *a Divine direc-*

tion or instinct, which is interwoven with its proper essence, and hence the safety of mankind was provided for, who, notwithstanding all our doctoring, had been otherwise in a sad enough plight.' Again —' He would be no honest and successful pilot who were to apply himself with less industry to avoid rocks and sands, and bring his vessel safely home, than to search into the causes of the ebbing and the flowing of the sea, which, though very well for a philosopher, is foreign to him whose business it is to secure the ship. So neither will a physician, whose province it is to cure diseases, be able to do so, though he be a person of great genius, who bestows less time on the hidden and intricate method of nature, and adapting his means thereto, than on curious and subtle speculations.'

The following is frank enough :—' Indeed, if I may speak my mind freely, I have been long of opinion that I act the part of an honest man and a good physician as often as I refrain entirely from medicines, when, upon visiting the patient, I find him no worse to-day than he was yesterday ; whereas, if I attempt to cure the patient by a method of which I am uncertain, *he will be endangered both by the experiment I am going to make on him and by the disease itself; nor will he so easily escape two dangers as one.*

' That practice, and that alone, will bring relief

to the sufferer, which elicits the curative indications from the phenomena of the diseases themselves, and confirms them by experience, by which means the great Hippocrates made himself immortal. And had the art of medicine been delivered by any one in this wise, though the cure of a disease or two might come to be known to the common people, yet the art in its full extent would then have required men more prudent and skilful than it does now, nor would it lose any of its credit; for as there is in the operations of Nature (on the observations of which a true medical praxis is founded) more of nicety and subtlety than can be found in any art supported on the most specious hypotheses, so the science of Medicine which Nature teaches will exceed an ordinary capacity in a much greater degree than that which mere philosophy teaches.'

There is much profound truth in this. Observation, in its strict sense, is not every man's gift, and but few men's actual habit of mind. Newton used to say, that if in any one way he differed from other men, it was in his power of continued attention—of faithful, unbroken observation; his ladder had all its steps entire, and he went up with a composed, orderly foot. It requires more strength and fineness of mind, more of what deserves to be called genius, to make a series of genuine observations in Medicine, or any other art, than to spin any amount of nice

hypotheses, or build any number of '*castella in aere*,' as Sydenham calls them. The observer's object—and it is no mean one—is

> 'To know *what's what*, and that's as high
> As Metaphysic wit can fly.'

Sydenham adds, 'Nor will the publication of such observations *diminish but rather increase the reputation of our art, which, being rendered more difficult, as well as more useful, only men of sagacity and keen sound judgment would be admitted as physicians.*' How true to the sayings of his great master in his *Novum Organum*, 'Nature is only subdued by submission. 'The subtilty of nature is far beyond that of sense, or of the understanding, and the specious meditations and theories of mankind are but a kind of insanity, only there is no one to stand by and observe it!' There is a very remarkable passage in Sydenham's *Treatise of the Dropsy*, in which, after quoting this curious passage from Hippocrates, 'Certain physicians and philosophers say that it is impossible for any man to understand medicine without knowing the internal structure of man; for my part, I think that what they have written or said of nature pertains less to the medical than the pictorial art,' he asserts not only his own strong conviction of the importance of a knowledge of minute anatomy to the practitioner, but also his opinion that what Hippocrates meant, was to caution against depending *too much*

on, and expecting too much help from anatomical researches, to the superseding of the scrupulous observation of living phenomena, of successive actions.[1] 'For in all diseases, acute and chronic, it must be owned there is an inscrutable τὶ θεῖον, a specific property which eludes the keenest anatomy.'

He then goes on to say, that as Hippocrates censured the abuse of anatomy, so in his own day, there were many who, in like manner, raised hopes for Physic from discoveries in Chemistry, which, in the

[1] As far as the cure of diseases is concerned, Medicine has more to do with human *Dynamics* than *Statics*, for whatever be the essence of life—and as yet this τὶ θεῖον, this *nescimus quid divinum*, has defied all scrutiny—it is made known to us chiefly by certain activities or changes. It is the tendency at the present time of medical research *to reverse this order*. Morbid anatomy, microscopical investigations, though not confined to states or conditions of parts, must regard them fully more than actions and functions. This is probably what Stahl means when he says, '*Ubi Physicus desinit, Medicus incipit*;' and in the following passage of his rough Tudesque Latin, he plainly alludes to the tendency, in his day, to dwell too much upon the materials of the human body, without considering its actions '*ut vivens*.' The passage is full of the subtilty and fire and depth of that wonderful man. 'Undique hinc *materiæ* advertitur animus, et quæ crassius in sensum impingit conformatio, et mutua proportio corporea consideratur; *motuum* ordo, vis, et absoluta magis in materiam *energia*, tempora ejus, gradus, vices, maxime autem omnium, *fines* obiter in animum admittuntur.' The human machine has been compared to a watch, and some hope that in due time doctors will be as good at their craft as watchmakers are at theirs; but watchmakers are not called on to mend their work *while it is going*; this makes all the difference.

nature of things, *never* could be realized, and which only served to distract from the true Hippocratic method of induction; 'for the chief deficiency of medicine is not a want of efficacious medicine. Whoever considers the matter thoroughly, will find that the principal defect on the part of physic proceeds, *not from a scarcity of medicines to answer particular intentions, but from the want of knowing the intentions to be answered*, for an apothecary's apprentice can tell me what medicine will purge, vomit, or sweat, or cool; but a man must be conversant with practice who is able to tell me when is the properest time for administering any of them.'

He is constantly inculcating the necessity of getting our diagnostic knowledge at first-hand, ridiculing those descriptions of disease which the manufacturers of 'Bodies of medicine,' 'Hand-books,' and such like, make up in their studies, and which are oftener compositions than portraits, or at the best bad copies, and which the young student will find it hard enough to identify in real life. There is too much of this we fear still; and Montaigne, who rejoices in having a sly hit at his cronies the doctors, might still say with some reason, 'Like him who paints the sea, rocks, and heavens, and draws the model of a ship as he sits safe at his table; but send him to sea, and he knows not how or where to steer; so doctors oftentimes make such a description of our maladies as a

town-crier does of a lost dog or donkey, of such a colour and height, such ears, etc.; *but bring the very animal before him, and he knows it not for all that.*'

Everywhere our author acknowledges the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, by which alone so many diseases are cured, and without or against which none, and by directing and helping which medicine best fulfils its end, 'For I do not think it below me or my art to acknowledge, with respect to the cure of fevers and other distempers, that when no manifest indication pointed out to me what should be done, I have consulted my patient's safety and my own reputation, most effectually, *by doing nothing at all*.[1] But it is much to be lamented that abundance of patients are so ignorant as not to know, that it is sometimes as much the part of a skilful physician to do nothing, as at others to apply the most energetic remedies, whence they not only deprive themselves of fair and honourable treatment, but impute it to ignorance or negligence.'

We conclude these extracts with a picturesque description. It is a case of 'the hysterics' in a man :— 'I was called not long since to an ingenious gentleman who had recovered from a fever, but a few days before he had employed another physician, who blooded and purged him soundly, and forbade him the use of flesh. When I came I found him up, and heard him talking sensibly. I asked why I was sent

[1] See Note C.

for, to which one of his friends replied with a wink, Wait and you'll see. Accordingly, sitting down and entering into discourse with the patient, I perceived his under lip was thrust outwards, and in frequent motion, as happens to peevish children, who pout before they cry, which was succeeded by the most violent fit of crying, with deep convulsive sobs. I conceived this was occasioned partly by his long illness, partly by the previous evacuations, and partly by emptiness; *I therefore ordered him a roast chicken, and a pint of Canary.' Felix ille!*

His shrewdness and humour are shown in the story Dr. Paris tells in his *Pharmacologia.*

'This great physician, Sydenham, having long attended a gentleman of fortune with little or no advantage, frankly avowed his inability to render him any further service, adding at the same time, that there was a physician of the name of Robertson, at Inverness, who had distinguished himself by the performance of many remarkable cures of the same complaint as that under which his patient laboured, and expressing a conviction that, if he applied to him, he would come back cured. This was too encouraging a proposal to be rejected; the gentleman received from Sydenham a statement of his case, with the necessary letter of introduction, and proceeded without delay to the place in question. On arriving at Inverness, and anxiously

inquiring for the residence of Dr. Robertson, he found to his utter dismay and disappointment that there was no physician of that name, nor ever had been in the memory of any person there. The gentleman returned, vowing eternal hostility to the peace of Sydenham, and on his arrival at home, instantly expressed his indignation at having been sent on a journey of so many hundred miles for no purpose. "Well," replies Sydenham, "are you better in health?" "Yes, *I am now quite well;* but no thanks to you." "No," says Sydenham, "but you may thank Dr. Robertson for curing you. I wished to send you a journey with some object of interest in view; I knew it would be of service to you; in going, you had Dr. Robertson and his wonderful cures in contemplation; and in returning, you were equally engaged in thinking of scolding me."'

In making these selections we have done our author great injustice, partly from having to give them either in Swan's translation or our own, and thereby losing much of the dignity and nerve—the flavour, or what artists would call the crispness of the original; partly also from our being obliged to exclude strictly professional discussions, in which, as might be expected, his chief value and strength lie.

We know nothing in medical literature more finished than his letter to Dr. Cole on the hysteri-

cal passion, and his monograph of the gout. Well might Edward Hannes, the friend of Addison, in his verses on Sydenham, thus sing :—

> 'Sic te scientem non faciunt libri
> Et dogma pulchrum; sed sapientia
> Enata rebus, mensque facti
> Experiens, animusque felix.'

It would not be easy to over-estimate the permanent impression for good, which the writings, the character, and the practice of Sydenham have made on the art of healing in England, and on the Continent generally. In the writings of Boerhaave, Stahl, Gaubius, Pinel, Bordeu, Haller, and many others, he is spoken of as the father of rational medicine; as the first man who applied to his profession the Baconian principles of interpreting and serving nature, and who never forgot the master's rule, 'Non fingendum aut excogitandum, sed inveniendum, quid natura aut faciat aut ferat.' He was what Plato would have called an '*artsman*,' as distinguished from a doctor of abstract science. But he was by no means deficient in either the capacity or the relish for speculative truth. Like all men of a large practical nature, he could not have been what he was, or done what he did, without possessing and often exercising the true philosophizing faculty. He was a man of the same quality of mind in this respect with Watt, Franklin, and John Hunter, in

whom speculation was not the less genuine that it was with them a means rather than an end.

This distinction between the *science* and the *art* or craft, or as it was often called the *cunning* of medicine, is one we have already insisted upon, and the importance of which we consider very great, in the present condition of this department of knowledge and practice. We are now-a-days in danger of neglecting our art in mastering our science, though medicine in its ultimate resort must always be *more* of an art than of a science. It being the object of the student of physic to learn or know some thing or things, in order to be able safely, effectually and at once, to *do* some other thing; and inasmuch as human nature cannot contain more than its fill, a man may not only have in his head much scientific truth which is useless, but it may shut out and hinder and render altogether ineffectual, the active, practical, workmanlike faculties, for whose use his knowledge was primarily got. It is the remark of a profound thinker, that '*all professional men labour under a great disadvantage in not being allowed to be ignorant of what is useless;* every one fancies that he is bound to receive and transmit whatever is believed to have been known.'

'It appears to be possible,' says Dr. Thomas Young, in his *Life of Porson*, 'that a memory may in itself be even too retentive for real practical utility,

as if of too microscopic a nature; and it seems to be by a wise and benevolent, though by no means an obvious arrangement of a Creative Providence, that *a certain degree of oblivion becomes a most useful instrument in the advancement of human knowledge*, enabling us readily to look back on the prominent features only of various objects and occurrences, and to class them, and reason upon them, by the help of this involuntary kind of abstraction and generalization, with incomparably greater facility than we could do if we retained the whole detail of what had been once but slightly impressed on our minds. It is thus, for example, in physic, that the experienced practitioner learns at length to despise the relation of individual symptoms and particular cases, on which alone the empiric insists, and to feel the value of the Hippocratic system of "attending more to the prognostic than the diagnostic features of disease;" which, to a younger student, appears to be perfect imbecility.'

This subject of art and science is hinted at, with his usual sagacity, by Plato, in a singular passage in his Theætetus:—'Particulars,' he says, 'are infinite, and the higher generalities give no sufficient direction in medicine; but *the pith of all sciences, that which makes the artsman differ from the inexpert, is in the middle propositions*, which, in every particular knowledge, are taken from tradition and inexperi-

ence.'[1] It would not be easy to convey in fewer words, more of what deserves the name of the philosophy of this entire subject,—and few things would be more for the advantage of the best interests of all arts and sciences, and all true progress in human knowledge and power, than the taking this passage and treating it exegetically, as a divine would say, —bringing out fully its meaning, and illustrating it by examples. Scientific truth is to the mind of a physician what food is to his body; but, in order to his mind being nourished and growing by this food, it must be assimilated—it must undergo a vital internal change—must be transformed, transmuted, and lose its original form. This destruction of former identity—this losing of itself in being received into the general mass of truth—is necessary in order to

[1] Being anxious to see what was the context of this remarkable passage, which Bacon quotes, as if *verbatim*, in his *Advancement of Learning*, we hunted through the Theætetus, but in vain. We set two friends, throughbred Grecians, upon the scent, but they could find no such passage. One of them then spoke to Sir William Hamilton, and he told him that he had marked that passage as not being a literal translation of any sentence in Plato's writings. He considered it a quotation from memory, and as giving the substance of a passage in the Philebus, which occurs in the 6th and 7th of the forty-two sections of that Dialogue. Perhaps the sentence which comes nearest to the words of Bacon is the last in the 6th section, beginning with the words οἱ δὲ νῦν τῶν ἀνθρωπῶν σόφοι. Τὰ δὲ μέσα αὐτοῦς ἐκφεύγει, of which he speaks, seem to be equivalent to 'the middle propositions.'

bring abstract truth into the condition of what Plato calls 'the middle propositions,' or, as Mr. Mill calls them, the *generalia* of knowledge.[1] These are such truths as have been appropriated, and vitally adopted, by the mind, and which, to use Bacon's strong words, have been 'drenched in flesh and blood,' have been turned '*in succum et sanguinem;*' for man's mind cannot, any more than his body, live on mere elementary substances; he must have fat, albumen and sugar; he can make nothing of their elements, bare carbon, azote, or hydrogen. And more than this, as we have said, he must *digest* and *disintegrate*

[1] The following we give as a sort of abstract of a valuable chapter in Mill's *Logic* on 'The Logic of Art:'—An art, or a body of art, consists of rules, together with as much of the speculative propositions as comprises the justification of those rules. Art selects and arranges the truths of science in the most convenient order for practice, instead of the order most convenient for thought—science following one cause to its various effects, while art traces one effect to its multiplied and diversified causes and conditions. There is need of a set of intermediate scientific truths, derived from the higher generalities of science, and destined to serve as the *generalia* or first principles of art. The art proposes for itself an end to be gained, defines the end, and hands it over to science. Science receives it, studies it as a phenomenon or effect, and having investigated its causes and conditions, sends it back to art, with a rationale of its cause or causes, but nothing more. Art then examines their combinations, and according as any of them are or are not in human power, or within the scope of its particular end, pronounces upon their utility, and forms a rule of action. The rules of art do not attempt to comprise more conditions than require to be attended to in ordinary cases, and therefore are always imperfect.

his food before it can be of any use to him. In this view, as in another and a higher, we may use the sacred words,—'That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit;' for, as it is a law of vegetable life, that a seed does not begin to pass into a new form, does not begin to grow into a plant, until its own nature is changed, and its original condition is broken up, until it 'dies' in giving birth to something better,—so is it with scientific truth, taken into or planted in the mind,—it must die, else it abides alone—it does not germinate.

Had Plato lived now, he might well have said, 'particulars are infinite.' Facts, as such, are merely so many units, and are often rather an encumbrance to the practical man than otherwise. These 'middle propositions' stand mid-way between the facts in their infinity and speculative truth in its abstract inertness; they take from both what they need, and they form a *tertium quid*, upon which the mind can act practically, and reason upon in practice, and form rules of action.[1] Sydenham, Hippocrates, Aber-

[1] Locke thus puts it:—'As a help to this, I think it may be proposed that, for the saving the long progression of the thoughts to remote and first principles in every case, the mind should provide itself several stages; that is to say, intermediate principles, which it might have recourse to in the examining those positions that come in its way. These, though they are not self-evident

nethy, Pott, Hunter, Baillie, Abercrombie, and such like, among physicians, are great in the region of the '*middle propositions.*' They selected their particulars—their instances, and they made their higher generalities come down, they appropriated them, and turned them into blood, bone, and sinew.

The great problem in the education of young men for the practice of medicine in our times, is to know how to make the infinity of particulars, the prodigious treasures of mere science, available for practice—how the art may keep pace with, and take the maximum of good out of the science. We have often thought that the apprenticeship system is going too much into disrepute. It had its manifest and great evils; but there was much good got by it that is not

principles, yet if they have been made out from them by a wary and unquestionable deduction, may be depended on as certain and infallible truths, and serve as unquestionable truths to prove other points depending on them by a nearer and shorter view than remote and general maxims. These may serve as landmarks to show what lies in the direct way of truth, or is quite besides it. . . . Only in other sciences great care is to be taken that they establish those intermediate principles with as much caution, exactness, and indifferency, as mathematicians use in the settling any of their great theorems. When this is not done, but men take up the principles in this or that science upon credit, inclination, interest, etc., in haste, without due examination and most unquestionable proof, they lay a trap for themselves, and as much as in them lies captivate their understandings to mistake, falsehood, and error.'—*Of the Conduct of the Understanding*, pp. 53, 54. London, 1859.

to be got in any other way. The personal authority and attachment, the imitation of their master—the watching his doings, and picking up the odds and ends of his experience—the coming under the influence of his mind, following in his steps, looking with his eyes, and unconsciously accumulating a stock of knowledge, multifarious it might be, the good of which was not fully known till after-years explained and confirmed its worth. There were other practical things besides jokes learned and executed in the apprentices' room, and there were the friendships for life, on which so much, not merely of the comfort, but the progress of a physician depends. Now, everything, at least most, is done in public, in classes; and it is necessarily with the names of things rather than the things themselves or their management, that the young men have chiefly to do. The memory[1] is exercised more

[1] Professor Syme, in his Letter to Sir James Graham on the Medical Bill, in which, in twelve pages, he puts the whole of this tiresome question on its true footing, makes these weighty observations :—'As a teacher of nearly twenty-five years' standing, and well acquainted with the dispositions, habits, and powers of medical students, I beg to remark, that the system of repeated examinations on the same subject by different Boards, especially if protracted beyond the age of twenty two, is greatly opposed to the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge. Medicine, throughout all its departments, is a science of observation; memory alone, however retentive, or diligently assisted by teaching, is unable to afford the qualifications for practice,

than the senses or the judgment; and when the examination comes, as a matter of course the student returns back to his teacher as much as possible of what he has received from him, and as much as possible in his very words. He goes over innumerable names. There is little opportunity even in anatomy for testing his power or his skill as a workman, as an independent observer and judge, under what Sir James Clark justly calls '*the demoralizing system of cramming.*' He repeats what is already known; he is not able to say how all or any of this knowledge may be turned to practical account. Epictetus cleverly illustrates this very system and its fruits: 'As if sheep, after they have been feeding, should present their shepherds with *the very grass itself which they had cropped and swallowed, to show how much they had eaten, instead of concocting it into wool and milk.*'

and it is only by digesting the facts learned, through reflection, comparison, and personal research, that they can be appropriated with improving effect; *but when the mind is loaded* with the minutiæ of elementary medical and collateral study, it is incapable of the intense and devoted attention essential to attaining any approach to excellence in practical medicine and surgery. It has accordingly always appeared to me, *that the character of medical men depends less upon what passes during the period even of studentship than upon the mode in which they spend the next years*, when, their trials and examinations being over, the whole strength of a young and disciplined intellect may be preparing itself for the business of life.'

Men of the 'middle propositions' are not clever, glib expounders of their reasons; they prefer doing a thing to speaking about it, or how it may be done. We remember hearing a young doctor relate how, on one occasion when a student, he met with the late Dr. Abercrombie, when visiting a man who was labouring under what was considered malignant disease of the stomach. He was present when that excellent man first saw the patient along with his regular attendant. The doctor walked into the room in his odd, rapid, indifferent way, which many must recollect; scrutinized all the curiosities on the mantlepiece; and then, as if by chance, found himself at his patient's bedside; but when there his eye settled upon him intensely; his whole mind was busily at work. He asked a few plain questions; spoke with great kindness, but briefly; and, coming back to consult, he said, to the astonishment of the surgeon and the young student, 'The mischief is all in the brain, the stomach is affected merely through it. The case will do no good; he will get blind and convulsed, and die.' He then, in his considerate, simple way, went over what might be done to palliate suffering and prolong life. He was right. The man died as he said, and on examination the brain was found softened, the stomach sound. The young student, who was intimate with Dr. Abercrombie, ventured to ask him what it was in the look of the

man that made him know at once. 'I can't tell you, I can hardly tell myself; but I rest with confidence upon the exactness and honesty of my past observations. I remember the result, and act upon it; but I can't put you, or, without infinite trouble, myself, in possession of all the steps.' 'But would it not be a great saving if you could tell others?' said the young doctor. '*It would be no such thing; it would be the worst thing that could happen to you;* you would not know how to use it. You must follow in the same road, and you will get as far, and much farther. You must miss often before you hit. You can't tell a man how to hit; you may tell him what to aim at.' 'Was it something in the eye?' said his inveterate querist. 'Perhaps it was,' he said good-naturedly; 'but don't you go and blister every man's *occiput*, whose eyes are, as you think, like his.'[1]

[1] This is very clearly stated by Dr. Mandeville, the acute and notorious author of the *Fable of the Bees*, in his *Dialogues on the Hypochondria*, one of his best works, as full of good sense and learning as of wit. 'If you please to consider that there are no words in any language for an hundredth part of all the minute differences that are obvious to the skilful, you will soon find that a man may know a thing perfectly well, and at the same time not be able to tell you why or how he knows it. The practical knowledge of a physician, or at least the most considerable part of it, is the result of a large collection of observations that have been made on the minutiæ of things in human bodies in health and sickness; but likewise there are such changes and differences in these minutiæ *as no language can express:* and when a man has no other reason for what he does than the

It would be well for the community, and for the real good of the profession, if the ripe experience, the occasional observations of such men as Sydenham and Abercrombie formed the main amount of medical books, instead of Vade-Mecums, Compendiums, and Systems, on the one hand, and the ardent but unripe lucubrations of very young men.

It is said that *facts* are what we want, and every periodical is filled with papers by very young physicians made up of practical facts. What is fact? we would ask; and are not many of our new facts little else than the opinions of the writers about certain phenomena, the reality, and assuredly the importance of which, is by no means made out so strongly as the opinions about them are stated?[1] In this intensely scientific age, we need some wise heads to tell us what not to learn or to unlearn, fully as much as what to learn. Let us by all means avail ourselves of the unmatched advantages of modern science, and

judgment he has formed from such observations, *it is impossible he can give you the one without the other*—that is, he can never explain his reasons to you, *unless he could communicate to you that collection of observations of which his skill is the product.*'

[1] Louis, in the preface to the first edition of his *Researches on Phthisis*, says—'Few persons are free from delusive mental tendencies, especially in youth, interfering with true observation; and I am of opinion that, generally speaking, *we ought to place less reliance on cases collected by very young men; and, above all, not intrust the task of accumulating facts to them exclusively.*'

of the discoveries which every day is multiplying with a rapidity which confounds ; let us convey into, and carry in our heads as much as we safely can, of new knowledge from Chemistry, Statistics, the Microscope, the Stethoscope, and all new helps and methods ; *but let us go on with the old serious diligence*, —the *experientia* as well as the *experimenta*—the forging, and directing, and qualifying the mind as well as the furnishing, informing, and what is called accomplishing it. Let us, in the midst of all the wealth pouring in from without, keep our senses and our understandings well exercised on immediate work. Let us look with our own eyes, and feel with our own fingers.[1]

[1] We all know Cullen's pithy saying, that there are more false facts than theories in medicine. In his *Treatise on the Materia Medica*, which was given to the world when its author was in his seventy-seventh year, we came upon the full statement of the many mistakes and untruths which are drawn from 'false experience.' These he divides into eight classes :—

1st, In respect to those supposed remedies, which, from their nature, and their being placed at a distance from the human body, cannot be supposed to have any action upon it. Such are charms, inodorous amulets, sympathetic powders, etc.

2d, Another instance of false experience is with respect to the virtues imputed to substances which, when taken into the body, pass through it unchanged, such as mountain crystal, gems, and precious stones, which formerly had a place in our dispensatories.

3d, Whenever to substances obviously inert, or such as have little power of changing the human body, we find considerable effects imputed. Thus when the excellent Linnæus tells us he preserved himself from gout by eating every year plentifully of

One natural consequence of the predominance in our days of the merely scientific element, is, that the elder too much serves the younger. The young man teaches and talks, and the old man learns and is

strawberries! (Here we suspect the Swede was wiser and righter than the Scot.)

4th, When medicines are said to cure what we have no evidence ever existed. As when Dr. Boerhaave says certain medicines correct an *atrabilis*, a condition he nowhere proves the existence of.

The *5th* refers to solvents of the stone taken by the mouth, to many emmenagogues and diuretics.

The *6th*, where effects that do really take place are imputed to medicines employed, *when they are due to the spontaneous operations of the animal economy, or of nature, as we commonly speak;* and he instances the vegetables mentioned in the Materia Medica as *Vulneraries*.

The *7th* and *8th* are instances of false experience from mistakes concerning the real nature of the disease treated, and of the drug employed. It is curious to us who are seventy years older, and it may be wiser (in the main) to note how permanently true much of this still is, and how oddly and significantly illustrative of the very fallacies classified by himself, is the little that is not true.

Then follows what we had chiefly in view in this quotation. Dr. Cullen, after stating that these false experiences of writers upon the Materia Medica were mistakes of judgment, and not made under any consciousness of falsehood, reprobates with much severity the *manufacture of facts in medicine*, which have, for reasons of various kinds, been obtruded on the public by persons aware of their being false, or which, at least, they have never proved to be true; and he ends with this remarkable statement, the moral of which is not peculiar to 1789:—'This leads me to observe, that a very fertile source of false facts has been opened for some time past. There is in some young physicians the vanity of being the authors of observations, which

inute.[1] This is excellent when it is confined to the statement of discovery, or the constantly evolving laws of knowledge, or of matter. But the young men have now almost the whole field to themselves Chemistry and Physiology have become, to all men above forty, impossible sciences; they dare not meddle with them; and they keep back from giving to the profession their own personal experience in matters of practice, from the feeling that much of their science is out of date; and the consequence is, that, even in matters of practice, the young men are in possession of the field. Fruit is pleasantest and every way best when it is ripe; and practical observation, to be worth anything, must be more of a fruit than a blossom, and need not be plucked when green.

'Plutarch,' says old Heberden, 'has told us that the life of a vestal virgin was divided into three portions: in the first she learned the duties of her profession, in the second she practised them, and in the third she taught them to others.' This he maintained, and we cordially agree with him, was no bad model for the life of a physician, and he followed it

are often too hastily made, *and sometimes perhaps entirely dressed in the closet.* We dare not at present be too particular, but the next age will discern many instances of perhaps the direct falsehoods, and certainly the many mistakes in fact, produced in the present age concerning the powers and virtues of medicine.'—*Treatise on the Materia Medica*, chap. ii. article iv. pp. 142-153.

[1] See Note B.

himself, as shown by his motto prefixed to his *Classical Commentaries*,—Γέρων καὶ κάμνειν οὐκέτι δυνάμενος, τοῦτο τὸ βίβλιον ἔγραψα.

George *filius* may explain to the admiring George *pater*, the merits and arcana of his Prichett rifle, or his Deane and Adams' revolver,—any scientific improvement the youngster may teach his 'governor,' but don't let him go further, and take to giving him instructions in the art of finding and bagging his game. This is exactly where we are so apt to go wrong in medicine, as well as in fowling.

Let it not be supposed that we despair of Medicine gaining the full benefit of the general advance in knowledge and usefulness. Far from it. We believe there is more of exact diagnosis, of intelligent, effectual treatment of disease,—that there are wider views of principles—directer, ampler methods of discovery, at this moment in Britain than at any former time; and we have no doubt that the augmentation is still proceeding, and will defy all calculation. But we are likewise of opinion, that the office of a physician, in the highest sense, will become fully more difficult than before, will require a greater compass and energy of mind, as working in a wider field, and using finer weapons; and that there never was more necessity for making every effort to strengthen and clarify the judgment and the senses by inward discipline, and by outward exercise, than when the

importance and the multitude of the objects of which they must be cognisant, are so infinitely increased. The middle propositions must be attended to, and filled up as the particulars and the higher generalities crowd in.

It would be out of place in a paper so desultory as the present, to enter at large upon the subjects now hinted at—the education of a physician—the degree of certainty in medicine—its progress and prospects, and the beneficial effects it may reasonably expect from the advance of the purer sciences. But we are not more firmly persuaded of anything than of the importance of such an inquiry, made largely, liberally, and strictly, by a man at once deep, truthful, knowing, and clear. How are we to secure for the art of discerning, curing, and preventing disease, the *maximum* of good and the *minimum* of mischief, in availing ourselves of the newest discoveries in human knowledge?

To any one wishing to look into this most interesting, and at the present time, *vital* question, we would recommend a paper by Dr. Sellar, admirable equally in substance and in expression, entitled, 'On the signification of Fact in Medicine, and on the hurtful effects of the incautious use of such modern sources of fact as the microscope, the stethoscope, chemical analysis, statistics, etc.;' it may be found in No. 177 of the *Edinburgh Medical*

and Surgical Journal. We merely give a sample or two, in which our readers will find, in better words, much of what we have already asserted. '*Medicine still is, and must continue for ages to be, an empirico-rationalism.*' 'A sober thinker can hardly venture to look forward to such an advanced state of chemical rationalism as would be sufficient for pronouncing *à priori* that sulphur would cure *scabies*, iodine goître, citric acid the scurvy, or carbonate of iron *neuralgia*.' 'Chemistry promises to be of immediate service in the practice of medicine, not so much by offering us a rational chemical pathology, *but by enlarging the sources from which our empirical rules are to be drawn.*' Here we have our 'middle propositions.' 'The great bulk of practical medical knowledge is obviously the fruit of individual minds, naturally gifted for excellence in medicine;'—but the whole paper deserves serious continuous study. We would also, in spite of some ultraisms in thought and language, the overflowings of a more than ordinarily strong, and ardent, and honest mind, recommend heartily the papers of Dr. Forbes, which appeared at the close of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, in which he has, with what we cannot call else or less than magnanimity, spoken so much wholesome, though, it may be, unpalatable truth; and, finally, we would send every inquiring student who wishes to know how to think

and how to speak on this subject at once with power, clearness, and compactness, and be both witty and wise, to Dr. Latham's little three volumes on Clinical Medicine. The first two lectures in the earliest volume are 'lion's marrow,' the very pith of sense and sound-mindedness. We give a morsel—'The medical men of England do and will continue to keep pace with the age in which they live, however rapidly it may advance. I wish to see physicians still instituted in the same discipline, and still reared in fellowship and communion with the wisest and best of men, and that not for the sake of what is ornamental merely, and becoming to their character, but because I am persuaded that that discipline which renders the mind most capacious of wisdom and most capable of virtue, can hold the torch and light the path to the sublimest discoveries in every science. *It was the same discipline which contributed to form the minds of Newton and of Locke, of Harvey and of Sydenham.*'

He makes the following beautiful remark in leading his pupils into the wards of St. Bartholomew's :—'In entering this place, even this vast hospital, where there is many a significant, many a wonderful thing, you shall take me along with you, and I will be your guide. *But it is by your own eyes, and your ears and your own minds, and (I may add) by your own hearts, that you must observe, and learn, and profit. I can*

only point to the objects, and say little else than "See here and see there."'

This is the great secret, the coming to close quarters with your object, having immediate, not mediate cognisance of the materials of study, *apprehending* first, and then doing your best to *comprehend.* For, to adapt Bacon's illustration, which no one need ever weary of giving or receiving,—a good practical physician is more akin to the working-bee than to the spider or the ant. Instead of spinning, like the schoolmen of old, endless webs of speculation out of their own bowels, in which they were themselves afterwards as frequently caught and destroyed as any one else, or hoarding up, grain after grain, the knowledge of other men, and thus becoming 'a very dungeon of learning,' in which (*Hibernicè*) they lose at once themselves and their aim—they should rather be like the brisk and public-hearted bee, who, by divine instinct, her own industry, and the accuracy of her instrument, gathers honey from all flowers. 'Formica colligit et utitur, ut faciunt empirici ; aranea ex se fila educit neque a particularibus materiam petit ; apis denique cæteris se melius gerit, hæc indigesta a floribus mella colligit, deinde in viscerum cellulas concocta maturat, iisdem tandem insudat donec ad integram perfectionem perduxerit.'

We had intended giving some account of the bearing that the general enlightenment of the community

has upon Medicine, and especially of the value of the labours of such men as Dr. Andrew Combe, Dr. Henry Marshall, Sir James Clark, and others, in the collateral subjects leading into, and auxiliary to pure Medicine,—but we have no space to do them any measure of justice. The full importance, and the full possibility of the *prevention* of disease—in all its manifold, civil, moral, and personal bearings, is not yet by any means adequately acknowledged; there are few things oftener said, or less searched into, than that prevention is better than cure.

Let not our young and eager doctors be scandalized at our views as to the comparative uncertainty of medicine as a science: such has been the opinion of the wisest and most successful masters of the craft. Radcliffe used to say, that 'when young, he had fifty remedies for every disease; and when old, one remedy for fifty diseases.' Dr. James Gregory said, 'Young men kill their patients; old men let them die.' Gaubius says, 'Equidem candide dicam, plura me indies, dum in artis usu versor, dediscere quam discere, et in crescente ætate, minui potius quam augeri, scientiam,' meaning by 'scientia' an abstract systematic knowledge. And Bordeu gives as the remark of an old physician, 'J'étois dogmatique à vingt ans, observateur à trente, à quarante je fus empirique; je n'ai point de système à cinquante.' And he adds, in reference to how far a medical man

must personally know the sciences that contributed to his art,—'Iphicrates, the Athenian general, was hard pressed by an orator before the people, to say what *he* was, to be so proud: "Are you a soldier, a captain, an engineer: a spy, a pioneer, a sapper, a miner?" "No," says Iphicrates, "I am none of these, but I command them all." So if one asks me, Are you an empiric, a dogmatist, an observer, an anatomist, a chemist, a microscopist? I answer, No, but I am captain of them all.'

And to conclude these desultory notes in the opening words of the *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*,—'Speramus enim et cupimus futurum, ut id plurimorum bono fiat; atque ut medici nobiliores animos nonnihil erigant, neque toti sint in curarum sordibus, neque solum pro necessitate honorentur, sed fiant demum *omnipotentiæ et clementiæ divinæ administri*.' 'Etsi enim,' as he pathetically adds, 'nos Christiani ad terram promissionis perpetuo aspiremus et anhelemus; tamen *interim* itinerantibus nobis, in hac mundi eremo, etiam calceos istos et tegmina (corporis scilicet nostri fragilis) quam minimum atteri, erit signum divini favoris.'[1]

[1] 'For it is our earnest hope and desire, that the efficacy of medicine may be infinitely increased, and that physicians may bear themselves more erect and nobly, and not be wholly taken up with sordid gains and cares, nor be honoured from necessity alone, but may at length become the executors of Divine omnipotence and mercy; for, though we who are Christians do

We have left ourselves no space to notice Dr. Greenhill's collected edition of Sydenham's Latin works. It is everything that the best scholarship, accuracy, and judgment could make it. We regret we cannot say so much for Dr. R. G. Latham's translation and Life. The first is inferior as a whole to Swan's, and in parts to Pechey's and Wallis's: and the Life, which might have contained so much that is new valuable, and entertaining, is treated with a curious infelicity and clumsiness, that is altogether one of the oddest, most *gauche* and limping bits of composition we ever remember having met with; and adds another to the many instances to which Bishop Lowth and Cobbett are exceptions, of a grammarian writing, if not ungrammatically, at least without elegance, and occasionally without clearness. It is one thing to know, and often quite another to do the right thing.

We cannot close these notices of Sydenham without thanking Dr. Latham for printing in the Appendix to his second volume, the manuscript preserved in the public library of the University of Cambridge, and referred to in the *Biographia Britannica*, under Sydenham's name. Dr. Latham states that it is in

without ceasing long for, and pant after the land of promise, we cannot fail to regard it as a token of the favour of God, when, as we travel through this wilderness of the world, these shoes and garments of our frail bodies are rendered, as little as may be, subject to decay.'

a more modern handwriting than that of the author's time, and is headed *Theologia Rationalis*, by Dr. Thomas Sydenham. This is all that is known, but we think it bears strong internal evidence of being authentic. The following note upon it, by a kind friend,[1] who is well able to judge, gives a just estimate of this remarkable relic :—

'I have looked with much interest over the fragment you point out in Sydenham's works. I think it is quite misnamed. It should be *Ethica Rationalis*, or *Naturalis*, since its avowed aim is not to examine closely the foundations of natural *theology*, but rather "the question is, how far the light of Nature, if closely adverted to, may be extended *toward the making of good men*." This question is closely pursued throughout, and leads to the result that there is an order in man's nature, which leads to a threefold set of obligations, according to the common division,—towards God, society, and one's-self. This is the plan according to which the fragment is blocked out. The perfections and providence of God are discussed solely as laying a foundation for man's duties ; and these,—adoration, prayer, submission, confession of sin—are summed up in pages 312, 313. Next follow the duties to society, very speedily despatched ; and those to self discussed more at length, such as temperance, truth, modesty, prudent enjoy-

[1] Rev. John Cairns, D.D.

ment in subservience to reason. With the same ethical aim the question of immortality is discussed, solely as a help to virtue and to the predominance of reason. In arguing this from immateriality, the author is entangled in the usual difficulty about the souls of the brutes, but escapes by the Cartesian denial of their true thinking power; and more satisfactorily by urging the sentimental argument from men's desire of immortality, and the more strictly moral one, from unequal retribution. All this, I think, bears out the view I have taken. There is not, perhaps, so much originality in the views of the author as general soundness and loftiness of moral tone, with that fine power of illustration which you have noticed. I agree with you in seeing much of the spirit both of Locke and Butler: of Locke, in the spirit of observation and geniality; of Butler, in the clear utterances as to the supremacy of reason, and the necessity of living according to our true nature, not to speak of other agreements in detail. I think the paper well deserves a cordial recognition, though it hardly reaches out, perhaps in any one direction, beyond the orthodox ethics of the seventeenth century.'

We give at random some extracts from the *Theologia Rationalis*:—'Nor indeed can I entertain any thoughts more derogatory from the majesty of this Divine Being, than not supposing him to be a free agent; but having once put all his works out of his

own hands, to be concluded within the limits of his own establishm^t—hath determined irrational beings to act in some uniform course, suitable to the good of themselves and the whole. And tho' he hath set up certain lights in intellectual natures, wh^ch may direct them to pursue ends suitable to their natures, yet having given these a liberty of will incident to the very nature of reasonable beings, he retains his power of inclining or not inclining such intellectual natures to pursue courses leading to their welfare.'

'Also, from the same consideration (the excellence of my mind above my body) it is that I am neither to thinke, speake, or act anything that is indecorous or disgracefull to this Divine inmate, whose excellency above my body Nature hath tacitly pointed out, by impressing upon me a *verecundia*, or being ashamed of many actions of my body, wch therefore I hide from those of my own species. But now, forasmuch as I consist likewise of a body wch is submitted to the same conditions with other animals, of being nourished and propagating my kind, and, likewise, wch wants many other conveniences of clothing, housing, and the like, which their nature requires not; all those likewise are to be respected by me, according to my several wants; but still with a subservience to my reason, which is my superior part, and acts flowing from the same, my chiefest business; as an embassador who is sent into a foreign country, is not

sent to eat and to drink, tho' he is enforced to do both.'

'When I consider that the infinite Governour of the universe hath so made me, that in my intellect I have some small glympses of his being, whilst I cann't but apprehend that immensity of power and wisdom wch is in him, and doth appear in whatsoever I see, and this I must apprehend, even if I endeavour not to do it, it being closely riveted, and as it were co-essential to my nature; or if I have gotten of it by hearsay onely, it being so fitted to my nature, that I must needs believe it, wch two make up the same thing. Now how can I think that this Divine Being, that hath admitted me to this little acquaintance wth him, will let the laying down of my body perfectly break off this acquaintance, and not rather that the throwing of this load of corruption will put my soul into a condition more suitable to its own nature, it being much more difficult to think how such a noble substance as the soul should be united to the body, than how it should subsist separately from it. But add to this, that I have not only faculties of knowing this Divine Being, but in complyance with him, I have adored him with all the attention I could screw up my heavy mind unto, and have endeavoured to yield obedience to those lawes wch he hath written upon my nature; that I who have done this (supposing that I have

done it), should extinguish when my body dies, is yet more unlikely. Moreover I consider that this Maker of the universe hath brought his ends so together, that he hath implanted no affections upon the meanest animal, but hath made objects to answer them; as he that hath made the eye hath made colours, and he that hath made the organs of hearing hath likewise made sounds, and so of an infinite number of other affections, not only in animals, but even in those natures inferior to them all, wch have objects suited to them; and if they had not, there would be a flaw even in the constitution of the universe, wch can't be charged upon the infinitely wise Creator. But now that there should be found in mankind a certain appetite or reaching out after a future happiness, and that there should be no such thing to answer to it, but that this cheat should be put upon the rational part of man, wch is the highest nature in the globe where we live, is to me very improbable.'

We subjoin, with Mr. Black's kind permission, a portion of the Life of Sydenham, in the last edition of his admirable Encyclopædia; it contains, I believe, all the old and some new facts:—

'SYDENHAM, THOMAS — the greatest name in English practical medicine—was born in 1624 at Winford Eagle, Dorsetshire, where his father, Wi'liam

Sydenham, had a fine estate. He was a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, 1642, but was obliged to leave that city when it became a royal garrison, not having taken up arms for the king, as the students of those days generally did. In 1649, after the garrison delivered up Oxford to the Parliamentary forces, he returned to Magdalen Hall, and was created Bachelor of Physic on the Pembrokean creation, when Lord Pembroke became Chancellor of the University, and honorary degrees were conferred. This was in April 1648. He had not previously taken any degree in arts. He then, on submitting to the authority of the visitors appointed by the Parliament, was made by them (at the intercession of a relative) Fellow of All Souls, in the room of one of the many ejected Royalists. He continued for some years earnestly prosecuting his profession, and left Oxford without taking any other degree. He was also, according to his own account, in a letter to Dr. Gould, fellow-commoner of Wadham College in the year Oxford surrendered. It is not easy to understand why he went to Wadham, as he was not a fellow but a fellow-commoner — equivalent to a gentleman-commoner in Cambridge—unless it was that, on returning to Magdalen Hall, he found himself, as a Parliamentarian, more at home in Wadham—where the then head was John Wilkins, Cromwell's brother-in-

law—a man of genius and of a keen scientific spirit, and afterwards and still famous as Bishop of Chester —one of the founders of the Royal Society, which first met at Oxford; and author, among other works, of a discourse on a *Universal Language* and of an *Inquiry as to the best Way of Travelling to the Moon;* a man of rare parts and worth, and of a liberality in religion and science then still rarer, being, according to Anthony Wood, an 'excellent mathematician and experimentist, and one as well seen in the new philosophy as any of his time; such a man would be sure to cordialize with Sydenham, who was of the Baconian or genuine Empiric school; and who, in the "new philosophy," saw the day-spring of all true scientific progress. It is not clear when Sydenham settled in London, or more properly speaking in Westminster; it certainly was before 1661. In 1663 he was admitted a licentiate of the College of Physicans of London, he never was a fellow; his degree of doctor of medicine was taken at Cambridge in 1676, long after he was in full practice, his college being Pembroke; his diploma is signed by Isaac Barrow. His reason probably for taking a Cambridge degree may have been that his eldest son was a pensioner at that college.

'Sydenham's elder brother, William, was a distinguished soldier and politician during the Common-

wealth. This, along with his own likings, and his love of the new philosophy, prevented him during the reigns of the second Charles and James, from enjoying court favour. It has often been doubted whether Sydenham actually served in the army of the Parliament; but from an anecdote known generally as Dr. Lettsom's, but which appears first in a curious old controversial book by Dr. Andrew Brown, the *Vindicatory Schedule*, published two years after Sydenham's death, it is made quite certain that he did.

'Before settling in London he seems, on the authority of Desault, to have visited Montpellier, and to have attended the lectures of the famous Barbeyrac. After this he devoted himself to his profession, and became the greatest physician of his time, in spite of the court, and of the College of Physicians; by one of whose fellows—Lister—he was called "a miserable quack." He suffered for many of the later years of his life from the gout, his description of which has become classical, and died in his house, Pall-Mall—or as he spells it, Pell-Mell—in 1689. He lies buried in St. James's, Westminster, with the following noble because true inscription:—"*Prope hunc locum sepultus est Thomas Sydenham, medicus in omne ævum, nobilis, natus erat* A.D. 1624: *vixit annos* 65." His works, which became rapidly popular during his lifetime, and to an extraordinary extent soon after his death—there were upwards of twenty-five editions in

less than a hundred years—consist chiefly of occasional pieces, extorted from him by his friends, and often in the form of letters ; none of them are formal treatises, and all are plainly the result of his own immediate reflection and experience. One is greatly struck at the place he occupies in the writings of all the great medical authors at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Morton, Willis, Boerhaave, Gaubius, Bordeu, etc., always speak of him as second in sagacity to 'the divine Hippocrates' alone. Boerhaave never mentioned him in his class without lifting his hat, and called him *Angliæ lumen, artis Phœbum, veram Hippocratici viri speciem.* His simple, manly views of the nature and means of medicine as an art seem to have come upon the profession like revelations ; it was as if the men in Plato's cavern, who had been all their lives with their backs to the light, studying their own shadows, had suddenly turned round and gazed on the broad face of the outer world, lying in sunshine before them.

'All Sydenham's works are in Latin, and though from his education and tastes, and the habits of his time, and also from the composition of the *Processus Integri*—brief notes left by him for his sons' use, and published after his death—there is little doubt he could have written them in that tongue, there seems every likelihood that he was assisted in doing

so by his friends Drs. Mapletoft and Havers. There are three English translations—one by Dr. Pechey, another by Dr. Swan, to which is prefixed a life by Samuel Johnson, among his earliest performances, and published by Cave, and the last, the Sydenham Society's edition, by Dr. Latham.'

The following hitherto unpublished letters I had the good fortune to find in the British Museum. The first must have been written two months later than the one quoted at page 15, and refers to the same subjects :—

Letter from JOHN LOCKE *to* Dr. MAPLETOFT.

PARIS, *9th Aug.* 1677.

DEAR SIR,—I had noe sooner don my letter on the other side, but I found it answered by yours of July 25, and though it hath satisfied me that you are very well, and given me new proofs that you are very much my friend, yet it hath put new doubts into me, and methinkes I see you going to loose yourself. I will say noe worse of it, not knowing how far the matter is gon, else I would aske you whether the men, young, old, or middle aged, each of which is sure to meet you with the hornes of a dilemma. I see you are, whatever you think, hot upon the scent; and if you have noething else to defend you, but

those maxims you build on, I feare the chase will lead you where yourself will be caught. For be as grave and steady as you please, resolve as much as you will, never to goe out of your way or pace, for never an hey trony nony whatsoever, you are not one jot the safer for all this steadiness. For, believe it, sir, this sorte of game having a designe to be caught, will hunt just at the pursuer's rate, and will goe no further before them than will just serve to make you follow; and let me assure you upon as good authority as honest Tom Bagnall's, that *vivus videnque pereo*, is the lamentable ditty of many an honest gentleman. But if you or the Fates (for the poor Fates are still to be accused in the case), if your mettle be up, and as hard as Sir Fr. Drake, you will shoot the desperate gulph; yet consider that though the riches of Peru lie that way, how will you can endure the warme navigation of the *Mare de Zur*, which all travellers assure us is nicknamed *pacificum*.

But hold, I goe too far. All this, perhaps, nottwithstanding your ancient good principles, will be heresie to you by that time it comes to England, and therefore, I conjure you by our friendship to burne this as soon as you have read it, that it may never rise up in judgment against me.

I see one is never sure of one's-self, and the time may come when I may resigne myself to the empire of the soft sex, and abominate myself for these miser-

able errors. However, as the matter now stands, I have discharged my conscience, and pray do not let me suffer for it. For I know your lovers are a sort of people that are bound to sacrifice everything to your mistresses. But to be serious with you, if your heart does hang that way, I wish you good luck. May Hymen be as kinde to you as ever he was to anybody, and then, I am sure, you will be much happier than any forlorne batchelor can be. If it be like to be, continue your care of my interest in the case (to get him his chair in Gresham), and remember it is for one that knows how to value the quiet and retirement you are going to quit. You have no more to do for me than lovers use to doe upon their own account, viz., keepe the matter as secret and private as you can, and then when it is ripe and resolved, give me but notice and I shall quickly be with you, for it is by your directions I shall better governe my motives than by the flights of thrushes and field-fares.

Some remains of my cough, and something like a charge is fallen into my hands lately here, will, if noething else happen, keepe me out probably longer than the time you mention. But not knowing whether the aire of France will ever quite remove my old companion or noe, I shall neglect that uncertainty upon the consideration of soe comfortable an importance; and for the other affaire I have here, if you

please to let me hear from you sometimes how matters are like to goe, I shall be able to order that enough to come at the time you shall thinke seasonable. Whatever happens, I wish you all the happiness of one or t'other condition.—I am perfectly, dear Sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

To Dr. Mapletoft,
at Gresham College.

In the same MS. volume in which I found this letter, is a case-book of Locke's, in his own neat hand, written in Latin (often slovenly and doggish enough), and which shows, if there were any further need, that he was in active practice in 1667. The title in the Museum volume is 'Original Medical Papers by John Locke, presented by Wm. Seward, Esq.;' and its contents are—

1. Hydrops.
2. Rheumatismus.
3. Hydrops.
4. Febris Inflammatoria.

To us now it seems curious to think of the author of the *Essay on Human Understanding* recording all the aches and doses, and minute miseries of an *ancilla culinaria virgo*, and to find that after a long and anxious case he was turned off, when, as he says, his impatient patient *alio advocato medico erumpsit (!)*

The copy of a Letter of DR. THO. SYDENHAM *to* DR. GOULD, *the original of which was communicated to me by* DR. MEAD, *Octob.* 1, 1743.

SIR,—I conceive that the Salivation, though raised by Mercury, in your variolous Patient doeth noe more contra-indicate the giving of Paregoricke, than if the same had come on of its own accord in a confluent Pox; and therefore it will be convenient for you to give him every night such a quieting medicine as this: ℞ Hy Cerasor nigrorum ℥ii, and gut xiiii: Syr de Mecon ℥ss. But if it shall happen, y^t^ the Mercury shall at any time exert its operation by stooles, you may repeat it oftener as there should be occasion, after the same manner as it ought to be don. In the first Days of Mercuriall Unctions where when Diarrhœa comes on, there is noe course so proper as to turn the operation of the Mercury upwards, and thereby cause a laudable salivation as ye giving of Laudanum till the Looseness is stopt.

As to what you are pleassed to mention concerning success, which yourself and others have had in the trying of my *Processus*, I can only say this, that I have bin very careful to write nothing but what was the product of careful observation, soe when the scandall of my person shall be layd aside in my grave, it will appear that I neither suffered myselfe to be decieved by indulging to idle speculations, nor

have decieved others by obtruding anything to them but downright matter of fact. Be pleased to doe me the favour to give my humble service to Mr. Vice-Chancellor your warden, whose father, Bp. of Bristoll, was my intimate friend and countryman. I myself was once a fellow-commoner of your house (Wadham College, Oxford), but how long since I would be glad to know from you, as I remember it was in the year Oxford surrendered, though I had one of Magdalen Hall some time before.

THOMAS SYDENHAM.

PELL MELL,
Decr. 10, 1667.

There is interesting matter in this letter besides its immediate subjects, and some things, I rather think, unknown before of Sydenham's College life. It is the only printed bit of English by its author, except a letter to the Honourable Robert Boyle, quoted in Latham's *Life*.

'The real physician is the one who cures: the observation, which does not teach the art of healing, is not that of a physician, it is that of a naturalist.'—*Broussais.*

NOTE A.—P. 8.

LORD GRENVILLE.

THE reader, we are sure, will not be impatient of the following extracts from Lord Grenville's Tract, entitled *Oxford and Locke*, already mentioned. It is now rare, and is not likely to be ever reprinted separately. It would not be easy to imagine anything more thoroughly or more exquisitely done than this tract; it is of itself ample evidence of the accuracy of Lord Brougham's well-known application to its author of Cicero's words:—'*Erant in eo plurimæ literæ, nec eæ vulgares sed interiores quædam et reconditæ, divina memoria, summa verborum gravitas et elegantia, atque hæc omnia vitæ decorabat dignitas et integritas. Quantum pondus in verbis! Quam nihil non consideratum, exibat ex ore! Sileamus de illo ni augeamus dolorem.*'

Our extracts are from the First Chapter, '*Of Locke's Medical Studies:* —

'In the printed Life of Locke, commonly prefixed to his works, we are told that he applied himself at the university with great diligence to the study of medicine, "not with any design of practising as a physician, but principally for the benefit of his own constitution, which was but weak." The self-taught scholar, says the Italian proverb, has an ignorant master; and the patient who prescribes for himself, has not often, I believe, a very wise physician. No such purpose is ascribed to Locke by Le Clerc, from whom our knowledge of his private history is principally derived. Nor can we believe that such a man chose for himself in youth that large and difficult study, with no view to the good of others, but meaning it to begin and end only with the care of his own health.

'From the very first dawn of reviving letters to the present moment, there never has been a period in this country, when the great masters of medicine among us have not made manifest the happy influence of that pursuit, on the cultivation of all the other branches of philosophy. And accordingly we find, that while Locke was still *proceeding*, as it is termed, in the academical course of that noble science, he was already occupied in laying the foundations of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, which, as we learn from Le Clerc, was commenced in 1670.

'Mr. Stewart thinks it matter of praise to Locke, that in that work "not a single passage," he says, "occurs, savouring of the Anatomical Theatre, or of the Chemical Laboratory." This assertion is not to be too literally taken. Certainly no trace of professional pedantry is to be found in that simple and forcible writer. He had looked abroad into all the knowledge of his time, and in his unceasing endeavours to make his propositions and his proofs intelligible and perspicuous to all, he delighted to appeal to every topic of most familiar observation. Among these some reference to medical science could scarcely have been avoided. Nor has it been entirely so. Mr. Stewart himself has elsewhere noticed Locke's "*homely*" illustration of the nature of secondary qualities, by the operation of manna on the human body. A more pleasing example of medical allusion is to be found in one of the many passages where Locke points out to us how often men whose opinions substantially agree, are heard wrangling about the names and watchwords of parties and sects, to which they respectively attach quite different significations. He tells us of a meeting of physicians, at which he himself was present. These ingenious and learned men debated long, he says, "whether any liquor passed through the filaments of the nerves," until it appeared, on mutual explanation, that they all admitted the passage of some fluid and subtle matter through those channels, and had been disputing only whether or not it should be called a *liquor*, "which, when considered, they thought not worth contending about."

'In his *Letters on Toleration*, and in his *Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding*, his two most valuable, because most

practical works, he indulges much more freely in such allusions. It is frequently by their aid that, in the first of those admirable productions, he ridicules his unequal adversary's project of enforcing universal conformity by *moderate* and *lenient* persecution. In one place he compares him to a surgeon using his knife on the sick and sound alike, on bad subjects and on good, without their consent, but, as he assures them, always solely for their own advantage; and in another place to an empiric, prescribing, says Locke, his "*hiera picra*" (HIS HOLY BITTERS), to be taken in such doses only as shall be sufficient for the cure, without once inquiring in what quantities of that poisonous drug such sufficiency is at all likely to be found. Again, we find him illustrating in a similar way the proper conduct to be pursued by a mind devoting itself in any case to a genuine search for truth. A diligent and sincere, a close and unbiased examination, he powerfully insists upon as "the surest and safest" method for that purpose. Would not this, he asks, be the conduct of a student in medicine wishing to acquire just notions of that science, "or of the doctrines of Hippocrates, or any other book in which he conceived the whole art of physic to be infallibly contained?" These, and many other passages of a like description, are beauties, surely, not blemishes, in Locke's powerful composition, and certainly in no degree less valuable, for bearing some tincture of the current in which that great man's thoughts and studies had been so long carried forward.'

This Hiera Picra still survives under the name of Hickery Pickery; and appears in the *London Pharmacopœia* of 1650, as thus composed:—

℞ Cinnamon.
Lignum aloes.
Asarum root.
Spikenard.
Mastick.
Saffron, *aa.* ℥vj.
Aloes (unwashed), ℥xijss.
Clarified honey, lbiv. ℥iij.
Mix—Ft. elect. sec. art.

NOTE B.—P. 71.

THE ELDER SERVING THE YOUNGER.

BORDEU puts this well, in his candid, lively, and shrewd way. The whole passage is full of his peculiar humour and sense. Bordeu was in many respects a sort of French Sydenham, like and unlike, as a Frenchman is like and unlike an Englishman. He was himself, to use his own phrase, one 'des médecins les plus sensés.' It is no good sign of our medical tastes that he is so little known.

'Les Serane, père et fils, étoient médecins de l'hôpital de Montpellier. Le fils étoit un théoricien léger, qui savoit par cœur et qui redisoit continuellement tous les documens de l'inflammation, comme ces enfans qui vous répètent sans cesse et avec des airs plus ou moins niais, *La cigale ayant chanté tout l'été, etc.*, *Maître corbeau sur un arbre perché, etc.* Serane père étoit un bon homme qui avoit été instruit par de grands maîtres. Il avoit appris à traiter les fluxions de poitrine avec l'émétique ; il le donnoit pour le moins tous les deux jours, avec ou sans l'addition de deux onces de manne. C'étoit son grand cheval de bataille. Je le lui ai vu lâcher plus de mille fois, et partout et pour tout. Le fils se proposa de convertir le père et de le mettre à la mode ; c'est-à-dire, lui faire craindre la *phlogose*, l'*érétisme*, les déchirures des petits vaisseaux. Le cher père tomba dans une espèce d'indécision singulière : il ne savoit où donner de la tête. Il tenoit pourtant ferme contre la saignée ; mais lorsqu'il étoit auprès d'un malade, il murmuroit et s'en alloit sans rien ordonner. Je l'ai vu à plusieurs reprises, apostropher son fils avec vivacité et lui crier, lorsqu'il auroit voulu donner l'émétique, *Mon fil, m'abès gastat!* (*Mon fils, vous m'avez gâté!*) Jamais cette scène singulière ne sortira de ma mémoire. Je lui ai bien de l'obligation, et les malades de l'hôpital lui en avoient aussi beaucoup. Ils guérissoient sans être presque saignés, parce que le vieux Serane n'aimoit pas la saignée ; et sans prendre l'émétique, parce que le jeune Serane avoit prouvé à son père que ce remède augmente l'inflammation. Les malades guérissoient, et j'en faisois mon profit. J'en con-

cluois que les saignées que Serane le fils multiplioit lorsqu'il étoit seul, étoient tout au moins aussi inutiles que l'émétique réitéré auquel Serane le père étoit trop attaché. D'après cette aventure (jointe à celle que je viens de rapporter, et à plusieurs autres de la même espèce), je crus voir bien sensiblement, et je me crois aujourd'hui en droit de publier, qu'on multiplie trop les remèdes et que les meilleurs deviennent perfides à force de les presser. Cette profusion de médicamens rend la maladie méconnoissable, et forme un obstacle sensible à la guérison. La fureur de traiter les maladies en faisant prendre drogues sur drogues ayant gagné les têtes ordinaires, les médecins sont aujourd'hui plus nécessaires pour les empêcher et les défendre, que pour les ordonner. Les pratiques nationales, les observations des médecins les plus sensés, se ressentent plus ou moins du penchant invincible qu'ont les hommes à donner la préférence à de certaines idées, sur d'autres, tout aussi bien fondées que celles qu'ils préfèrent. Je le déclare sans passion, et avec la modestie à laquelle mes foibles connoissances me condamnent ; lorsque je regarde derrière moi, j'ai honte d'avoir tant insisté, tantôt sur les saignées, tantôt sur les purgatifs et les émétiques. Tous les axiomes rappelés ci-dessus, et dont on abuse tous les jours, sont détruits par de beaucoup plus vrais, et malheureusement trop peu connus. Il me semble entendre crier la Nature : "Ne vous pressez point ; laissez-moi faire ; vos drogues ne guérissent point, surtout lorsque vous les entassez dans le corps des malades ; c'est moi seule qui guéris. Les momens qui vous paroissent les plus orageux sont ceux où je me sauve le mieux, si vous ne m'avez pas ôté mes forces. Il vaut mieux que vous m'abandonniez toute la besogne que d'essayer des remèdes douteux."

'Un hasard heureux commença à modérer en moi le brûlant désir d'instrumenter, ou de faire voir aux assistans ébahis et aux malades eux-mêmes, la cause de la maladie dans un grand étalage de palettes et de bassins. J'étois fort jeune encore, et le quatrième médecin d'un malade attaqué de la fièvre, de la douleur de côté et du crachement de sang ; je n'avois point d'avis à donner. Un des trois consultans proposa une troisième saignée (c'étoit le troisième jour de la maladie) ; le second

proposa l'émétique combiné avec un purgatif; et le troisième un vésicatoire aux jambes. Le débat ne fut pas petit, et personne ne voulut céder. J'aurois juré qu'ils avoient tous raison. Enfin, on aura peine à croire que par une suite de circonstances inutiles à rapporter, cette dispute intéressa cinq ou six nombreuses familles, partagées comme les medecins, et qui prétendoient s'emparer du malade; elle dura, en un mot, jusques passé le septième jour de la maladie. Cependant, malgré les terribles menaces de mes trois maîtres, le malade réduit à la boisson et à la diète guérit très-bien. Je suivis cette guérison parce que j'étois resté seul: je la trouvai tracée par l'école de Cos, et je m'écriai, c'étoit donc la route qu'il falloit prendre!' —*Recherches sur le Tissu Muqueux*, 1767.

NOTE C.—P. 54.

THE WISDOM OF DOING NOTHING.

The reader will mark the coincidence of thought, and even expression, between Locke and his friend:—

'I commend very much the discretion of Mrs. Furley, that she would not give him præcipitates—1°. Because physick is not to be given to children upon every little disorder. 2°. Physick for the worms is not to be given upon every bare suspicion that there may be worms. 3°. If it were evident that he had worms, such dangerous medicines are not to be given till after the use of other and more gentle and safe remedys. If he continue still dull and melancholy, the best way is to have him abroad to walke with you every day in the air; that, I believe, may set him right without any physic, at least if it should not, 'tis not fit to give him remedys till one has well examined what is the distemper, unless you think (as is usually doune), that at all hazard *something* is to be given; a way, I confess, I could never thinke reasonable, *it being better in my opinion to doe nothing, than to doe amiss.*'—*Locke to Furley in Forster.*

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DR. ANDREW COMBE.

'. . . *Valetudinis conservationem, quæ sine dubio primum est hujus vitæ bonum, et cæterorum omnium fundamentum. Animus enim adeò à temperamento et organorum corporis dispositione pendet, ut si ratio aliqua possit inveniri, quæ homines sapientiores et ingeniosiores reddat quàm hactenus fuerunt, credam illam in Medicinâ quæri debere.*'—RENATUS DESCARTES *De Methodo*, vi.

'*Ovid observes that there are more fine days than cloudy ones in the year—*

"*Si numeres anno soles et nubila toto,*
Invenies nitidum sæpius esse diem."

It may be said likewise, that the days wherein men enjoy their health are in greater number than those wherein they are sick. But there is perhaps as much misery in fifteen days' sickness, as there is pleasure in fifteen years' health.'—BAYLE, under the word PERICLES.

'*Eunt homines mirari alta montium, ingentes flumus maris, altissimos lapsus fluminum, oceani ambitum et gyros siderum—seipsos relinquunt nec admirantur.*'—ST. AUSTIN.

DR. ANDREW COMBE.

WE do not know a worthier subject for an essay in one of our larger Medical Journals, than to determine the just position of such a man as Dr. Combe in the history of Medicine—showing what it was in theory and in practice, in its laws as a science, and in its rules as an art—when he made his appearance on its field, and what impression his character and doctrines have made upon the public as requiring, and upon his brethren as professing to furnish, the means of health. The object of such an essay would be to make out how far Dr. Combe's principles of inquiry, his moral postulates, his method of cure, his views of the powers and range of medicine as a science, estimative, rather than exact, his *rationale* of human nature as composite and in action,—how far all these influences may be expected to affect the future enlargement, enlightenment, and quickening of that art which is, *par excellence*, the art of life,—and whose advance, in a degree of which we can,

from its present condition, form little conception, was believed by one of the greatest intellects of any age (Descartes) to be destined to play a signal part in making mankind more moral, wiser, and happier, as well as stronger, longer-lived, and healthier. The cause of morality—of everything that is connected with the onward movement of the race—is more dependent upon the bodily health, upon the organic soundness of the human constitution, than many politicians, moralists, and divines seem ready to believe.

Dr. Combe was not, perhaps, what is commonly called a man of genius; that is, genius was not his foremost and most signal and efficient quality. He made no brilliant discovery in physiology or therapeutics, like some of his contemporaries. He did not, as by a sudden flash of light, give form, and symmetry, and meaning to the nervous system, as did Sir Charles Bell, when he proved that every nerve is double; that its sheath, like the Britannia Bridge, contains two lines, carrying two trains—an up and a down; the sensory, as the up, bringing knowledge from without of all sorts to the brain; the motory, as the down, carrying orders from the same great centre of sensation and will. Neither did he, like Dr. Marshall Hall, render this discovery more exquisite, by adding to it that of the excito-motor nerves—the system of reflex action, by which, with the most curious nicety and art (for Nature is

the art of God), each part of our frame, however distinct in function, different in structure, and distant from the others, may intercommunicate with any or every part, as by an electric message, thus binding in one common sympathy of pleasure and pain, the various centres of organic and animal life with each other, and with the imperial brain. Neither did he, as Laennec, open the ear, and through it the mind of the physician, to a new discipline, giving a new method and means of knowledge and of cure. Nor, finally, did he enrich practical medicine, as Dr. Abercrombie and others have done, with a selection of capital facts, of 'middle propositions,' from personal experience and reflection, and with the matured results of a long-exercised sagacity and skill in diagnosis and in treatment. He did not do all this for various reasons, but mainly and simply because his Maker had other and important work for him, and constituted and fitted him accordingly, by a special teaching from within and from without, for its accomplishment, vouchsafing to him what is one of God's best blessings to any of his creatures—an innate perception of law, a love of first principles, a readiness to go wherever they lead, and nowhere else. He *discovered*—for to him it had all the suddenness of a first sight—that all the phenomena of disease, of life, and of health, everything in the entire round of the economy of man's microcosm, move

according to certain laws, and fixed modes of procedure—laws which are ascertainable by those who honestly seek them, and which, in virtue of their reasonableness and beneficence, and their bearing, as it were, the 'image and superscription' of their Divine Giver, carry with them, into all their fields of action, the double burden of reward and punishment; and that all this is as demonstrable as the law of gravitation, which, while it shivers an erring planet in its anger, and sends it adrift to 'hideous ruin and combustion,' at the same moment, and by the very same force, times the music of the spheres, compacts a dew-drop, and guides, as of old, Arcturus and his sons. This is Dr. Combe's highest—his peculiar distinction among medical writers. He burns, as with a passionate earnestness, to bring back the bodily economy of man to its allegiance to the Supreme Guide. He shows in his works, and still more impressively in his living and dying, the divine beauty and power and goodness that shine out in every, the commonest, and what we call meanest instance, of the adaptation of man by his Maker to his circumstances, his duties, his sufferings, and his destiny. This may not be called original genius, perhaps; we are sorry it is as yet too original; but in the calm eye of reason and thoughtful goodness, and we may in all reverence add, in the eye of the all-seeing Unseen, it is something more divinely fair, more to be

desired and honoured, than much of what is generally called genius. It is something which, if acted upon by ten thousand men and women for five-and-twenty years, with the same simplicity, energy, constancy, and intelligence, with which, for half his lifetime, it animated Dr. Combe,—would so transform the whole face of society, and work such mighty changes in the very substance, so to speak, of human nature, in all its ongoings, as would as much transcend the physical marvels and glories of our time, and the progress made thereby in civilisation and human wellbeing, as the heavens are higher than the earth, and as our moral relations, our conformity to the will and the image of God are—more than any advance in mere knowledge and power—man's highest exercise and his chief end. We are not so foolish as to think that in recognising the arrangements of this world, and all it contains, as being under God's law, Dr. Combe made a *discovery* in the common sense of the word; but we do say that he unfolded the length and breadth, the depth and height of this principle as a practical truth, as a rule of life and duty, beyond any men before him. And thus it was, that though he did not, like the other eminent men we have mentioned, add formally to the material of knowledge, he observed with his own eyes more clearly, and explained the laws of healthy, and through them, of diseased action, and promulgated their certain re-

wards and punishments more convincingly than any one else. He made this plainer than other men, to every honest capacity, however humble. He showed that man has an internal, personal activity, implanted in him by his Creator, for preserving or recovering that full measure of soundness, of wholeness, of consentaneous harmonious action, of well-balanced, mutually concurring forces,—that 'perfect diapason,' which constitutes health, or *wholth*, and for the use or abuse of which he, as a rational being, is answerable on soul and conscience to himself, to his fellow-men, and to his Maker.

Dr. Combe has so beautifully given his own account of this state and habit of mind and feeling, this principled subjection of everything within him to God's will, as manifested in his works and in his creatures, that we quote it here.

'The late Rev. Mr. —— of —— stopped me one day, to say that he had read my Physiology with great satisfaction, and that what pleased him greatly was the vein of genuine piety which pervaded every page, a piety uncontaminated by cant. Some of my good friends who have considered me a lax observer of the outward forms of piety, might laugh at this. Nevertheless, it gave me pleasure, because in my conscience I felt its truth. *There is scarcely a single page in all my three physiological works, in which such a feeling was not active as I wrote.* The unvarying

tendency of my mind is to regard the whole laws of the animal economy, and of the universe, as the direct dictates of the Deity; and in urging compliance with them, it is with the earnestness and reverence due to a Divine command that I do it. *I almost lose the consciousness of self in the anxiety to attain the end;* and where I see clearly a law of God in our own nature, I rely upon its efficiency for good with a faith and peace which no storm can shake, and feel pity for those who remain blind to its origin, wisdom, and beneficence. I therefore say it solemnly, and with the prospect of death at no distant day, that I experienced great delight, when writing my books, in the consciousness that I was, to the best of my ability, expounding "the ways of God to man," and in so far fulfilling one of the highest objects of human existence. God was, indeed, ever present to my thoughts.'—*Life*, p. 401.

This was the secret of his power over himself and others—He believed and therefore he spake; he could not but speak, and when he did, it was out of the abundance of his heart. Being impressed and moved, he became of necessity impressive and motive. Hence if there be not in his works much of the lightning of genius, resolving error into its constituent elements by a stroke, unfolding in one glance both earth and heaven, and bringing out in bright relief some long-hidden truth—if he but seldom

astonish us with the full-voiced thunder of eloquence; there is in his pages, everywhere pervading them as an essence, that still small voice, powerful but not by its loudness, which finds its way into the deeper and more sacred recesses of our rational nature, and speaks to our highest interests and senses—the voice of moral obligation calling us to gratitude and obedience. His natural capacity and appetite for knowledge, his love of first principles, his thoughtful vivacity, his unfeigned active benevolence, his shrewdness, his affections, his moral courage and faithfulness, his clear definite ideas, his whole life, his very sufferings, sorrows, and regrets, were all, as by a solemn act of his entire nature, consecrated to this one absorbing end. Thus it was that he kept himself alive so long, with a mortal malady haunting him for years, and was enabled to read to others the lessons he had learned for himself in the valley of the shadow of death.

We have been struck, in reading Dr. Combe's works, and especially his Memoir by his brother, by the resemblance, not merely in principles and rules, and in the point from which they view their relations to their profession, but in more special characteristics of temperament and manner, between him and the illustrious Sydenham, and the still more famous 'divine old man of Cos.' We allude to the continual reference by them to *Nature*, as a regulating power

in the human body ; their avoiding speculations as to essence, and keeping to the consideration of conjunct causes ; their regarding themselves as the expounders of a law of life, and the interpreters and ministers of Nature. This one master idea, truly religious in its character, gives to them a steady fervour, a calm persistent enthusiasm or 'entheasm' (ἐν and Θεὸς), which we regret, for the honour and the good of human nature, is too rare in medical literature, ancient or modern. The words 'Nature,' and 'the Almighty,' 'the Supreme Disposer,' etc., occur in Sydenham's works as frequently and with the same reference as they do in Dr. Combe's.

The following passage from Sydenham, on *Nature*, will illustrate our meaning :—'I here [in the conclusion of his observations on the fever and plague of 1665 and 1666] subjoin a short note, lest my opinion of *Nature* be taken in a wrong sense. In the foregoing discourse, I have made use of the term *Nature*, and ascribed various effects to her, as I would thereby represent some one self-existent being, everywhere diffused throughout the machine of the universe, which, being endowed with reason, governs and directs all bodies—such an one as some philosophers seem to have conceived the soul of the world to be. But I neither affect novelty in my sentiments or expressions ; I have made use of this ancient word in these pages, if I mistake not, in a qualified sense ;

for by Nature I always mean a certain assemblage of natural causes, which, though destitute of reason and contrivance, are directed in the wisest manner while they perform their operations and produce their effects; or, in other words, the Supreme Being, by whose power all things are created and preserved, disposes them all in such manner, by his infinite wisdom, that they proceed to their appointed functions with a certain regularity and order, performing nothing in vain, but only what is best and fittest for the whole frame of the universe and their own peculiar nature, and so are moved like machines, not by any skill of their own, but by that of the artist.'

And Hippocrates briefly says, '*Nature in man is the aggregate of all things that concur to perfect health, and the foundation of all right reasoning and practice in physic*'[1]—exactly the same great truth which Dr. Combe and Sir John Forbes, thousands of years afterwards, are abused by their brethren for proclaiming; and the old Ephesian cry is raised loud and long among the craftsmen, who, like Demetrius and his crew, are less filled with reason than with wrath.

As we have already said, Dr. Combe was distinguished neither as a discoverer nor as a practitioner. Owing to feeble health, he was not permitted the opportunity of being the latter, though he possessed some of the highest qualities of a great physician;

[1] See Note, p. 129.

and the evenness of his powers probably would have prevented him from making any one brilliant hit as the former: for it is our notion, for which we have not space here to assign the reasons, that original geniuses in any one department, are almost always *odd*[1]—that is, are uneven, have some one predominant faculty lording it over the rest. So that, if we look back among the great men in medicine, we would say that Dr. Combe was less like Harvey, or even Sydenham, than Locke, who, though not generally thought so, was quite as much of a physician during his life, as of a philosopher and politician. It was not merely in their deeper constitutional qualities—their love of truth, and of the God of truth—their tendency towards what was immediately and mainly useful—their preferring observation to speculation, but not declining either, as the help and complement of the other; their choosing rather to study the mind or body as a *totum quid*, a unit, active and executive, and as a means to an end, than to dogmatize and dream about its transcendental constitution, or its primary and ultimate condition; their valuing in themselves, and in others, soundness of

[1] 'We usually say that man is a genius, *but* he has some whims and oddities. Now, in such a case, we would speak more rationally, did we substitute *therefore* for *but*. He is a genius, therefore he is whimsical.'—*Dr. John Aitkin.* To be sure, it is one thing to have genius, and another to be one, the difference being between possessing, and being possessed by.

mind and body, above mere strength and quickness; their dislike to learned phrases, and their attachment to freedom—political, religious, and personal—it was not merely in these larger and more substantial matters that John Locke and Andrew Combe were alike: they had in their outward circumstances and histories some curious coincidences.

Both were grave, silent, dark-haired, and tall; both were unmarried, both were much in the company of women of culture, and had much of their best pleasure from their society and sympathy, and each had one of the best of her sex to watch over his declining years, and to close his eyes; to whose lot it fell, in the tender words of Agricola's stern son-in-law—'*assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu.*' Moreover, both were educated for medicine, but had to relinquish the active practice of it from infirm health, and in each the local malady was in the lungs. Both, by a sort of accident, came in close contact with men in the highest station, and were their advisers and friends—we refer to Lord Shaftesbury, and to the Third William and Leopold, two of the wisest and shrewdest of ancient or modern kings. They resided much abroad, and owed, doubtless, not a little of their largeness of view, and their superiority to prejudice, to having thus seen mankind from many points. Both had to make the art of keeping themselves alive—the study of their health

—a daily matter of serious thought, arrangement, and action. They were singularly free from the foibles and prejudices of invalids; both were quietly humorous, playful in their natures, and had warm and deep, but not demonstrative affections; and to each was given the honour of benefiting their species to a degree, and in a variety of ways, not easily estimated. Locke, though he may be wrong in many of his views of the laws and operations of the human mind, did more than any one man ever did before him, to strengthen and rectify, and restore to healthy vigour, the active powers of the mind—observation, reason, and judgment; and of him, the weighty and choice words of Lord Grenville are literally true: 'With Locke commenced the bright era of a new philosophy, which, whatever were still its imperfections, *had for its basis clear and determinate conceptions; free inquiry and unbiassed reason for its instruments*, and for its end truth,—truth unsophisticated and undisguised, shedding its pure light over every proper object of the human understanding, but confining itself with reverential awe within those bounds which an all-wise Creator has set to our inquiries.' While, on the other hand, Dr. Combe, making the body of man his chief study, did for it what Locke did for the mind; he explained the laws of physiology, rather than the structure of the organs; he was more bent upon mastering the dynamics than the statics of health and

disease; but we are too near his time, too imperfectly aware of what he has done for us, to be able to appreciate the full measure or quality of the benefit he has bestowed upon us and our posterity, by his simply reducing man to himself—bringing him back to the knowledge, the acknowledgment, and the obedience of the laws of his nature.

Dr. Combe's best-known publications are, his *Principles of Physiology applied to Health and Education*, his *Physiology of Digestion*, and his *Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy*. The first was the earliest, and is still the best exposition and application of the laws of health. His *Digestion* is perhaps the most original of the three. It is not so much taken up—as such treatises, however excellent, generally are—with what to eat and what not to eat, as with how to eat anything and avoid nothing, how so to regulate the great ruling powers of the body, as to make the stomach do its duty upon whatever that is edible is submitted to it. His book on the *Management of Infancy* is to us the most delightful of all his works: it has the simplicity and mild strength, the richness and vital nutriment of 'the sincere milk'—that first and best-cooked food of man. This *lactea ubertas* pervades the whole little volume; and we know of none of Dr. Combe's books in which the references to a superintending Providence, to a Divine Father,

to a present Deity, to be loved, honoured, and obeyed, are so natural, so impressive, so numerous, and so child-like. His *Observations on Mental Derangement* have long been out of print. We sincerely trust that Dr. James Coxe, who has so well edited the last edition of his uncle's *Physiology*, may soon give us a new one of this important work, which carries his principles into an important region of human suffering. Apart altogether from its peculiar interest as an application of Phrenology to the knowledge and cure of Insanity—it is, as Dr. Abercrombie, who was not lavish of his praise, said, 'full of sound observation and accurate thinking, and likely to be very useful.'

There is, by the by, one of Dr. Combe's papers, not mentioned by his brother, which we remember reading with great satisfaction and profit, and which shows how he carried his common sense, and his desire to be useful, into the minutest arrangements. It appears in *Chambers's Journal* for August 30, 1834, and is entitled, 'Sending for the Doctor;' we hope to see the nine rules therein laid down, in the next edition of the *Life*.

We shall now conclude this curious survey of Dr. Combe's relations, general and direct, to medicine, by earnestly recommending the study of his *Memoirs* to all medical men, young and old, but especially the young. They will get not merely

much instruction of a general kind, from the contemplation of a character of singular worth, beauty, and usefulness, but they will find lessons everywhere, in their own profession, lessons in doctrine and in personal conduct; and they will find the entire history of a patient's life and death, given with a rare fulness, accuracy, and impressiveness; they will get hints incidentally of how he managed the homeliest and most delicate matters; how, with order, honesty, and an ardent desire to do good, he accomplished so much, against and in spite of so much. We would, in fine, recommend his letter to Sir James Clark on the importance of Hygiène as a branch of medical education (p. 311); his letter to the same friend on medical education (p. 341), in regard to which we agree with Sir James, that the medical student cannot have a better guide during the progress of his studies; a letter on the state of medical science (p. 400); his remarks on the qualifications for the superintendent of a lunatic asylum; and, at p. 468, on scepticism on the subject of medical science. These, and his three admirable letters to Dr. Forbes, would make a choice little book. We conclude with a few extracts taken from these papers at random. It would be difficult to put more truth on their subjects into better words.

'I have always attached much less importance

than is usually done, to the abstract possibility or impossibility of finishing the compulsory part of professional education, within a given time, and have long thought that more harm than good has been done by fixing too early a limit. *The intelligent exercise of medicine requires not only a greater extent of scientific and general attainments, but also readier comprehensiveness of mind, and greater accuracy of thinking and maturity of judgment, than perhaps any other profession;* and these are qualities rarely to be met with in early youth. So generally is this felt to be the case, that it is an all but universal practice for those who are really devoted to the profession, to continue their studies for two or three years, or even more, after having gone through the prescribed curriculum, and obtained their diplomas; and those only follow a different course who are pressed by necessity to encounter the responsibilities of practice, whether satisfied or not with their own qualifications; and if this be the case, does it not amount to a virtual recognition, that the period now assigned by the curriculum is too short, and ought to be extended? In point of fact, this latter period of study is felt by all to be by far the most instructive of the whole, because now the mind is comparatively matured, and able to draw its own inferences from the facts and observations of which it could before make little or no use;

and it is precisely those who enter upon practice too early who are most apt to become routine practitioners, and to do the least for the advancement of medicine as a science.'—P. 343.

'The only thing of which I doubt the propriety is, requiring the study of logic and moral philosophy at so early an age. For though a young man before eighteen may easily acquire a sufficient acquaintance with one or two books on these subjects, such as Whately and Paley, to be able to answer questions readily, I am quite convinced that his doing so will be the result merely of an intellectual effort in which memory will be exercised much more than judgment, and that the subjects will not become really useful to him like those which he feels and thoroughly understands, but will slip from him the moment his examination is at an end, and probably leave a distaste for them ever after. To logic, so far as connected with the structure of language, there can be no objection at that age; but as an abstract branch of science, I regard it, in its proper development, as fit only for a more advanced period of life. The whole basis and superstructure of moral philosophy, too, imply for their appreciation a practical knowledge of human nature, and of man's position in society, of his proper aims and duties, and of his political situation,—which it is impossible for a mere youth

to possess; and, in the absence of acquaintance with, and interest in the real subjects, to train the mind to the use of words and phrases descriptive of them (but, to him, without correct meaning) is likely to be more injurious than beneficial. A man must have seen and felt some of the perplexities of his destiny, and begun to reflect upon them in his own mind, before he can take an intelligent interest in their discussion. To reason about them sooner, is like reasoning without data; and besides, as the powers of reflection are always the latest in arriving at maturity, we may fairly infer that Nature meant the knowledge and experience to come first.'—P. 348.

Sir William Hamilton, who differs so widely from Dr. Combe in much, agrees with him in this, as may be seen from the following note in his edition of Reid, p. 420.[1]

[1] As a corollary of this truth ('Reflection does not appear in children. Of all the powers of the mind, it seems to be of the latest growth, whereas consciousness is coeval with the earliest'), Mr. Stewart makes the following observations, in which he is supported by every competent authority in education. The two northern universities have long withdrawn themselves from the reproach of placing Physics last in their curriculum of arts. In that of Edinburgh, no order is prescribed; but in St. Andrews and Glasgow, the class of Physics still stands after those of mental philosophy. This absurdity is, it is to be observed, altogether of a modern introduction. For, when our Scottish universities were founded, and long after, the philosophy of mind was taught by the professor of physics. 'I apprehend,' says Mr. Stewart, 'that the study of the mind should form the last branch of the education of youth; an order which

'If there is one fault greater than another, and one source of error more prolific than another, in medical investigations, it is the absence of a consistent and philosophic mode of proceeding; *and no greater boon could be conferred upon medicine, as a science, than to render its cultivators familiar with the laws or principles by which inquiry ought to be directed.* I therefore regard what I should term a system of Medical Logic as of inestimable value in the education of the practitioner; but I think that the proper time for it would be after the student had acquired a competent extent of knowledge, and a certain maturity of mind.'—P. 350.

Nature herself seems to point out, by what I have already remarked with respect to the development of our faculties. After the understanding is well stored with particular facts, and has been conversant with particular scientific pursuits, it will be enabled to speculate concerning its own powers with additional advantage, and will run no hazard in indulging too far in such inquiries. Nothing can be more absurd, on this as well as on many other accounts, than the common practice which is followed in our universities [in some only], of beginning a course of philosophical education with the study of logic. If this order were completely reversed; and if the study of logic were delayed till after the mind of the student was well stored with particular facts in physics, in chemistry, in natural and civil history, his attention might be led with the most important advantage, and without any danger to his power of observation, to an examination of his own faculties, which, besides opening to him a new and pleasing field of speculation, would enable him to form an estimate of his own powers, of the acquisitions he has made, of the habits he has formed, and of the further improvements of which his mind is susceptible.'—H.

'The one great object ought to be the due qualification of the practitioner; and whatever will contribute to that end ought to be retained, whether it may happen to agree with or differ from the curricula of other universities or licensing bodies. *The sooner one uniform system of education and equality of privileges prevails throughout the kingdom, the better for all parties.*'—P. 359.

'The longer I live, the more I am convinced that medical education is too limited and too hurried, rather than too extended; for, after all, four years is but a short time for a mind still immature to be occupied in mastering and digesting so many subjects and so many details. Instead of the curriculum being curtailed, however, I feel assured that ultimately the period of study will be extended. Supposing a young man to be engaged in the acquisition of knowledge and experience till the age of twenty-three instead of twenty-one, can it be said that he will then be *too old* for entering upon independent practice? or that his mind is even then fully matured, or his stock of knowledge such as to inspire full confidence? It is in vain to say that young men will not enter the profession if these additions are made. The result would inevitably be to attract a higher class of minds, and to raise the character of the whole profession.'—P. 360.

'*The bane of medicine and of medical education at*

present is its partial and limited scope. Branches of knowledge, valuable in themselves, are studied almost always separately, and without relation to their general bearing upon the one grand object of the medical art, viz., the healthy working or restoration of the whole bodily and mental functions. We have abundance of courses of lectures on all sorts of subjects, but are nowhere taught to group their results into practical masses or principles. The higher faculties of the professional mind are thus left in a great measure unexercised. The limited and exclusive knowledge of the observing powers is alone sought after, and an irrational experience is substituted for that which alone is safe, because comprehensive and true in spirit. *The mind thus exercised within narrow limits, becomes narrowed and occupied with small things. Small feelings follow, and the natural result is that place in public estimation which narrow-mindedness and cleverness in small things deserve.* The profession seeks to put down quacks, to obtain medical reform by Act of Parliament, and to acquire public influence; and a spirit is now active which will bring forth good fruit in due time. An Act of Parliament can remedy many absurdities connected with the privileges of old colleges and corporations, and greatly facilitate improvement; but the grand reform must come from within, and requires no Act to legalize its appearance. Let the profession cultivate their art in

a liberal and comprehensive spirit, and give evidence of the predominance of the scientific over the trade-like feeling, and the public will no longer withhold their respect or deny their influence.'—P. 400.

'If you ask, Why did not God effect his aim without inflicting pain or suffering on any of us? That just opens up the question, Why did God see fit to make man, man, and not an angel? I can see why a watchmaker makes a watch here and a clock there, because my faculties and nature are on a par with the watchmaker's; but to understand why God made man what he is, I must have the faculties and comprehension of the Divine Being; or, in other words, the creature must be the equal of the Creator in intellect before he can understand the cause of his own original formation. Into that, therefore, I am quite contented not to inquire.'—P. 403.

'I should say that the province of Hygiène is to examine the relations existing between the human constitution on the one hand, and the various external objects or influences by which it is surrounded on the other; and to deduce, from that examination, the principles or rules by which the highest health and efficiency of all our functions, moral, intellectual, and corporeal, may be most certainly secured, and by obedience to which we may, when once diseased, most speedily and safely regain our health. But perhaps the true nature of Hygiène will be best ex-

hibited by contrasting what at present *is* taught, with what we require at the bedside of the patient, and yet are left to pick up at random in the best way we can.' —P. 312.

'Hygiène, according to my view, really forms the connecting link by which all the branches of professional knowledge are bound together, and rendered available in promoting human health and happiness; and, in one sense, is consequently the most important subject for a course of lectures, although very oddly almost the only one which has not been taught systematically; and I consider the absence of the connecting principle as the main cause why medicine has advanced so slowly, and still assumes so little of the aspect of a *certain science*, notwithstanding all the talent, time, and labour devoted to its cultivation.'—P. 319.

NOTE.—P. 114.

VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ.

DR. ADAMS, in his Preliminary Discourse to the Sydenham Society's Edition of the *Genuine Works of Hippocrates*, translated and annotated by him—a work, as full of the best common sense and judgment, as it is of the best learning and scholarship—has the following passage:—

'Above all others, Hippocrates was strictly the physician of experience and common sense. In short, the basis of his system was a rational experience, and not a blind empiricism, so that the Empirics in after ages had no good grounds for claiming him as belonging to their sect.

'One of the most distinguishing characteristics, then, of the Hippocratic system of medicine, is the importance attached in it to *prognosis*, under which was comprehended a complete acquaintance with the previous and present condition of the patient, and the tendency of the disease. To the overstrained system of *Diagnosis* practised in the school of Cnidos, agreeably to which diseases were divided and subdivided arbitrarily into endless varieties, Hippocrates was decidedly opposed; his own strong sense and high intellectual cultivation having, no doubt, led him to the discovery, *that to accidental varieties of diseased action there is no limit*, and that what is indefinite cannot be reduced to science.

'Nothing strikes one as a stronger proof of his nobility of soul, when we take into account the early period in human cultivation at which he lived, and his descent from a priestly order, than the contempt which he everywhere expresses for ostentatious charlatanry, and his perfect freedom from all

popular superstition.[1] Of amulets and complicated machines to impose on the credulity of the ignorant multitude, there is no mention in any part of his works. All diseases he traces to natural causes, *and counts it impiety to maintain that any one more than another is an infliction from the Divinity.* How strikingly the Hippocratic system differs from that of all other nations in their infantine state, must be well known to every person who is well acquainted with the early history of medicine. His theory of medicine was further based on the physical philosophy of the ancients, more especially on the doctrines then held regarding the elements of things, and the belief in the existence of a spiritual essence diffused through the whole works of creation, which was regarded as the agent that presides over the acts of generation, and which constantly strives to preserve all things in their natural state, and to restore them when they are preternaturally deranged. This is the principle which he called Nature, and which he held to be a *vis medicatrix.* "Nature," says he, or at least one of his immediate followers says, "is the physician of diseases."'

STAHL, in one of his numerous short occasional Tracts, *Schediasmata*, as he calls them, in which his deep and fiery nature was constantly finding vent, thus opens on the doctrine of 'Nature,' as held by the ancients. Besides the thought, it is

[1] 'This is the more remarkable, as it does not appear to have been the established creed of the greatest literary men and philosophers of the age, who still adhered, or professed to adhere, to the popular belief in the extraordinary interference of the gods with the works of Nature and the affairs of mankind. This, at least, was remarkably the case with Socrates, whose mind, like that of most men who make a great impression on the religious feelings of their age, had evidently a deep tinge of mysticism. See Xenoph. *Memor.* i. 1. 6-9; *Ibid.* iv. 7. 7; also Grote's *History of Greece*, vol i. p. 499. The latter remarks, "Physical and astronomical phenomena are classified by Socrates among the divine class, interdicted to human study."—(*Mem.* i. 1. 13.) He adds, in reference to Hippocrates, "On the other hand, Hippocrates, the contemporary of Socrates, denied the discrepancy, and merged into one the two classes of phenomena—the divine and the scientifically determinable—which the latter had put asunder. Hippocrates treated all phenomena as *at once both divine and scientifically determinable.*"'

a good specimen of this great man's abrupt, impetuous, pregnant, and difficult expressions :—

'Notanter Hippocrates 6. Epidem. 5. Ἀπαίδευτος ἡ φύσις ἐοῦσα καὶ οὐ μαθοῦσα, τὰ δέοντα ποιέει. *Cum a nullo informata sit* NATURA, *neque quicquam didicerit, ea tamen, quibus opus est, efficit. Efficere et operari*, dicit ; neque incongrua et aliena, sed quæ *necessaria* sint, quæ *conveniant :* Operari autem ipsam *per* se, non ex consilio (intellige, *alieno*) lin. præced. monet. *Effectivum* hoc & *operativum* Principium, τὴν φύσιν, appellat, τὸ δημιουργικὸν ἡμῶν αἴτιον circumscribit *Galen. de Placit. Hipp. & Platon. l.* 9. hunc eundem locum attingens. De hac *Naturâ* prolixius idem Galenus lib. *de Natur. facult.* asserit, quod illa, *suis viribus usa, quæ noxia sunt, expellere noverit, quæ utilia, usui servare.* Quod idem *et lib. i. cap. s. de diff. Febb.* repetit. *Sapientissimam* ipsam esse, itidem adstruit *lib. de arte.* Et *omnia facere salutis hominum causa*, in *Comm.* ad nostrum locum interpretatur. Neque hoc tantum de *statu* Corporis Humani *tranquillo*, et sibi constante, intelligendum, sed monent etiam iidem, *Naturam* hactenus dictam, consulere corpori in dubiis rebus, ingruente nocumentorum periculo, imo actuales, *noxas illatas*, ita depellere, corrigere, exterminare, resarcire, ut propterea *Hippocrates*, paulò antè sententiam hactenus citatam, diserte affirmet, *Naturam mederi morbis.* In quam ipsam assertionem, ut satis fusè consentit *Galenus*, ita notabilia sunt ejus verba, quod *Natura malum sentiens, gestiat magnopere mederi.* Et *Corn. Celsus*, lib. 3. c. i. *Repugnante Natura*, ait, *nihil proficit Medicina.* Imo nec *deficiente eadem*, ut *Hipp. lib. de arte* monet, *quicquam obtinet Medica ars, sed perit æger.* Dies deficiat, neque hæc charta capiat, si plerosque tantum, qui comparent, testes Medicos Practicos scriptores, citare liberet. Nimirum QUOD tale *Activum et Effectivum*, *Gubernans, dirigens, regens*, Principium in Corpore Vivo præsto sit, tam in *statu sano* quam *concusso, agens*, vigilans, propugnans, omnes agnoscunt.

'Ut undique NATURA, hoc sensu, ut *Effectivum* quoddam, et quidem κυρίως tale, Principium asseratur, quod, *arbitrarie*, agere non agere, rectè aut perperam *Organa* sua actuare, iisque non magis uti, quam abuti queat.

'Adornarunt hanc Doctrinæ Medicæ partem complures, tùm

Antiquiores, tùm *propiorum* temporum Doctores, sed non eodem omnes successu, nec fortè eadem intentione. Prolixiores fuerunt *Veteres*, in illis δυνάμεσιν, αἷς διοικεῖται τὸ ζῷον, ut ipsam φύσιν *Hippocratis* describit *Galenus lib. de Crisibus*, et l. 5. de Sympt. Caus. *Facultatem Corporis nostri Rectricem optimo jure Naturæ nomine insigniendam*, decernit. Sed inundavit hinc *Facultatem* variarum, congeries, & omnem *Physiologiæ antiquioris* paginam adeò absolvit, ut nihil offenderetur, quam meræ *Facultates, Vitalis, Naturalis, Animalis, Genitalis, Rationalis, Expultrix, Retentrix, Attractrix, Locomotrix, Coctrix, Excretrix, Sanguifica, Chylifica*, &c. &c.'

To the Homœopathic delusion, or shall we call it 'persuasion,' whose chief merit and mischief it is to be 'not anything so much as a nothing which looks like a something,' we owe the recognition, in a much more practical way than before, of the self-regulating principle in living bodies—the physician inside the skin. It is hardly necessary to state, that the best modern exposition of this doctrine, and its relation to therapeutics, is to be found in SIR JOHN FORBES' courageous, thoughtful, and singularly candid little book, *Art and Nature in the Cure of Disease.*

Many years ago, a countryman called on a physician in York. He was in the depths of dyspeptic despair, as often happens with the chawbacons. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying, 'Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight.' In ten day Giles came in, blooming and happy, quite well. The doctor was delighted, and not a little proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he hadn't got it. 'Where was it?' 'I took it, Sir.' 'Took it! what have you done with it?' 'I *ate* it, Sir! you told me to *take* it!' We once told this little story to a Homœopathic friend, adding, 'Perhaps you think the iron in the ink may be credited with the cure?' 'Well,' said my much-believing friend, 'there is no saying.' No saying, indeed! and no thinking either! such matters lie at least in the region of the non-knowable.

DR. HENRY MARSHALL AND MILITARY HYGIENE.

'To labour diligently, and to be content,' says the son of Sirach, 'is a sweet life.'

My greatest delight has been to promote a melioration of the condition of soldiers, and in the prosecution of this important object, I hope I have done some good.'—DR. MARSHALL.

DR. HENRY MARSHALL AND MILITARY HYGIENE.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, the British soldier (taking ninety-nine out of a hundred) was a man who, when in the eye of the law a minor, had in a fit of passion, or when drunk, or from idleness, want, or to avoid civil punishment, sold his personal liberty, his life—in one word, himself—to the State without reservation. In return for this, he got a bounty of £3, 10s., which was taken back as soon as he was attested, to pay for his outfit—his kit, as it is called, —and he enjoyed an annuity of 1s. 1d. a day, out of which, after paying his share of the mess, his shoes, etc., there remained of daily surplus about 3d. The State provided lodging and medical attendance, and the *name*, but little else, of religious and general education. In return, he put his will in the hands of the State, and was bound, at any time, and upon any ground, to destroy any other man's life, or lose his

own, at the word of command.[1] He was, as rapidly as possible, drilled into that perfect man-slaying instrument, that consummate destroyer, that we and our enemies know him to be. And having no hope, no self-respect, no spiritual progression, nothing to look forward to, he sank into the sullen, stupid, indomitable human bull-dog. He lived in hopeless celibacy, shut out from the influence of any but the worst of the other sex. He became proverbially drunken, licentious, and profane. He knew his officer only to obey him, and often to hate and despise him. Memory and hope died within him; for what had he to remember but his own early follies and fatal enlistment, or to anticipate but the chances

[1] Every one knows Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh's account of this in that fantastic and delightful book *Sartor Resartus*:—'What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five-hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them: she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two-thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting

of his being killed, or dying wretchedly of disease, or being turned off a stupid, helpless, and friendless old man? No wonder that he was, as is proved by the greater frequency of suicide in military than in civil life, more miserable and less careful of himself than other men. His daily routine was somewhat as follows:—He was drummed out of bed at five o'clock, his room being a large common dormitory, where three or four blackguards might make all the rest comfortless and silent. He rushed out of doors to the pump, and washed himself out of his hands, there being no basin provided for him, as he best could, and went to drill; breakfasted substantially, then out to parade, where he must be in proper trim. pipe-clay immaculate; then through the everlasting

Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their Governors had fallen-out, and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, "what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!"—In that fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two Natural Enemies [France and Britain], in person, take each a Tobacco-pipe filled with Brimstone; light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in.'

round of 'Attention! Eyes right! Stand at ease,' etc. Dinner at one o'clock, of broth and boiled meat, and after that nothing to do till nine at night, or to eat till breakfast next morning.

Can there be any wonder that the subjects of this system became so often drunkards, and ran into all sorts of low dissipation, ruining themselves, soul and body? Much of this evil is of course inherent and necessary; it is founded in the constitution of man that such should be, in the main, the result of such an unnatural state of things. But within these five-and-twenty years there have been numerous improvements. The soldier is now a freer, happier, healthier man, more intelligent and moral, and certainly not less efficient than he ever was since the institution of a standing army.

In an admirable speech in February last, when moving the estimates for the army, Mr. Sidney Herbert made the following remark:—'He did not believe that at any period had the soldier been more comfortable than at the present moment;' he might safely have said as comfortable as at the present moment. After showing that, by strict and continuous vigilance in this department, in eighteen years, since 1835, 'the pattern year of economy,' there had been a reduction of £132,766, as compared with the estimate of that year, while, for the smaller sum, we maintained 21,000 men more, the cost of each man

being £42, 15s. 11d. in 1835, and in the present year £40, 3s. 6d., £10 of this being for the cost of the officers, making the expense of each private £30, 3s. 6d.; after making this exposition of the greater economy in the production and maintenance of our soldiers, Mr. Herbert went on to show that this had been effected not only without in any way curtailing their comforts, but with an immense increase in their material and moral wellbeing. We shall mention some of the more marked causes and proofs of this gratifying and remarkable improvement in the condition of the army, as regards the intelligence, morality, health, and general condition of the common soldier.

1*st*, *The Good-Conduct Pay* has been increased to £65,000 a year. Formerly, every man got an increase of pay for long service; now he gets 1d. a day added to his pay at the end of every five years—it was at first seven—provided he has been clear of the defaulter's books for two years, and he carries one-half of it to his pension, in addition to the amount he is entitled to for length of service. This scheme is working well.

2*d*, *Barrack Libraries* have been instituted, and with signal benefit. There are now 150 libraries, with 117,000 volumes, and 16,000 subscribers, the men giving a penny a month.

3*d*, *Regimental Schools*, remodelled by Mr. Herbert, whose plans were excellently carried out by

Lord Panmure. After encountering much prejudice and objection, this plan is going on prosperously. There are now employed with different corps, sixty trained masters and sixteen assistants, a class of men very different from the old schoolmaster-sergeant. In the 77th Regiment, the school-roll amounts to 538 adults; the 35th, to 371; the 82d, to 270. This attendance is voluntary, and is paid for; the only compulsory attendance being in the case of recruits, so long as drilling lasts.

4th, Savings' Banks, established in 1844. In 1852, the number of depositors was 9447; the amount deposited, £111,920.

5th, Diminution of Punishments.—In 1838, the number of corporal punishments was 879; in 1851, 206; and in 1852—the return being for the troops at home, and half the force on foreign stations—they were as low as 96, and all this without the slightest relaxation of discipline. In 1838, the number of persons tried by courts-martial was in proportion to the entire effective force as 1 in 11½. Now, it is only 1 in 16.

6th, Increased Longevity.—There never were so few deaths per annum as at present. At the Mauritius and Ceylon the mortality has fallen from $43\frac{6}{10}$ to $22\frac{1}{3}$ per 1000—nearly one-half; and at Hong-Kong, too famous for its deadly climate, more than one-half—150 to 69; while, in the East and West

Indies and the Cape, in spite of pestilence and war, the diminution of deaths is most strongly marked. Add to all this, that unlimited service—the legal sanction of a man selling himself for life—no longer exists, having been abolished in 1847—thanks to Lord Panmure's courage and wisdom; and we have an amount of misery, degradation, and crime prevented, and of comfort, health, and workmanlike efficiency gained, which it would be no easy matter to estimate at its full value and degree. In the case of such an immense public benefit, it is well to do our best to discover in what quarter, and in what measure, as a nation, whom all this concerns so deeply, our gratitude and praise are due. To what, and to whom, do we owe all this?

The *what* is not far to seek. Under God, we owe this change for the better, like so many others which we are enjoying and forgetting, to that mighty agent which is in our day doing such wonders, and which will yet do more and greater—*the spirit of the age—public opinion*—of which, when so manifestly working out the highest interests of man, we may conditionally, and with reverence, say, in the words of 'the Book of Wisdom,' that it is 'the very breath of the power of God—an understanding spirit—kind to man, ready to do good, one only, yet manifold, not subject to hurt, which cannot be letted.' This great social element, viewless, impalpable, inevitable, un-

tamable as the wind; vital, elastic, all-penetrating, all-encompassing as the air we breathe, the very soul of the body politic, is—like the great laws of nature—of which, indeed, it is itself one—for ever at its work; and like its Divine Author and Guide goes about continually doing good. Without it, what could any man, any government, do for the real good of mankind? It cannot be letted. If you are against it, get out of its way as you best can, and stand aside and wonder at its victorious march. But why not rather go with it, and by it? This is that tide in the affairs of men—*a Deo ad Deum*—that onward movement of the race in knowledge, in power, in worth, and in happiness, which has gladdened and cheered all who believe, and who, through long ages of gloom, and misery, and havoc, have still believed that truth is strong, next to the Almighty—that goodness is the law of His universe, and happiness its end, and who have faith in

> 'That God which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off Divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.'

It is a tide that has never turned; unlike the poet's, it answers the behest of no waning and waxing orb, it follows the eye of Him who is without variableness or the shadow of turning. And no man has yet taken it at its flood. It has its flux and reflux,

its ebb and flow, its darkness and its bright light, its storm and calm; and, as a child who watched the rising tide, and saw the wave in the act of withdrawing itself, might, if it saw no more, say the sea was retreating, so with the world's progress in liberty, happiness, and virtue; some may think its best is over, its fulness past, its ebb far on; but let the child look again—let the patriot be of good cheer, and watch for the next wave, it may be a ninth, curling his monstrous head and hanging it—how it sweeps higher up the beach, tosses aside as very little things, into ruin and oblivion, or passes clear over them, the rocks and the noisy bulwarks of man's device, which had for long fretted and turned aside and baffled all former waves; and to the historic eye, these once formidable barriers may be seen far down in the clear waters, undisturbing and undisturbed—the deep covering them,—it may be seen what they really were, how little or how big. If our readers wish to imagine how the power of public opinion, this tide of time, deals with its enemies and with its friends—how it settles its quarrels and attains its ends, and how, all at once and unexpectedly, it may be seen flowing in, without let or hindrance,

'Whispering how meek and gentle it can be,'

let him go down to the sea-shore, and watch the rising tide, coming on lazily at first, as if without aim or pith, turned aside by any rock, going round

it, covering it by and by, swayed and troubled by every wind, shadowed by every passing cloud, as if it were the ficklest of all things, and had no mind of its own; he will, however, notice, if he stays long enough, that there is one thing it is always doing, the one thing it most assuredly will do, and that is, to move on and up, to deepen and extend. So is it with the advance of truth and goodness over our world. Whatever appearances may be, let us rest assured the tide is making, and is on its way to its fulness.

We are aware that in speaking of such matters, it is not easy to avoid exaggeration both in thought and expression; but we may go wrong, not less by feeling and speaking too little, than by feeling and speaking too much. It is profane and foolish to deify public opinion, or, indeed, anything; but it is not right, it is not safe to err on the other side, to ignore and vilipend. In one sense, public opinion is a very commonplace subject; in another, it is one of the chiefest of the ways of God, one of the most signal instruments in his hand, for moving on to their consummation his undisturbed affairs. There never was a time in the world's history, and there never was a nation, in which this mighty agent made head as it is doing now, and in ours. Everywhere and over every department of human suffering and need, it is to be found arising with healing under its

wings. That it goes wrong and does wrong is merely to say that it works by human means; but that in the main it is on the right road and on the right errand, and that thus far it is Divine, and has in it the very breath of the power of God, no man surely who discerns the times and the seasons will deny; to use the eloquent words of Maurice: 'In a civilized country—above all, in one which possesses a free press—there is a certain power, mysterious and indefinite in its operations, but producing the most obvious and mighty effects, which we call public opinion. It is vague, indefinite, intangible enough, no doubt; but is not that the case with all the powers which affect us most in the physical world? The further men advance in the study of nature, the more these incontrollable, invincible forces make themselves known. If we think with some of mysterious affinities, of some one mighty principle which binds the elements of the universe together, why should we not wonder, also, at these moral affinities, this more subtle magnetism, which bears witness that every man is connected by the most intimate bonds with his neighbour, and that no one can live independently of another?'

We believe that in the future, and it may be not very far-off history of our world, this associative principle, this attractive, quickening power, is destined to work wonders in its own region, to which

the marvels of physical science in our days will be as nothing. Society, as a great normal institute of human nature, is a power whose capacities in its own proper sphere of action, such as it now exhibits, or has ever exhibited, and such as it is destined hereafter to exhibit, are to each other as is the weight, the momentum of a drop of water, to the energy of that drop converted into steam and compressed and set a-working. We believe this will be one of the crowning discoveries and glories of our race, about which, as usual, we have been long enough, and of which, when it comes, every one will say, 'How did we never discover that before?—how easy; how simple!' Society is of the essence of unfallen man; it is normal; it preceded and will survive the loss of Eden; it belongs to the physiology of human nature. Government, be it of the best, must always have to do (and the more strictly the better) with its pathology—with its fall. Were original sin abolished to-morrow, the necessity, the very materials of Government would cease. Society and all her immense capabilities would once more be at home, and full of life, and go on her way rejoicing. Education, religion, and many other things, all belong by right and by natural fitness to Society; and Government has been trying for thousands of years to do her work and its own, and has, as a matter of course, bungled both.

But we have less to do at present with this wonder-

working power, than with those who were the first to direct and avail themselves of it, for forwarding and securing the welfare of the common soldier who had been so long shut out from its beneficent impulse.

These men, simple-minded, public-hearted, industrious, resolute, did not work for gratitude—they would not have worked the worse, however, with it. They are gone elsewhere, where no gratitude of ours can affect them; but it is not the less right, and good, and needful for that great creature, the public, to be made to feel this gratitude, and to let it go forth in hearty acknowledgment. This is a state of mind which blesses quite as much him who gives, as him who receives; and nothing would tend more to keep the public heart right, and the public conscience quick and powerful, than doing our best to discover what we owe, and to whom; and as members of the body politic, let our affection and admiration take their free course. One of the best signs of our times is the extension, and deepening, and clarifying of this sense of public duty, of our living not for ourselves, of what we owe to those who have served their generation—the practical recognition, in a word, not only that we should love our neighbours as ourselves, but that, according to the interpretation of the word reserved for the Divine Teacher, every man is our neighbour.

The difficulties in the way of any amelioration in the moral condition and bodily comforts of the soldier, must of necessity be great, and all experience confirms this. A body of men such as, in a country like ours, a standing army with service for life, and pay below the wages of the labouring classes, must unavoidably consist of, is one the reform of which might deter and dishearten any man, and excuse most. How often have we been told that flogging was a necessary evil; that unlimited service was the stay of the army; that knowledge would make the men discontented, useless, and mischievous! 'Soldiers,' said Mr. Pulteney in 1732, 'are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws. Blind obedience is their *only* principle.' Bruce, in his *Institutions of Military Law*, 1717, gives what we doubt not was a true account of the composition of European armies in his day:—'If all infamous persons, and such as have committed capital crimes, heretics, atheists, (!) and all dastardly and effeminate men, were weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moderate number, the greater part of the soldiery being men of so ignoble, disingenuous tempers, that they cannot be made obedient to the allurements of rewards; nay, coercion being, generally speaking, the surest principle of all vulgar obedience. There is, therefore,' he grimly adds, 'another part of military

institution fitted to such men's capacities, and these are the various punishments' (and such a catalogue of horrors!) 'awarded to their crimes, which, as goads, may *drive these brutish creatures who will not be attracted.*'[1] We are now at last trying the principle of attraction, and are finding it succeeds here, as it does elsewhere — keeping all things sweet and strong, from the majestic ordinances of heaven, to the guidance of a village school. It is too true that Lord Melville in 1808, in his place in the House of Lords, when opposing Mr. Wyndham's most humane and judicious Army Bill, said, '*the worst men make the best soldiers;*' and if we look back on the history of the army, the degradations, the miseries, and hardships of the common soldier, we cannot help inferring that this monstrous dogma had been even improved upon, so as to reduce to their lowest the characteristics of humanity, and resolve his entire nature into a compound of strength and stupidity. With such opinions as Lord Melville's prevailing in civil, and not less in military life, it was no easy matter to set up as a military reformer. If the worst man made the best soldier, it was a contradiction in terms to think of making the man in any degree better. The

[1] This was not the principle of one of the greatest of men and of soldiers. Cicero says of Julius Cæsar, there was never an ITO in his commands, but only a VENI, as if he scorned to be less or more than their leader.

converse was the logical sequence; to find the worst man, and by all means make him a worser still. Things are changed, and have been changing; and that humane spirit, that sense of responsibility as regards the happiness and welfare of our fellow-men on which we have already enlarged, and which is one of the most signal blessings of our time, has penetrated into this region, and Lord Melville's dogma is in the fair way of being overthrown and reversed. It is now no longer legal for a British subject to sell himself, body and soul, for life. For this we have mainly to thank Lord Panmure, one of the ablest and best secretaries the War Office has ever seen. But while we most heartily acknowledge the great services of Lord Hardinge, Lord Grey, Mr. Ellice, Sir George Arthur, Sir Charles Napier, Colonel Lindsay, Lord Panmure, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and many others, in urging and carrying out all these ameliorations and reforms; and while we cannot easily overrate the value of the labours of Lieutenant-Colonel Tulloch and Dr. Graham Balfour in working out the vital statistics of the army, and demonstrating their practical bearing on the prevention of misery and crime and death, and the increased comfort and efficiency of the service; we are, we feel sure, only saying what every one of these public-spirited men will be readiest to confirm, that to the late *Dr. Henry Marshall* is due the merit of having been the first

in this great field,—the sower of the seed—the setter agoing of this current of research and reform which has achieved so much. There is not one of these many improvements which he did not, in his own quiet, but steady and unflinching way, argue for, and urge, and commend, and *prove*, many years before they were acknowledged or taken up by the higher authorities. We find him, when a mere lad, at the Cape, in the beginning of the century, making out tables of the diseases of the soldiers, of the comparative health of different stations, and ages, and climates; investigating the relation of degradation, ignorance, crime, and ill-usage, to the efficiency of the army and to its cost; and from that time to the last day of his life devoting his entire energies to devising and doing good to the common soldier. And all this, to say the least of it, without much assistance from his own department (the medical), till the pleasant time came when the harvest was to be reaped, and the sheaves taken victoriously home.

'Have you seen Marshall's *Miscellany?*' said a friend to Lord Panmure, when he was Secretary at War. 'Seen it!' exclaimed he, 'why, Marshall's book is my Bible in all that relates to the welfare of the soldier.' And it is not less honourable to our late Commander-in-Chief than to Dr. Marshall, that when presented by the author with a copy of this book, his Lordship said, 'Your book should be in

the hands of every army surgeon, and in every orderly-room in the service.' Any man who knows what the army is and was, and what the prejudices of the best military men often were,—and who has also read thoroughly the work we refer to, and has weighed well all it is for, and all it is against, and all that it proves,—will agree with us in saying, that for Lord Hardinge to express, and for Dr. Marshall to deserve, such a compliment, is no small honour to both.

Dr. Marshall, to have done so much good, made the least noise about it of any public man we ever knew. He was eminently quiet in all his ways; the very reverse of your loud man; he made no spasmodic efforts, he did nothing by fits or starts, nothing for effect; he flowed on *incredibili lenitate*, with a ceaseless and clear but powerful flow. He was a philosopher without knowing it, and without many others knowing it; but, if to trace effects up to their causes, to bring good out of evil, and order out of confusion, to increase immensely the happiness of his fellow-men, be wisdom, and the love of it, then was this good man a philosopher indeed.

Henry Marshall was born in the parish of Kilsyth in 1775. His father was a man of singular simplicity and worth, and besides his own excellent example, and in spite of his slender means, he gave both his sons a college education. In May 1803, Henry became surgeon's mate in the royal navy, a service

he left in September 1804; and in January 1805 was appointed assistant-surgeon to the Forfarshire regiment of militia. In April 1806, he became assistant-surgeon to the first battalion of the 89th regiment, which embarked in February 1807 for South America, thence to the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon. In May 1809, he was appointed assistant-surgeon to the 2d Ceylon Regiment, and in April 1813, was promoted to be surgeon of the 1st Ceylon Regiment. In December of the same year he was removed to the staff, but continued to serve in the island till the spring of 1821, when he returned home; and soon after his arrival he was appointed to the staff of North Britain, his station being Edinburgh.

We shall now give a short account of his principal writings, and of the effect they had in attaining the great object of his long and active life, which, in his own words, was 'to excite attention to the means which may meliorate the condition of the soldier, and exalt his moral and intellectual character.'

1817.—'Description of the *Laurus Cinnamomum*,' read before the Royal Society at the request of Sir Joseph Banks, and published in the *Annals of Philosophy* of that year.

1821.—'Notes on the Medical Topography of the interior of Ceylon, and on the Health of the Troops employed in the Provinces during the years 1815 to

1820, with brief Remarks on the prevailing Diseases.' London, 1821. 8vo, pp. 228. The great merit of this little book consisted in the numerical statistics it contains regarding the mortality and diseases of the troops—*a new feature* in medical works at the time it was published.

His next publication was in 1823.—'Observations on the Health of the Troops in North Britain, during a period of Seven years, from 1816 to 1822.'—*London Medical and Physical Journal.* The numerical portion of these observations was an attempt, and at the same time *a novel one*, to collect and arrange the facts illustrative of the amount of sickness and the ratio of mortality among a body of troops for a specific period.

In November 1823, Dr. Marshall was removed from Edinburgh to Chatham, and in April 1825, was appointed to the recruiting depôt, Dublin. In 1826, he published 'Practical Observations on the Inspection of Recruits, including Observations on Feigned Diseases.'—*Edin. Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xxvi. p. 225.

1828.—'Hints to Young Medical Officers of the Army on the Examination of Recruits and the Feigned Disabilities of Soldiers.' London, 1828. 8vo, pp. 224. The official documents contained in this volume are interesting, in as far as they show the difficulty of the duty of selecting recruits, and the

very limited information the authorities, both military and medical, appear to have had on the subject. It is full of interest even to the general reader, opening up one of the most singular and most painful manifestations of human character, and affording the strongest proofs of the inherent misery and degradation of the life of the British common soldier. In reading it, it is difficult to know which to wonder most at—the despair and misery that must prompt, the ingenuity that can invent, and the dogged resolution that can carry out into prolonged execution, and under every species of trial, the endless fictions of every conceivable kind therein described; or the shrewdness, the professional sagacity, and the indomitable energy with which Dr. Marshall detects, and gives to others the means of detecting, these refuges of lies. This was the first, and still is the best work in our language on this subject; the others are mere compilations, indebted to Dr. Marshall for their facts and practical suggestions.

In January 1828, Sir Henry (afterwards Viscount) Hardinge was appointed Secretary at War. One of the numerous important subjects connected with the administration of the war department which early engaged his attention, was the large and rapidly increasing pension list. For a period of several months he laboured hard to obtain information on the practical working of the existing pensioning

warrants, chiefly from the unsatisfactory documents found at Chelsea Hospital. He soon discovered many abuses in the system then in operation. As a means of helping him to abate the abuses in question, he directed a Medical Board to assemble, of which Dr. Marshall was appointed a member, the specific duty of the Board being as follows :—'For the purpose of revising the regulations which relate to the business of examining and deciding upon the cases of soldiers recommended for discharge from the service.' 'The object of the proposed inquiry is to ascertain what description of disabilities ought to be pensioned, and what not.' The pension list at this time stood as follows :—

19,065	pensioners, at 6d. a day, average age thirty-one years; alleged causes of being discharged, injuries or bad health.
16,630	at 9d. a day, for service and disability combined.
21,095	at 1s. a day, for length of service and wounds.
1,100	at 1s. 9d., blind.
27,625	no causes of disability assigned.
85,515	

The list had increased greatly during a period of peace, and it was annually increasing. The mean rate of pension was 10¾d., and the annual amount £1,436,663; the annual rate of mortality among the pensioners being about four per cent.

During the sitting of the Board, Dr. Marshall collected some practical information on the pensioning

question; and on returning to Dublin, in December 1828, he drew up a comprehensive scheme for pensioning soldiers, upon what he considered improved principles. Under the title of 'Cursory Observations on the Pensioning of Soldiers,' he forwarded his scheme to Lord Hardinge; and he had the satisfaction of finding that a new pension warrant was made, founded on the same principles as his 'Scheme,' namely, 1*st*, length of service; 2*d*, wounds received before the enemy; 3*d*, greatly impaired health after fifteen years' service; 4*th*, anomalous disabilities, special cases, which require to be particularly considered. By Mr. Wyndham's Act of 1806, every man who was discharged as disabled, was entitled to a pension for life, without reference to the time he had served; and, by the subsequent amendments and alterations, disabilities and not service constituted the chief claim for a pension. This mode of obtaining a pension opened a wide door for fraud of various kinds.

The Pensioning Warrant of the Secretary at War went through a number of editions, both in manuscript and in print.

In 1829, Dr. Marshall published 'Observations on the Pensioning of Soldiers.'—*United Service Journal*, 1829, part ii. p. 317.—This paper has a peculiar interest, inasmuch as it gives an account of the frauds which had been committed in the army by the

erasure and alteration of figures, and which had only lately been discovered. The falsification of records by this means was found, upon investigation, to have been practised to a considerable extent in almost every regiment in the service.

1829.—'Historical Notes on Military Pensions.'—*United Service Journal.*

1830.—'Notes on Military Pensions.'—*United Service Journal.*

Early in 1830, Dr. Marshall communicated to Lord Hardinge a paper on the abuse of intoxicating liquors by the European troops in India, and on the impolicy of uniformly and indiscriminately issuing spirit rations to soldiers. An abstract of this paper was subsequently published under the following title:—

1830.—'Observations on the Abuse of Spirituous Liquors by the European Troops in India, and of the Impolicy of uniformly and indiscriminately issuing Spirit Rations to Soldiers.'—*Edinburgh Med. and Surg. Journal,* vol. xli. p. 10.

Lord Hardinge carried into effect the suggestions contained in this paper with remarkable promptitude; indeed, it would be difficult to praise too highly his Lordship's conduct in this matter, whether in regard to his discrimination in perceiving and appreciating the evils of the usage, his firmness in abolishing it at once, or his wisdom and courage in surmounting the

prejudices of a large portion of all ranks in the army. Within a week after he received it, he had commenced measures to abolish the indiscriminate issue of spirit rations to soldiers on board ship and on foreign stations. So long as a quantity of spirits, amounting to about six or seven ounces (in India it was the 20th part of a gallon), formed part of the regular diet or daily ration of a soldier which he was obliged to swallow or to throw away, what rational hope could be entertained that the exertions of commanding officers, however well directed, would have much effect in checking drunkenness? The indiscriminate daily use of spirits is not necessary for the efficiency or health of troops in any climate, and their abuse is a fertile source of disabilities, diseases, and crimes, both moral and military. To drink daily nearly half a pint of spirits was then a part of the *duty* of a soldier; and that this duty might be effectually executed, it was the usage of the service, in many stations, to have it performed under the superintendence of a commissioned officer, who certified to his commanding officer that he had witnessed each man drink his dram or ration of spirits. Perhaps a more successful plan for converting temperate men into drunkards could not have been invented.

During 1829, Dr. Marshall was attached to the War Office, and in 1830, he was promoted to the rank of deputy-inspector of hospitals by Lord Har-

dinge. Here ended his active service in the army, and he was placed on half-pay.

Shortly after the promulgation of the instructions for the guidance of medical officers in the duty of examining recruits, which were drawn up by Dr. Marshall, and were the result of a most laborious and difficult inquiry, it occurred to Lord Hardinge, that the publication of this document, together with the pensioning warrant, and other relative papers, accompanied by a suitable commentary, would be useful, in the form of a small volume, for the information of officers of the army; with this object, Dr. Marshall published in—

1832.—'On the Enlisting, the Discharging, and the Pensioning of Soldiers, with the Official Documents on these Branches of Military Duty.' London, 1832. 8vo, pp. 243.

In the summer of this year, Dr. Marshall married Anne, eldest daughter of James Wingate, Esq. of Westshiels. This union was, as we often said, the best earthly blessing of a long and happy life.

1833.—'Contributions to Statistics of the Army, with some Observations on Military Medical Returns. No. I.'—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, vol. xl. p. 36.

It would be a work of supererogation for us to say one word in favour of military statistics, as a means of illustrating the condition of an army. For some

time, however, after the publication of this paper, the utility of condensing and arranging medical returns was but very partially recognised; and Dr. Marshall's 'array' of figures was laughed and sneered at by some who ought to have known better.

1833.—'Contributions to Statistics of the Army. No. II.'—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, vol. xl. p. 307.

1834.—'Sketch of the Geographical Distribution of Diseases.'—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xxxviii. p. 330.

1834.—'Abstract of the Returns of the Sick of the Troops belonging to the Presidency of Fort-George, Madras, for the years 1827 to 1830.'—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xxxix. p. 133.

1834.—'On the Mortality of the Infantry of the French Army.'—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xlii. p. 34.

1835.—'Observations on the Influence of a Tropical Climate upon the Constitution and Health of natives of Great Britain.'—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, vol. xliv. p. 28.

1835.—'Contributions to Statistics of the British Army. No. III.'—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, vol. xliv. p. 353.

In 1835, Dr. Marshall, along with Sir A. M. Tulloch (who has done such excellent service since) was appointed to investigate the statistics of the

sickness, mortality, and invaliding of the British army. Their report on the sickness, mortality, and invaliding among the troops in the West Indies was laid before Parliament the following year.

This report produced a change which was nothing short of a revolution in this department of military polity; it destroyed the old established notion of *seasoning*. The period of service in Jamaica used to be nine or ten years; this is now divided between it and the Mediterranean stations and British America. The reason alleged for keeping them so long in so notoriously unhealthy a station, was the military and medical fallacy, that Europeans by length of residence became 'seasoned.' This fallacy, which had been the source of so much misery, and crime, and death, and expense, was completely dissipated by these statistical returns, from which it was found that (as in every other case) mortality depended upon *age*, and that young soldiers lived longer there than older ones, however 'seasoned' by residence or disease. The annual mortality of the troops in Jamaica was thirteen in the hundred by the medical returns, but the actual mortality amounted to about two per cent. more, a mortality of which we may give some idea, by stating that a soldier serving one year in Jamaica encountered as much risk of life as in six such actions as Waterloo,—there one in forty fell, in Jamaica one in

seven annually. No wonder that the poor soldier, knowing that eight or nine years must elapse before he left this deadly place, and seeing a seventh comrade die every year, lost all hope, mind and body equally broken down, and sank into drunkenness and an *earlier* grave. He eventually concluded, that it is a glorious climate where a man is always 'dry' and has always plenty to drink. Another evil pointed out by this able report, was that produced by the use of salted provisions. This practice was immediately changed. It also brought to light a curious and important fact, that in the barracks situated at Maroon Town, Jamaica, 2000 feet above the sea, the annual mortality was only 32 per 1000, while at Up-Park Camp, nearly on the level of the sea, it was 140 per 1000. The knowledge of this extraordinary, but till the report, undiscovered fact,[1] has been acted upon with eminent benefit; so much so, that, had it been known during the seventeen years previously, the lives of 1387 men, and £27,740, might have been saved. We never met with a more remarkable instance of the practical effects of statistics.[2]

1837.—'Contribution to Statistics of the Sickness and Mortality which occurred among the Troops

[1] See Note at the end of this Paper.

[2] Any one wishing a fuller account of this memorable experiment and its results, will find it in an admirable paper by Sir A. M. Tulloch, K.C.B., read before the Statistical Society in 1847.

employed on the Expedition to the Scheldt, in the year 1809.'—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xlviii. p. 305.

1839.—'Contribution to Statistics of Hernia among Recruits for the British, and Conscripts for the French Army.'—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, vol. l. p. 15.

1839.—'On the Enlisting, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers, with the Official Documents on these branches of Military Duty.' Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1839.

1846.—'Military Miscellany.' 8vo. London, 1846.

This most entertaining and effective book is a complete epitome of its author's mind and character; it has something of everything that was peculiar to him. Although dissuaded by his military friends—with only one exception—from publishing it, as being likely to produce dissatisfaction in the ranks, and offend commanding-officers: no such effect followed, but the reverse. It is, as its name denotes, not so much a treatise, as a body of multifarious evidence, enabling any man of ordinary humanity and sense to make up his mind on the various questions handled in it,—Recruiting—enlistment—moral and physical qualities of recruits—duration of engagement—suicide in the army, its greater frequency than in civil life, and the reason of this—punishments—rewards—vices and

virtues of soldiers—pensions—education; these, and such like, are the subjects which are not so much discussed, as exhibited and proved. At the time the *Miscellany* came out, many things concurred in rapidly promoting its great end. The public mind having been enlightened on the evils of flogging in the army, and of perpetual service, was bestirring itself in its own rough and vague but energetic way; there was a 'clamour' on these subjects; Dr. Fergusson's eloquent and able though somewhat exaggerative 'Notes and Reminiscences of Professional Life,' published after his death, advocated much the same views as Dr. Marshall, and three elaborate and powerful articles in the *Times* on these two books and their subjects, written with great ability and tact, had excited the attention of the nation when this was brought to its operative point, by one of those deplorable incidents out of which not seldom comes immediate and great good; the sort of event which beyond all others rouses the British people and makes it act as one man, and in this case fortunately they were well informed before being roused. The first of the three articles in the *Times* appeared on the 2d of July 1846, and straightway,—as a practical lecture concludes by the exhibition of a crucial and decisive experiment,—on the 11th of the same month a soldier died at Hounslow, apparently from the effects of punishment inflicted in the previous month. This

sealed the fate of the flogging system. The idea of Frederick John White of the 7th Hussars, 'a brave fellow, who walked away whistling,' and was said to be 'gentlemanly, affable, and mild,' dying of flogging at John Bull's very door, was too much for John and his family, and one of the things he could stand no longer. The Commander-in-Chief instantly directed that henceforth fifty lashes should be the maximum. At the time, much of this result was attributed, in the public prints and in Parliament, to Dr. Marshall's book. Next session of Parliament more was done for bettering the lot of the common soldier.[1] The present Lord Panmure introduced a bill into Parliament, limiting the period for which a soldier enlists to twelve years in the cavalry and ordnance, and ten in the infantry, instead of as formerly for life, which, after considerable discussion, was passed; continual reference was made in the debates to the *Miscellany*, and its author had the satisfaction of witnessing the

[1] The sale of spirituous liquors in canteens was abolished at this time, and with the very best results. Colonel the Hon. James Lindsay, M.P., has the merit of having contributed mainly to the removal of this crying evil. His speech on moving for an inquiry into the canteen system, is a model of the manner in which such subjects should be handled—clear, compact, soldier-like. He makes the following just, but often overlooked distinction—'He believed it would not be difficult to show, that though an habitual drunkard and an habitual drinker were two different things, the one was as great an expense to the country as the other.'

completion of those cardinal ameliorations. We cannot convey a juster idea of this homely, unpretending volume, than in the generous words of a distinguished Belgian physician (M. Fallot) :—'C'est l'ouvrage d'un homme possédant parfaitement la matière, ayant passé la plus grande partie de sa vie à étudier le caractère, les mœurs et les besoins des soldats au milieu desquels il vivait et au bien-être desquels il avait voué son existence. Ayant autant d'élévation dans les vues que d'indépendance dans l'esprit, il a aperçu les défauts partout où ils existaient, et a eu le courage de les mettre à nu et de les signaler. A ceux qui craindraient que le mémoire ne fût trop sérieux ou trop monotone, je dois dire que la foule d'anecdotes piquantes, de citations heureuses et opportunes, dont le mémoire est semé, reposent et distraient agréablement l'esprit du lecteur.'

Dr. Marshall's last publication on military subjects was in 1849—'Suggestions for the Advancement of Military Medical Literature.' These were his parting words for the service he had devoted the energies of a long lifetime to—a sort of legacy bequeathed to those who were going forward in the same good work. He was then labouring under a mortal disease, one of the most painful and terrible to which our flesh is heir—of its real nature and only termination he was, with his usual sagacity, aware from the first, and yet with all this, we never got a kinder wel-

come, never saw one more cheerful, or more patient in listening to what concerned only others. He used to say, 'This is bad, very bad, in its own way as bad as can be, but everything else is good: my home is happy; my circumstances are good; I always made a little more than I spent, and it has gathered of course; my life has been long, happy, busy, and I trust useful, and I have had my fill of it; I have lived to see things accomplished, which I desired, ardently longed for fifty years ago, but hardly hoped ever to see.' With that quiet, rational courage, which was one of his chief but hidden qualities, he possessed his soul in patience in the midst of intense suffering, and continued to enjoy and to use life for its best purposes to the last.

Of religion, and especially of his own religion, he was not in the habit of speaking much; when he did, it was shortly and to the purpose, and in a way which made every one feel that the root of the matter was in him. His views of God, of sin, and of himself, and his relation to his Maker and the future, were of the simplest and most operative kind. When in Ceylon, and living much alone, away from religious books and ordinances, and religious talk, and controversy, and quarrel,—away also from that *religiosity* which is one of the curses of our time,—he studied his New Testament, and in this, as in every other matter, made up his mind for himself Not that he

avoided religious conversation, but he seemed never to get over the true sacredness of anything connected with his own personal religion. It was a favourite expression of his, that religion resolved itself into wonder and gratitude—intelligent wonder; humble and active gratitude—such wonder and such gratitude as the New Testament calls forth.

Dr. Marshall, as may readily be supposed, was not what the world calls a genius; had he been one, he probably would not have done what he did. Yet he was a man of a truly original mind; he had his own way of saying and doing everything; he had a knack of taking things at first-hand; he was original, inasmuch as he contrived to do many things nobody else had done; a sort of originality worth a good deal of 'original genius.' And like all men of a well-mixed, ample, and genial nature, he was a humorist of his own and that a very genuine kind; his short stories, illustrative of some great principle in morals or in practical life, were admirable and endless in number; if he had not been too busy about more serious matters, he might have filled a volume with anecdotes, every one of them at once true and new, and always setting forth and pointing some vital truth. Curiously enough, it was in this homely humour, that the strength and the consciousness of strength, which one might not have expected from his mild manner and his spare and fragile frame, came out; his satire,

his perfect appreciation of the value and size of those he had in view, and his 'pawky' intuition into the motives and secret purposes of men, who little thought they were watched by such an eye,—was one of the most striking, and gravely comic bits of the mental picturesque; it was like Mind looking at and taking the measure and the weight of Body, and Body standing by grandly unconscious and disclosed; and hence it was that, though much below the average height, no one felt as if he were little—he was any man's match. His head and eye settled the matter; he had a large, compact, commanding brain, and an eye singularly intelligent, inevitable, and calm.

Dr. Marshall died on the 5th May 1851, at Edinburgh, where he had for many years lived. Though out of the service, he was constantly occupied with some good work, keeping all his old friends, and making new and especially young ones, over whom he had a singular power; he had no children, but he had the love of a father for many a youth, and the patience of a father too. In his married life, to use his own words, 'I got what I was in search of for forty years, and I got this at the very time it was best for me, and I found it to be better and more than I ever during these forty long years had hoped for.'

Had such a man as Dr. Marshall appeared in

France, or indeed anywhere else than in Britain, he would have been made a Baron at the least. He did not die the less contented that he was not; and we must suppose, that there is some wise though inscrutable final cause why our country, in such cases, makes virtue its own and only reward, and is *leonum arida nutrix*, a very dry nurse indeed.

Besides the publications we have mentioned, in connexion with military statistics and hygiène, Dr. Marshall published a history and description of Ceylon, which, after all the numerous works on 'the utmost Indian isle, remains at once the shortest, the fullest, and the best. He also published on the coco-nut tree, and a sketch of the geographical distribution of disease, besides many other occasional papers, in all of which he makes out something at once new and true. In the well-weighed words of Dr. Craigie: 'He was the first to show how the multiplied experience of the medical officers of the British Army at home and abroad, by methodical arrangement and concentration, might be applied by the use of computation, to furnish exact and useful results in medical statistics, medical topography, the geographical relations of diseases, medical hygiène, and almost every other branch of military medicine. *Dr. Marshall must indeed be regarded as the father and founder of military medical statistics, and of their varied applications.*' We end our notice of this truly

excellent public servant, with his own dying words: 'In many respects, I consider myself one of the most fortunate individuals who ever belonged to the medical department of the army. Through a long life I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health, and my duties have been a pleasure to me. Having generally had some literary undertaking on hand, more or less connected with military hygiène, I have enjoyed much intellectual gratification. "To labour diligently, and to be content (says the son of Sirach), is a sweet life." My greatest delight has been to promote a melioration of the condition of soldiers, and in the prosecution of this important object, I hope I have done some good. I have much reason to be grateful to Divine Providence for the many blessings I have enjoyed, and continue to enjoy. Although my elementary education was extremely limited, my professional instruction defective, and my natural talents moderate, I have no reason to complain of my progress and standing in the service. Every step of advancement which I gained in the army was obtained without difficulty. When I look back upon my progress in life, it seems to me that I have been led "in a plain path," and that my steps have been "ordered."'

We had intended giving some account of the medical military worthies who preceded Dr. Marshall, but we have left ourselves no space

Among them may be reckoned Sir John Pringle, the earliest and one of the best;[1] Drs. Brocklesby, the generous friend of Burke and Johnson; D. Monro; R. Somerville; R. Jackson, whose system of arrangement and discipline for the medical department of the army is most valuable and judicious, and far in advance of its date, 1805; Cheyne, Lempriere, and Fergusson. All these reformers, differing as they often did in the specific objects and expedients they each had in view, agreed in the great, but then imperfectly known and recognised principle, that prevention is not only better, but easier and cheaper than cure—that health is more manageable than

[1] Sir John Pringle was truly what his epitaph in Westminster Abbey calls him, *egregius vir*—a man not of the common herd; a man in advance of his age. He is our earliest health reformer, the first who in this country turned his mind and that of the public to hygiène as a part of civil polity. In the Library of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, there were deposited by him, in 1781, a year before his death, ten large folios of MSS., entitled 'Medical Annotations,' forming the most remarkable record we have ever seen of the active intelligence and industry of a physician in the course of an immense London practice. Among other valuable matter, these volumes contain a 'Treatise on Air, Climate, Diet, and Exercise,' as subjects concerning public as well as personal health, which indicates, in a very interesting manner, the infantile condition of this science at that time, and the author's singularly liberal, sagacious, and practical opinions. This treatise is continued from time to time through many volumes, and must have been many years in writing. It is much to be regretted, that by the terms of his gift of these MSS., the College is forbidden ever to publish any of them. When a history of vital statistics and

disease—and that in military, as in civil life, by discovering and attending to the laws by which God regulates the course of nature, and the health of his rational creatures, immense evils may be prevented with the utmost certainty, which evils, if once incurred, no skill and art can countervail; in the one case, nature in her courses fights for, in the other against us;—serious odds!

When and how is the world to be cured of its passion for the game of war? As to the *when*, we may safely say it is not yet come. In her voyage down the great stream, our world has not yet slid into that spacious and blessed Pacific, where

hygiène is written, as we trust it may soon be, and we know of only one man (Dr. Farr) who can fulfil this task, this treatise, dating nearly 100 years back, will deserve its due, as the herald of so much after good.

Besides being, what only one other Scotchman, we believe, ever has been (the Earl of Morton), President of the Royal Society, he was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; and his observations on the diseases of the army, so famous in his day, with his discourse on some late improvements in preserving the health of mariners, may still be read with advantage for their accurate description, their humane spirit, and plain good sense, and stand out in marked contrast to the error, ignorance, and indifference then prevalent in all matters concerning the *prevention* of disease. His greatest glory in his own day is his least now, his epitaph bearing on its front that he was the man—

> 'Quem celcissima Walliæ Princessa
> Regina serenissima,
> Ipsius denique Regis Majestas,
> Medicum sibi comprobavit'

'Birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.'

We have no more got this length than we have that to which a friend of the author of *The New Moral World* so eagerly looked forward, when she asked him—

'When shall we arrive at that state of pudity,
When we shall all walk about in our native nudity?'

We fear we cannot yet dispense altogether either with our clothes or our cartridges. We cannot afford to beat all our swords into ploughshares. But we as firmly believe that we are on our way to this, and that the fighting peace-men are doing much good. The idea of peace, as a thing quite practicable, is gaining the ear of the public, and from thence it will find its way into its brain, and down to its heart, and thence out in act by its will. We have no doubt that the time is coming when, for a great trading nation like ours, supplying a world with knowledge, calico, and tools, to keep an immense army and navy will be as manifestly absurd and unbusiness-like, as it would be for a bagman from Manchester, or a traveller from 'The Row,' to make his rounds among his customers, armed *cap-a-pie*, soliciting orders with his circular in one hand, and a Colt's revolver in the other. As to the *how*, chiefly in three ways: *First*, By the commercial principle of profit and loss,—of a heavy balance against, coming to influence the transactions of nations, as it has long done those of

private and social life—free-trade, mutual connexion and intercourse, the proof, publicly brought out, that the interest of the body-politic is also that of every one of its members, and the good of the whole that also specially of each part—the adoption, not merely in theory, but in practice, of a law of nations, by the great leading powers, and the submitting disputes regarding territory, commerce, and all the questions arising out of active multifarious trading among the nations, to reason and fixed rules, and settling them by the arbitration of intelligent humane men, instead of by the discharge of a park of artillery. *Secondly*, By the art of war being by scientific discovery so advanced in the degree and the immediateness of its destructiveness, so certain utterly to destroy one of the sides, or it may be both, that it would come to be as much abolished among well-bred, enlightened nations as the duel would be among civilized men were it certain that one or both of the combatants must be extinguished on the spot. 'Satisfaction' would not be so often asked by nations or individuals, and dissatisfaction not so often expressed, were this accomplished. *Thirdly*, and chiefly, By nations not only becoming shrewder and more truly aware of their own interests and of what 'pays'—or such 'dead shots' as to make the issue of any war rapid and fatal, but most of all by their growing, in the only true sense, better,—more under the habitual

influence of genuine virtue, more informed with the knowledge, and the fear, and the love of God and of His laws.

Since finishing this paper, we have seen a copy of the new statistical report on the sickness and mortality of the British army, submitted on the 31st of March to the Secretary at War, and presented the other day to Parliament. It does infinite credit to the energy, and accuracy, and judgment, of Sir A. M. Tulloch and Dr. Graham Balfour, by whom it has been prepared; and is one of the most valuable results yet obtained from that method of research of which Dr. Marshall was, as we have seen, the originator. It is not easy to make an abstract of what is itself the concentrated essence of an immense number of voluminous reports—the two valuable public servants above mentioned have always heartily acknowledged their obligations to Dr. Marshall, and they conclude their prefatory notice by saying,—'The death of Dr. Marshall, inspector-general of hospitals, has deprived us of the valuable aid previously afforded by that officer, in the medical details, for which his long acquaintance with the statistics of his profession so well qualified him.' We shall make a few random extracts, to show how well grounded Mr. Sidney Herbert's statement is, that the common soldier never was better off than now. The report begins with enumerating the improvements in the

condition of the soldier since their last report in 1841. We have already mentioned the chief of these. During seven years upwards of £16,000 have been expended in the purchase of books for barrack libraries, and it is found that the numbers who avail themselves of this new source of occupation are every year on the increase, and thus much of the time formerly wasted in the canteen, to the injury alike of health and morals, is now devoted to reading. Great improvements have been made in the construction and ventilation of barracks and the means of ablution. The good-conduct pay is found to work excellently. Prior to 1837, the maximum of pay to a private could never exceed 1s. 2d. per day in the infantry, 1s. 5d. in the cavalry, exclusive of beer-money, even after twenty years' service and the best character; but by the operation of the good-conduct warrants, a soldier by the same service may now obtain 1s. 4d. a day in infantry, and 1s. 7d. in cavalry. This has greatly added to the comforts of old soldiers, some of whom, being married, could only support their families by restricting their personal expenditure to an extent hardly compatible with health. The evening meal of coffee or tea and bread, which had been adopted by a few corps in 1837, is now general, and with, as might be expected, the best results. Suicide in the cavalry is more than double that in the infantry, being annually

as 5·8 in every 10,000 is to 2·2. This seems strange, as the cavalry is a more popular service and better paid, and the men of a higher class, and, one would think, the duties more interesting. The report gives the conjecture, that this may arise from so many of them being men of broken fortunes, who enlist when rendered destitute by extravagance. In the Foot Guards suicide is very rare, but the mortality from disease is very great. The deaths among them annually per 1000, are at the rate of 20·4; in the infantry of the line, 17·9; cavalry, 13·6; and in the civil population of large towns, 11·9. In the household cavalry the mortality is still less: owing to their living better lives, and having larger pay and more comfort, and less exposure and better accommodation, their average per 1000 is only 11·1; but this result is also materially owing to *a weeding process*, by which those who exhibit traces of constitutional disease, or who are injuring their health and bringing discredit on the corps by dissipation, are from time to time discharged—216 of these *mauvais sujets* having been weeded out during the ten years to which the report refers.

'Such a weeding,' the reporters very truly observe, 'cannot fail to have a very beneficial effect both on their moral and physical condition, and, if practicable, would be of vast benefit also in other branches of the service.' The difficulty originates in this, that in the

line the rate of pay is less than the average wages of the labouring classes, while in the Horse Guards it is greater.

Under the head of fevers, we find this extraordinary proof of the fatality of typhus in the troops of the United Kingdom :—in the cavalry, of those attacked, 1 in $3\frac{1}{7}$ dies; in the Foot Guards, 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$; in the infantry, 1 in 4—*which is quite as high as the mortality of the remittent or yellow fever in the West Indies.*

Nothing can be more satisfactory than the report on corporal punishments.

'This description of punishment has now become so rare, that in the Foot Guards only one instance has occurred in every 1000 men annually; in the Regiments of the Line the proportion was five times as great. The large number of recruits in the latter, particularly after their return from foreign service, may be assigned as one cause for this difference, as also their being dispersed over the country, and in many instances in quarters where no facilities exist for imprisonment. The establishment of military prisons, to which offenders may be sent from all parts of the country, has of late provided a remedy for this, which will be likely to render the contrast less striking in future years. The admissions in the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons, are 3 per 1000 annually, being a mean between the Foot Guards and Infantry of the Line.

'We have no means of comparing the proportion

during the period included in this Report with that of the previous seven years, except for the Cavalry, in which will be found a decrease in the admissions from 8 to 3 per thousand of the mean strength annually; so rare, indeed, is this description of punishment in the present day, that it may almost be considered extinct, except as regards a few incorrigibles, who are unfortunately to be found in the ranks of every regiment, and who are probably equally numerous in civil life. The following Table exhibits the gradual decrease in this description of punishment among the several classes of troops in this country for each year since 1837 :—

	1837	1838	1839	1840	1841	1842	1843	1844	1845	1846	Total.
Number Punished.											
Dragoon Guards and Dragoons,	14	14	29	17	24	16	7	28	23	11	188
Foot Guards, .	4	3	7	3	2	4	5	5	6	1	40
Infantry of the Line, . . .	68	92	86	46	56	59	76	107	151	27	768
Ratio per 1000 Punished.											
Dragoon Guards and Dragoons,	2·5	2·7	5·5	3·2	4·5	3·2	1·3	4·5	3·9	2·0	3·4
Foot Guards, .	·9	1·0	2·2	·9	·6	1·2	1·0	1·0	1·2	·2	1·0
Infantry of the Line, . . .	5·7	6·9	5·9	4·9	4·6	4·3	3·8	4·3	6·9	1·4	4·8

'This reduction in corporal punishment extends not merely to the troops at home, but to the whole Army, as will be seen by the following Summary, prepared from the returns forwarded annually to the Adjutant-General's Department from every Regiment in the Service :—

Years.	Effective Strength in each Year.	Sentenced to Corporal Punishment.	Ratio per 1000 Sentenced to Corporal Punishment.
1838	96,907	988	10·2
1839	103,152	935	9·1
1840	112,653	931	8·3
1841	116,369	866	7·4
1842	120,313	881	7·3
1843	123,452	700	5·6
1844	125,105	695	5·5
1845	125,252	696	5·5
1846	126,501	519	4·1

'Thus, instead of 10 men in every thousand throughout the army having undergone corporal punishment, as was the case in 1838, the proportion in 1846 was only 4 per thousand. And not only has there been this great reduction in the frequency, but a corresponding alteration has taken place in the severity also. Even so late as 1832, the number of lashes which might be awarded by a General Court-Martial was unlimited, and in 1825, it is on record that one man was sentenced to 1900, of which he received 1200. From 1832 to 1837, the maximum number of lashes inflicted by the sentence of such Courts became gradually reduced as follows:—

1832	1833	1834	1835	1836	1837
800	500	600	500	400	200

'After 1836 no higher number could be awarded, even by a General Court-Martial, than 200 lashes;

while a District Court-Martial was limited to 150, and a Regimental one to 100. Since 1847 the maximum of this description of punishment has been limited to 50 lashes; but the effect of that restriction on the admissions into hospital will fall to be considered rather in a subsequent Report than on the present occasion.

'When this amelioration commenced, grave apprehensions were entertained that it would give rise to such relaxation of discipline as to cause a considerable increase in the description of offences for which corporal punishment had usually been awarded, and that transportation and capital punishment would become more frequent; but never were apprehensions less warranted by the result, as will be seen by the following abstract of the Table prepared from the Adjutant-General's Return, No. XII. of Appendix:—

'In 1838, out of 96,907 men, there were 9944 Courts-Martial; 441 general, and 4813 district; sentenced to death, 14; transportation, 221;—while in 1846, out of 126,591, there were 9212 Courts-Martial, whereof there were 200 general and 3959 district; sentenced to death, 1; transportation, 114.'

All this has occurred *without any relaxation of discipline*, the army never having been in a more efficient state than at present.

This paper was written in 1853. Since that time much has been done in carrying out genuine army

reform and hygiène. The Crimean War, with its glory and its havoc, laid bare and made intolerable many abuses and wants. Above all, it fixed the eyes of their country on the miseries, the wrongs, and the virtues of the common soldier. Whatever may be said by history of our skill in the art of war, as displayed during that campaign, one thing was tried and not found wanting in that terrible time—the stoutness, the endurance, the 'bottom,' of our race,—what old Dr. Caius calls 'the olde manly hardnes, stoute courage, and peinfulnes of Englande.'[1]

We need not say how much more the nation loved and cared for these noble fellows, when it saw that to these, the cardinal virtues of a soldier, were added, in so many instances, the purest devotion, patience, intelligence, and a true moral greatness. It is the best test, as it is the main glory and chief end of a true civilisation, its caring for the great body of the people. This it is which distinguishes our time from all others,—and the common soldier is now sharing in this movement, which is twice blessed.

But all great and true generals, from King David, Hannibal, Cæsar, Cromwell, the great Frederic, etc., down to our own Sir Colin, have had their men's comforts, interests, and lives at heart. The late Lord Dunfermline—*magni parentis filius haud degener*—

[1] From his 'Booke or Counseil against the disease called the Sweate, made by Jhon Caius, Doctour in Phisicke, 1552.'

when speaking, with deep feeling and anger, to the writer, about the sufferings of the men, and the frightful blunders in the Crimea, told the following story of his father, the great and good Sir Ralph Abercromby. After his glorious victory, the dying general was being carried on a litter to the boat of the 'Foudroyant,' in which he died. He was in great pain from his wound, and could get no place to rest. Sir John Macdonald (afterwards adjutant-general) put something under his head. Sir Ralph smiled and said, 'That is a comfort; that is the very thing. What is it, John?' 'It is only a soldier's blanket, Sir Ralph.' 'Only a soldier's blanket, Sir!' said the old man, fixing his eye severely on him. '*Whose* blanket is it?' 'One of the men's.' 'I wish to know the name of the man whose this blanket is,—and everything paused till he was satisfied. 'It is Duncan Roy's of the 42d, Sir Ralph.' 'Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night;' and, wearied and content, the soldier's friend was moved to his death-bed. 'Yes, Doctor,' said Lord Dunfermline, in his strong, earnest way, 'the whole question is in that blanket—in Duncan getting his blanket that very night.'

I cannot conclude these remarks more fitly, than by quoting the following evidence, given before the Commissioners on the sanitary state of the Army, by Dr. Balfour, the worthy pupil of Dr. Marshall, and now

medical officer of the Royal Asylum, Chelsea; any man may see from it what good sense, good feeling, and sanitary science, may accomplish and prevent.

'On the retirement of Dr. Marshall, I was associated with Colonel Tulloch in the preparation of the subsequent reports. In the course of that duty I was much struck with the great amount of mortality generally, and the large proportion of it which appeared to be caused by preventible disease. I subsequently had the opportunity of verifying my opinion on this point, by watching the results which followed the adoption of various sanitary measures which we recommended in our report, and which were carried out to a greater or less extent. The results obtained from these changes fully confirmed my previous opinions, and led me to continue to make the subject my special study.

'Is the present diet of the soldier well calculated to produce this effect?—I think not; it would scarcely be possible to devise anything worse calculated for the purpose, than the diet of the soldier was when I first joined the service. He had then two meals a day, breakfast and dinner; and the period between dinner and breakfast the following day was nineteen hours. His dinner consisted of perpetual boiled beef and broth. Subsequently the introduction of the evening meal, which had been pressed upon the attention of the military authorities by the medical officers for

many years, effected a very great improvement. In other respects, his diet, as laid down by regulation, continues the same as at that period. It is monotonous to a degree. I have frequently seen, in a barrack-room, soldiers, and especially the older ones, leave the broth untouched.

'Would it be possible to improve the soldiers' diet by infusing into it greater variety?—I know practically it is quite possible to do so. When I was appointed to the Royal Military Asylum, I found the system of feeding the boys pretty much the same as that in the army, but not quite so monotonous, as they had baked mutton on Sundays, suet pudding three days in the week, and boiled beef on the other three days: the meat was always boiled, but they did not get broth, the liquor being thrown away. They had abundance of food, their dinner consisting, on meat days, of eleven ounces of meat, without bone, which is more than is given to the soldier; but they did not eat it with relish, and quantities of food were taken away to the hog-tub. The boys were pale and feeble, and evidently in a very low state of health. Mr. Benjamin Phillips, a very high authority on scrofulous disease, told me, that when he examined the school, while engaged in preparing his work on scrofula for publication, he found the boys lower in point of physique than almost any school he had examined, even including those of the workhouses. After a care-

ful examination of the dietaries of almost all the principal schools established for children in England and Scotland, I prepared a scale of diet, which was sanctioned by the Commissioners in December 1848, and, with a few slight modifications, is now in use at the asylum. The chief points I kept in view were, to give a sufficient amount of food in varied and palatable forms, and without long intervals of fasting. The following are the old and the present scales of dietaries :—

ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM, CHELSEA.

DIET TABLE OF THE BOYS OF THE ASYLUM IN 1848.

Days of Week.	Breakfast at 8 A.M.	Dinner at 1 P.M.	Supper at 6 P.M.
Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday	Cocoa ½ oz. Sugar ½ oz. Milk ½ gill Bread 5 oz.	Beef 11 oz. Potatoes 8 ,, Bread 5 ,, Table-beer ½ pt.	Bread 5 oz. Milk ½ pt.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday	Ditto	Suet 2 oz. Flour 8 ,, Potatoes 8 ,, Bread 5 ,, Table-beer ½ pt.	Do.
Saturday		Rt. Mutton, 11 oz. Potatoes 8 ,, Bread 5 ,, Beer ½ pt.	Do.

Children under eight years of age have 8 oz. of meat instead of 11 oz and 4 oz. of bread instead of 5 oz

'DIET TABLE OF THE BOYS OF THE ASYLUM IN JULY 1857.

Days of Week.	Breakfast at 8 A.M.	Dinner at 1 P.M.	At half-past 3 P.M.	Supper at 8 P.M.
Sunday	Cocoa ½ oz. Sugar ½ ,, Milk ½ gill Bread 5 oz.	Irish stew: beef 6 oz., potatoes 8 ,, onions ¼ ,, Pudding: flour 2 ,, suet ½ ,, Bread 2½ ,,	Bread 2½ oz.	Bread 5 oz. Milk ½ pt.
Monday		Boiled beef 6 oz. Broth ½ pt. Greens 6 oz. Bread 2½ ,,	,,	,,
Tuesday		Roast mutton 6 oz. Yorkshire pudding: flour 4 ,, suet ½ ,, Bread 2½ ,,	,,	,,
Wednesday		Irish stew: beef 6 oz., potatoes 6 ,, onions ¼ ,, Bread 2½ ,,	,,	,,
Thursday		Roast mutton 8 oz. Rice pudding: rice 2 ,, milk ½ pt. sugar ½ oz. Bread 2½ ,,	,,	,,
Friday		Stewed beef 6 oz. Rice 3 ,, Treacle ½ ,, Bread 2½ ,,	,,	,,
Saturday		Boiled beef 6 oz. Potatoes 6 ,, Broth ½ pt. Bread 2½ oz.	,,	,,

Children under eight to have 4 oz. of meat instead of 6 oz.

'Did the improvement in the dietary greatly increase its cost?—On the contrary, *it saved nearly £300 a year in the feeding of the establishment.* By introducing a greater variety, the boys took the whole of their food with relish, and I was able to get them into good condition by distributing the same amount of meat over seven days that they previously had in four.

'Were the results satisfactory?—The results were far beyond my expectation. Comparing the sickness and mortality in the establishment for the ten years previous to my appointment, and for the eight years and a half that have passed since these alterations were introduced, I find that the sickness *has been reduced by about one-third*, and the annual mortality has fallen from 9·7 per 1000 of the strength on the average of ten years to 4·9 per 1000 on the average of eight years and a half. This is not entirely attributable to the change of diet, though that was a most important means. At the same time there were other improvements introduced, such as increased space in the dormitories, improved ventilation, and abundant means of cold bathing—all of which are most important elements in preserving health.

'I may mention another point with regard to health, that on the average of the ten years the proportion of boys reported unfit for military service by the surgeon was 12·4 per 1000 annually, principally on account of

scrofulous cicatrices on the neck that would have prevented them wearing the military stock, and during the eight years and a half it has been reduced to 4·55 per 1000. *It is now very little more than one-third of what it used to be.*'

NOTE—P. 163.

EXTRACT from a work entitled 'Plans for the Defence of Great Britain and Ireland, by Lieutenant-Colonel Dirom, D. Q. M. G. in North Britain, 1797.'

'In the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, where the troops are generally unhealthy in the garrisons along the coast, and were particularly so in the years 1750 and 1751,—a calamity doubly alarming, as the island was threatened with an attack by the combined forces of France and Spain, the late eminent Sir Alexander Campbell determined to try a new experiment for the accommodation of the troops. He chose an elevated situation on the mountains behind Kingston, called Stony Hill, where there was good water, a free circulation of air, and a temperature of climate in general ten degrees cooler than in the low country along the coast. The wood, which was cleared from the hill, and the soil, which was clay, were the chief materials used in constructing the barracks. The 19th and 38th Regiments were sent there on their arrival from America, and ground was allotted them for gardens. They enjoyed a degree of robust health very unusual in that climate. When not upon duty or under arms, they were employed in their gardens, or in amusements, the whole day long. Their wives and children enjoyed equal happiness; and, in the course of two years, this military colony, for so it appeared, had not at any time a greater, if even so great, a proportion of men sick as they would have had in Europe; and there is reason to believe that during that time they had nearly as many children born in the regiment as they had lost men by death.'

The author was at this time adjutant-general in Jamaica.

ART AND SCIENCE.

Περὶ γένεσιν τέχνη—περὶ τὸ ὂν ἐπιστήμη.—ARIST. AN. POST ii. xix. 4.

Θεωρητικῆς μὲν (ἐπιστήμης) τέλος ἀλήθεια· πρακτικῆς δ' ἔργον. —ARIST.

Per speculativam scimus ut sciamus; per practicam scimus ut operemur.—AVERROES.

ART AND SCIENCE.

WE give these thoughts with this caution to our readers as well as to ourselves, that they do not run them out of breath. There is always a temptation to push such contrasts too far. In fact, they are more provocatives to personal independent thought than anything else; if they are more, they are mischievous. Moreover, it must always be remembered that Art, even of the lowest and most inarticulate kind, is always tending towards a scientific form—to the discovery and assertion of itself; and Science, if it deserves the name, is never absolutely barren, but goes down into some form of human action—becomes an art. The two run into each other. Art is often the strong blind man, on whose shoulders the lame and seeing man is crossing the river, as in Bewick's tail-piece. No artsman is literally without conscious and systematized, selected knowledge, which is science; and no scientific man can remain absolutely inoperative; but of two men one may be predomi-

nantly the one, and another the other. The word Science, in what follows, is used mainly in the sense of information, as equivalent to a body of ascertained truths—as having to do with doctrines. The word Art is used in the sense of practical knowledge and applied power. The reader will find some excellent remarks on this subject, in Thomson's *Laws of Thought*, Introduction, and in Mill's *Logic*, book vi. chap. xi.

IN MEDICINE,

ART	SCIENCE
Looks to symptoms and occasions.	Looks to essence and cause.
Is therapeutic and prognostic.	Is diagnostic.
Has a method.	Has a system.
Is *ante mortem*.	Is *post mortem*.
Looks to function more than structure.	Looks *vice versa*.
	Studies the phenomena of poisoning.
Runs for the stomach-pump.	
Submits to be ignorant of much.	Submits to be ignorant of nothing.
Acts.	Speaks.

Science and Art are the offspring of light and truth, of intelligence and will; they are the parents of philosophy—that its father, this its mother. Art comes up out of darkness, like a flower,—is there before you are aware, its roots unseen, not to be meddled with safely; it has grown from a seed, itself once alive, perishing in giving birth to its child. It

draws its nourishment from all its neighbourhood, taking this, and rejecting that, by virtue of its elective instinct knowing what is good for it; it lives upon the *débris* of former life. It is often a thing without a name, a substance without an articulate form, a power felt rather than seen. It has always life, energy—*automatic* energy. It goes upon its own feet, and can go anywhere across a country, and hunts more by scent than sight. Science goes upon wheels, and must have a road or a rail. Art's leaves and stem may be harsh and uncomely; its flower—when its does flower—is beautiful, few things in this world more so. Science comes from the market; it is sold, can be measured and weighed, can be handled and gauged. It is full of light; but is lucid rather than luminous; it is, at its best, food, not blood, much less muscle—the fuel, not the fire. It is taken out of a nursery, and is planted as men plant larches. It is not propagated by seed; rather by bud, often by cutting. Many stick in leafy branches of such trees, and wonder like children, why they don't grow; they look well at first, 'but having no root they wither away.' You may cover a hillside with such plantations. You must court the sowing of the winds, the dropping of the acorns, the dung of birds, the rain, the infinite chances and helps of time, before you can get a glen feathered with oak-coppice or birks. You will soon sell your larches; they are

always in demand; they make good sleepers. You will not get a walking-stick out of them, a crutch for your old age, or a rib for a 74. You must take *them* from a wind-sown, wind-welded and heartened tree. Science is like cast-iron; soon made, brittle, and without elasticity, formal, useless when broken. Art is like malleable iron; tough, can cut, can be used up; is harder and has a spring. Your well-informed, merely scientific men, are all alike. Set one agoing at any point, he brings up as he revolves the same figures, the same thoughts, or rather ghosts of thoughts, as any ten thousand others. Look at him on one side, and, like a larch, you see his whole; every side is alike. Look at the poorest hazel, holding itself by its grappling talons on some grey rock, and you never saw one like it; you will never see one like it again; it has more sides than one; it has had a discipline, and has a will of its own; it is self-taught, self-sufficient.

Wisdom is the vital union of Art and Science; an individual result of the two: it is more excellent than either; it is the body animated by the soul; the will, knowing what to do, and how to do it; the members capable of fulfilling its bidding; the heart nourishing and warming the whole; the brain stimulating and quickening the entire organism.

SCIENCE AND ART, A CONTRASTED PARALLEL.

ART	SCIENCE
Knows little of its birth.	Knows its birth; registers it, and its after history.
Knows more of its progeny.	Has often no progeny at all.
Invents.	Discovers.
Uses the imperative.	Uses the indicative.
Is founded on experience.	Is antecedent to experience.
Teaches us to do.	Teaches us to know.
Is motive and dynamical.	Is statical and has no feet.
Is eductive and conductive.	Is inductive and deductive.
Involves knowledge.	Evolves it.
Buys it, making of it what it likes, and needs, and no more.	Makes it up, and sells it.
Has rules.	Has laws.
Is synthetical more than analytical.	Is the reverse.
Is regulative and administrative, and shows the *how*, cares less about the *why*.	Is legislative and judicial; says *what*; says little as to *how*, but much as to *why*.
Eats; makes muscles, and brains, and bones, and teeth, and fingers of it, without very well knowing how.	Makes food, cooks it, serves it up.
Is strong in organic life, and dwells in the *non-ego*.	Is strong in animal life, and dwells in the *ego*.
Is unconscious.	Is conscious.
Is a hand that handles tools; is executive.	Is a sword, or a knife, or a pen, or, in a word, an instrument.
Does something, and could do it again.	Says something, and can say it again.
Is gold.	Is coin.
Apprehends.	Comprehends.

Art	Science
Is endogenous, and grows from within.	Is exogenous, and grows from without.
Is often liferented; dies with its possessor.	Is transmissible.
Forges the mind.	Furnishes it.
Makes knowledge a means.	Makes it an end.
Is a master, and keeps apprentices.	Is a teacher, and has scholars.
Holds by the will.	Holds by the understanding.
Is effect.	Is cause.
Is great in τὸ ὅτι.[1]	Is great in τὸ διότι.
Is science embodied—materialized.	Is art spiritualized.
Is the outflowing of mind into nature.	Is the inflowing of nature into mind.
Is man *acting* on nature.	Is nature *speaking* to man.
Gives form, excellency, and beauty, to the rude material on which it operates.	Gives form, excellency, and beauty, to the otherwise uninformed intelligence in which it resides.
Uses one eye.	Uses the other.

Wisdom

Uses both, and is stereoscopic, discerning solidity as well as surface, and seeing on both sides; its vision being the *unum quid* of two images.

My friend, Dr. Adams of Banchory, tells me that Bacon somewhere calls Science and Art a pair of Cyclops, and that Kant calls them twin Polyphemes.

[1] Ἀρχὴ γὰρ τὸ ὅτι· καὶ εἰ τοῦτο φαίνοιτο ἀρκούτως, οὐδὲν προσδεήσει τοῦ διότι—Principium est enim scire rem ita esse; quod si satis sit perspicuum, cur ita sit non magnopere desideratur.—Arist. Eth. A. iv.

It may be thought that I have shown myself, in this parallel and contrast, too much of a partisan for Art as against Science, and the same may be not unfairly said of much of the rest of this volume: it was in a measure on purpose; the general tendency being counteractive of the purely scientific and positive, or merely informative current of our day. We need to remind ourselves constantly, that this kind of knowledge puffeth up, and that it is something quite else which buildeth up.[1] It has been finely said that Nature is the Art of God, and we may as truly say that all art—in the widest sense, as practical and productive—is his science. He knows all that goes to the making of everything, for He is himself, in the strictest sense, the only maker. He knows what made Shakspere and Newton, Julius Cæsar and Plato, what we know them to have been, and they are his by the same right as the sea is, and the strength of the hills, for He made them and his hands formed them, as well as the dry land. This making the circle for ever meet, this bringing Omega eternally round to Alpha, is, I think, more and more revealing itself as a great central, personal, regulative truth, and is being carried down more than ever into the recesses of physical research, where Nature is fast telling her long-kept secrets, all her tribes speaking each in their own tongue the wonderful works of

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, pp. 8-11.—Pickering's Ed.

God—the sea is saying, It is not in me,—everything is giving up any title to anything like substance, beyond being the result of the one Supreme Will. The more chemistry, and electrology, and life, are searched into by the keenest and most remorseless experiment, the more do we find ourselves admitting that motive power and force, as manifested to us, is derived, is in its essence immaterial, is direct from Him in whom we live and move, and to whom, in a sense quite peculiar, belongeth power.

Gravitation, we all allow, is not proveable to be inherent in matter; it is *ab extra;* and as it were, the attraction of his offspring to the infinite Parent, their being drawn to Him—the spirit, the *vis motiva*, returning to Him who gave it.

The Dynamical Theory, as it is called, tends this way. Search into matter, and try to take it at the quick ere it is aware, the nearer you are to it the less material it seems; it as it were recedes and shrinks—like moonlight vanishing as soon as scanned, and seems, as far as we can yet say, and as old Boscovich said, little else than a congeries of forces. Matter under the lens, is first seen as made up of atoms swimming in nothing; then further on, these atoms become themselves translucent, and, as if scared, break up and disappear. So that, for anything we are getting to know, this may be the only essence of matter, that it is capable of being acted upon, so as

to re-act; and that here, as well as in all that is more usually called spiritual and dynamical, God is all in all, the beginning, as he certainly is the ending; and that matter is what it is, simply by his willing it, and that his willing it to be, constitutes its essence.[1]

[1] The doctrine of the unity of nature, however difficult of physical proof by experiment,—and we might *a priori* expect it to be very difficult, for in such a case we must go up against the stream, instead of, as in analytics, going with it, it is a secret of nature, and she refuses stoutly to give it up, you can readily split the sunbeam into its spectrum, its chemical and electric rays; you cannot so readily gather them up into one,—but metaphysically, it has always seemed to me more than probable. If God is *one*, as we believe, and if he made all worlds out of nothing by his word, then surely, the nearest thing to the essence of all nature, when she came from God, the *materies materiæ*, must partake of his unity, or in words used elsewhere (Preface to Dr. Samuel Brown's *Lectures and Essays*), and somewhat altered: 'If we believe that matter and all created existence is the immediate result of the will of the Supreme, who of old inhabited his own eternity, and dwelt alone; that he said "*Fiat!*" *et fit*,—that Nature is for ever uttering to the great I AM, this one speech—"THOU ART!" is not the conclusion irresistible, that matter thus willed, resulting, as it does, in an external world, and, indeed, in all things visible and invisible, must partake of the absolute unity of its Author, and must, in any essence which it may be said to possess, be itself necessarily ONE, being by the same infinite Will made what we find it to be, multiform and yet one:—

"One God,—one law,—one *element*,"

In reference to this doctrine, Faraday, and indeed all advanced chemists and physicists, indicate that they are, as children used to say in their play, 'getting warm,' and nearing this great consummation, which will be the true philosophy of material science, its education from the multiple and complex, into the simple and one-fold.

The more the microscope searches out the molecular structure of matter, the thinner does its object become, till we feel as if the veil were not so much being withdrawn, as being worn away by the keen scrutiny, or rent in twain, until at last we come to the true Shechinah, and may discern through it, if our shoes are off, the words 'I AM,' burning, but not consumed.

There is a Science of Art, and there is an Art of Science—the Art of Discovery, as by a wonderful instinct, enlarging human knowledge. Some of the highest exercises of the human spirit have been here. All primary discoverers are artists in the sciences they work in. Newton's guess that the diamond was inflammable, and many instances which must occur to the reader, are of the true artsman kind; he did it by a sort of venatic sense—knowing somewhat, and venturing more—coming events forecasting their shadows, but shadows which the wise alone can interpret. A man who has been up all night, while the world was asleep, and has watched the day-spring, the light shooting and circulating in the upper heavens, knows that the sun is coming, that 'the bright procession' is 'on its way.' It shines afar to him, because he has watched it from his Fesole, and presaged the dawn. The world in general has not been an early riser; it is more given to sit late; it frequents the valleys more than the mountain-tops. Thus it is,

that many discoveries, which to us below seem mysterious, as if they had a touch of witchcraft about them, are the plain, certain discoveries of sagacious reason higher up. The scientific prophet has done all this, as Ruskin says, by 'the instinctive grasp which the healthy imagination[1] has of possible truth:' but he got the grasp and the instinct, and his means, from long rigorous practice with actual truth.

We ought to reverence these men, as we stand afar off on the plain, and see them going up 'the

[1] The part which imagination plays in all primary discoveries might be here enlarged on, were there room. Here, as everywhere else, the difficulty is to keep the mean, and avoid too much wing, or too little. A geologist or chemist without imagination, is a bird without wings; if he wants the body of common sense, and the brain of reason, he is like a butterfly; he may be a 'child of the sun,' and his emblazoned wings be 'rich as an evening sky,' but he is the sport of every wind of doctrine, he flutters to and fro purposeless, is brilliant and evanescent as the flowers he lives on. Rather should he be like the seraphim, 'who had six wings, with twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly;' reverence, modesty, and caution—a habit of walking humbly—are as much part of a great philosopher as insight and daring. But I believe there has been no true discoverer, from Galileo and Kepler, to Davy, Owen, and our own Goodsir—the Nimrods of 'possible truth'—without wings; they have ever had as their stoutest, stanchest hound, a powerful and healthy imagination to find and 'point' the game. None of these men remained within the positive known, they must hypothesize, as Warburton calls it; they must, by a necessity of their nature, reach from the known out into the unknown. The great thing is to start from a truth; to have a *punctum stans* from which to move.

mount,' and drawing nearer into the darkness where God dwells: they will return with a message for us.

This foretelling, or power of scientific anticipation, is, as we have said, the highest act of scientific man, and is an interpenetration of Ἐπιστήμη and Τέχνη.

Such a view as I have given, is in harmony with revelation, and unites with it in proclaiming the moral personality, not less than the omnipotence of God, who thus, in a sense quite literal, 'guides all the creatures with his eye, and refreshes them with his influence, making them feel the force of his Almightiness.'—(Jeremy Taylor.)[1] Every one must remember the sublimely simple shutting up of the *Principia*, as by 'a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.' The humility of its author has a grandeur in it greater than any pride; it is as if that lonely, intrepid thinker, who had climbed the heavens by that ladder he speaks of in such modest and homely phrase (patient observation, in which, if in anything, he thought he excelled other men,—the never missing a step), after soaring 'above the wheeling poles,' had come suddenly to 'heaven's door,' and at it looked in, and had prostrated himself before 'the thunderous throne.'[2]

There is here the same strength, simplicity, and

[1] Θεὸς περιέχει τῇ Βουλήσει τὸ πᾶν, μείζων τοῦ πάντος ὥσπερ τῇ οὐσίᾳ, οὕτως καὶ ἀξίᾳ.—RESP. AD ORTHOD.

[2] Milton, Vacation Exercise, *anno ætatis* 19.

stern beauty and surprise, as of lightning and thunder, the same peremptory assertion and reiteration of the subject, like 'harpers harping upon their harps,' and the same main burden and refrain, as in the amazing chorus which closes Handel's 'Messiah.' We give it for its own grandeur, and for its inculcation of the personality of God, so much needed now, and without which human responsibility, and moral obligation, and all we call duty, must be little else than a dream.

'Hic omnia regit non ut anima mundi, sed ut universorum dominus. Et propter dominium suum, dominus deus Παντοκράτωρ dici solet. Nam deus est vox relativa et ad servos refertur: et deitas est dominatio dei, non in corpus proprium, uti sentiunt quibus deus est anima mundi, sed in servos. Deus summus est ens æternum, infinitum, absolute perfectum: sed ens utcunque perfectum sine dominio non est dominus deus. Dicimus enim deus meus, deus vester, deus *Israelis*, deus deorum, et dominus dominorum: sed non dicimus æternus meus, æternus vester, æternus *Israelis*, æternus deorum; non dicimus infinitus meus, vel perfectus meus. Hæ appellationes relationem non habent ad servos. Vox deus passim significat dominum: sed omnis dominus non est deus. Dominatio entis spiritualis deum constituit, vera verum, summa summum, ficta fictum. Et ex dominatione vera sequitur deum verum esse vivum.

intelligentem et potentem ; ex reliquis perfectionibus summum esse, vel summe perfectum. Æternus est et infinitus, omnipotens et omnisciens, id est, durat ab æterno in æternum, et adest ab infinito in infinitum : omnia regit ; et omnia cognoscit quæ fiunt aut fieri possunt. *Non est æternitas et infinitas, sed æternus et infinitus ; non est duratio et spatium, sed durat et adest.* Durat semper, et adest ubique, et existendo semper et ubique, durationem et spatium constituit. . . .

'Hunc (Deum) cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates ejus et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras et causas finales, et admiramur ob perfectiones ; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Colimus enim ut servi, et deus sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus nihil aliud est quam fatum et natura. A cæca necessitate metaphysica, quæ utique eadem est semper et ubique, nulla oritur rerum variatio. Tota rerum conditarum pro locis ac temporibus diversitas, ab ideis et voluntate entis necessario existentis solummodo oriri potuit.'—*Principia*, Ed. 3^tia^ pp. 528-29 ; London, 1726.

'Nous accordons à *la raison* le pouvoir de nous démontrer l'existence du Créateur, de nous instruire de ses attributs infinis et de ses rapports avec l'ensemble des êtres ; mais par *le sentiment* nous entrons en quelque sorte en commerce plus intime avec lui,

et son action sur nous est plus immédiate et plus présente. Nous professons un égal éloignement et pour le mysticisme—qui, sacrifiant la raison au sentiment et l'homme à Dieu, se perd dans les splendeurs de l'infini—et pour le panthéisme, qui refuse à Dieu les perfections mêmes de l'homme, en admettant sous ce nom on ne sait quel être abstrait, privé de conscience et de liberté. Grâce à cette conscience de nous-mêmes et de notre libre arbitre, sur laquelle se fondent à la fois et notre méthode et notre philosophie tout entière, ce dieu abstrait et vague dont nous venons de parler, le dieu du panthéisme devient à jamais impossible, et nous voyons à sa place la Providence, le Dieu libre et saint que le genre humain adore, le législateur du monde moral, la source en même temps que l'objet de cet amour insatiable du beau et du bien qui se mêle au fond de nos âmes à des passions d'un autre ordre.'—*Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques*, par une Société des Professeurs et Savans. Preface, pp. viii. ix.

OUR GIDEON GRAYS.

'Agricolam laudat
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.'

'I would rather go back to Africa than practise again at Peebles.'—MUNGO PARK.

OUR GIDEON GRAYS.[1]

IT might perhaps have been better, if our hard-headed, hard-hitting, clever, and not over-mansuete friend '*Fuge Medicos*' had never allowed those 'wild and stormy writings' of his to come into print, and it might perhaps also have been as well, had we told him so at once; but as we are inclined to be optimists when a thing is past, we think more good than evil has come out of his assault and its repulse. 'F. M.' (we cannot be always giving at full length his uncouth Hoffmannism) has, in fact, in his second letter, which is much the better, answered his first, and turned his back considerably upon himself, by abating some of his most offensive charges; and our

[1] The following short paper from the *Scotsman* was occasioned by a correspondence in that newspaper, in which doctors in general, and country doctors in particular, were attacked and defended. It is reprinted here as a record of the amazing facts brought out by Dr. Alison's Association. In the attack by 'Fuge Medicos,' consisting of two long letters, there was much ability with not much fairness, and not a little misapplied energy of language, and sharpness of invective.

country doctors in their replies have shown that they have sense as well as spirit, and can write like gentlemen, while they of the town have cordially and to good purpose spoken up for their hard-working country brethren.

We are not now going to adjudicate upon the strictly professional points raised by 'F. M.,' whether, for instance, bleeding is ever anything but mischievous; whether the constitution, or type of disease, changes or not; whether Dr. Samuel Dickson of 'the Fallacies' is an impudent quack or the Newton of medicine; whether Dr. Wilkinson is an amiable and bewildered Swedenborgian, with much imagination, little logic, and less knowledge, and a wonderful power of beautiful writing, or the herald of a new gospel of health. We may have our own opinions on these subjects, but their discussion lies out of our beat; they are strictly professional in their essence, and ought to remain so in their treatment. We are by no means inclined to deny that there are ignorant and dangerous practitioners in the country, as well as in the city. What we have to say against 'F. M.' and in favour of the class he has attacked is, that no man should bring such charges against any large body of men, without offering such an amount and kind of proof of their truth, as, it is not too much to say, it is impossible for any mere amateur to produce, even though that amateur were as full of will

and energy as 'F. M.;' and unless he can do so, he stands convicted of something very like what he himself calls 'reckless, maleficent stupidity.' It is true, 'F. M.' speaks of 'ignorant country doctors;' but his general charges against the profession have little meaning, and his Latin motto still less, if ignorance be not predicated of country doctors in general. One, or even half a dozen worthless, mischievous country doctors, is too small an induction of particulars, to warrant 'F. M.' in inferring the same qualities of some 500 or more unknown men. But we are not content with proving the negative: we speak not without long, intimate, and extensive knowledge of the men who have the charge of the lives of our country population, when we assert, that not only are they as a class fully equal to other rural professional men in intelligence, humanity, and skill, and in all that constitutes what we call worth, but that, take them all in all, they are the best educated, the most useful, the most enlightened, as they certainly are the worst paid and hardest-worked country doctors in Christendom. Gideon Gray, in Scott's story of the Surgeon's Daughter, is a faithful type of this sturdy, warm-hearted, useful class of men, 'under whose rough coat and blunt exterior,' as he truly says, 'you find professional skill and enthusiasm, intelligence, humanity, courage, and science.'

Moreover, they have many primary mental quali-

ties in which their more favoured brethren of the city are necessarily behind them—self-reliance, presence of mind, simplicity and readiness of resource, and a certain homely sagacity. These virtues of the mind are, from the nature of things, more likely to be fully brought out, where a man must be self-contained and everything to himself; he cannot be calling in another to consult with him in every anxious case, or indulge himself in the luxury of that safety which has waggishly been expounded as attaching more to the multitude of counsellors than to the subject of their counsel. Were this a fitting place, we could relate many instances of this sagacity, decision, and tact, as shown by men never known beyond their own countryside, which, if displayed in more public life, would have made their possessors take their place among our public great men.

Such men as old Reid of Peebles, Meldrum of Kincardine, Darling of Dunse, Johnston of Stirling, Clarkson (the original of Gideon Gray) and Anderson of Selkirk, Robert Stevenson of Gilmerton, Kirkwood of Auchterarder, and many as good—these were not likely to be the representatives of a class who are guilty of 'assaults upon life,' 'who are let loose upon some unhappy rural district, to send vigorous men and women to their graves,' who 'in youth have been reckless and cruel, given to hanging sparrows and cats, and fit for no humane profession,' etc. etc.

Now, is there either good sense, good feeling, or good breeding, in using these unmeasured terms against an entire class of men? Assuming—as from the subtlety and hairsplitting character of his arguments, and the sharpness and safety of his epithets, we are entitled to do—that 'F. M.' belongs to another of the learned professions, we ask, 'What would he say if a '*Fuge Juridicos*' were to rise up, who considered that the true reading in Scripture should be, 'The devil was a *lawyer* from the beginning,' asserting that all country lawyers in Scotland were curses to the community, that it would be well if the Lord Advocate 'would try half a dozen every year,' for devouring widows' houses, and other local villanies; and, moreover, what would he think of the brains and the modesty of an M.D. making an assault upon the legal profession on purely professional questions, and settling, *ab extra*, and off-hand and for ever, matters which the wisest heads *ab intra* have left still in doubt? The cases are strictly parallel; and it is one of the worst signs of our times, this public intermeddling of everybody, from the *Times* down to 'F. M.,' with every science, profession, and trade. Sydney Smith might now say of the public, what he said of the Master of Trinity, 'Science is his *forte*, omniscience is his *foible*.' Every profession, and every man in it, knows something more and better than any non-professional man can,

and it is the part of a wise man to stick to his trade. He is more likely to excel in it, and to honour and wonder at the skill of others. For it is a beautiful law of our nature that we must wonder at everything which we see well done, and yet do not know how it is done, or at any rate know we could not do it. Look at any art, at boot-closing, at a saddler at his work, at basket-making, at our women with their nimble and exact fingers—somebody is constantly doing something which everybody cannot do, and therefore everybody admires. We are afraid 'F. M.' does not know many things he could not do.

We repeat that our Gideon Grays are, as a class, worthy and intelligent, skilful and safe, doing much more good than evil.[1] They deserve well of, and live in the hearts of the people, and work day and night for less than anybody but themselves and their wives are likely ever to know, for they are most of them unknown to the Income-tax collectors. They are like the rest of us, we hope, soberer, better read, more enlightened, than they were fifty years ago; they study and trust Nature more, and conquer her by submission; they bleed and blister less, and are more up to the doctrine that prevention is the best of all cures. They have participated in the general acknowledgment among the community, thanks to the two Combes and others, and to the spirit of the

[1] Note, p. 225.

age. of those divine laws of health which He who made us implanted in us, and the study and obedience of which is a fulfilling of His word. We can only hope that our clever and pancratic friend, 'F. M.,' if on his autumn holidays in Teviotdale or Lochaber, he has his shoulder or his lower jaw dislocated, or has a fit of colic or a hernia, or any of those ills which even his robust self is heir to, may have sense left him to send for Gideon Gray, and to trust him, and, making a slight alteration on his Hoffmannism, may be led to cry lustily out, in worse Latin and with better sense—'*Fuge pro Medico*'—Run for the Doctor!

As already said, all of us who have been much in the country know the hard life of its doctors—how much they do, and for how little they do it; but we daresay our readers are not prepared for the following account of their unremunerated labour among paupers:—

In 1846, a voluntary association of medical men was formed in Edinburgh, with the public-hearted Dr. Alison as chairman. Its object was to express their sympathy with their brethren in the remote country districts of Scotland, in regard to their unremunerated attendance on paupers, and to collect accurate information on this subject. The results of their benevolent exertions may be found in the Appendix to the First Report of the Board of Super-

vision. It is probably very little known beyond those officially concerned; we therefore give some of its astounding and lamentable revelations. The queries referred to the state and claims of the medical practitioners in the rural districts of Scotland, in relation to their attendance upon the permanent or occasional parochial poor. Out of 325 returns, 94 had received *some* remuneration for attendance and outlay. In one of these instances, the remuneration *consisted of three shillings for twelve years' attendance on seventy constant, and thirteen occasional paupers;* a fine question in decimals—what would each visit come to? But worse remains. One man attended 400 paupers for eight years, and never received one farthing for his skill, his time, or his drugs. Another has the same story to tell of 350, some of them thirty miles off; he moderately calculates his direct loss, from these calls on his time and his purse, at £70 a year. Out of 253 who report, 208 state that, besides attending for nothing, they had to give on occasions food, wine, and clothes, and had to pay tolls, etc. 136 of the returns contain a more or less definite estimate, in money value, of their unrequited labours; the sum-total given in by them amounts to *thirty-four thousand four hundred and fifty-seven pounds in ten years! being at the rate of £238 for each!* They seem to have calculated the amount of medical attendance, outlay, and drugs,

for each pauper annually, at the very moderate average of four shillings.

Is there any other country on the face of the earth where such a state of matters can be found? Such active charity, such an amount of public good, is not likely to have been achieved by men whose lives were little else than the development of a juvenile mania for hanging sparrows and cats. We believe we are below the mark when we say, that over head, the country doctors of Scotland do one-third of their work for nothing, and this in cases where the receiver of their attendance would scorn to leave his shoes or his church seats unpaid.

We are glad to see that 'F. M.' reads Sir William Hamilton. We doubt not he does more than read him, and we trust that he will imitate him in some things besides his energy, his learning, and his hardihood of thought. As to his and other wise men's pleasantries about doctors and their drugs, we all know what they mean, and what they are worth; they are the bitter-sweet joking human nature must have at those with whom it has close dealings—its priests, its lawyers, its doctors, its wives and husbands; the very existence of such expressions proves the opposite; it is one of the luxuries of disrespect. But in 'F. M.'s' hands these ancient and harmless jokes are used as deadly solemnities upon which arguments are founded.

To part pleasantly with him, nevertheless, we give him three good old jokes :—The Visigoths abandoned an unsuccessful surgeon to the family of his deceased patient, '*ut quod de eo facere voluerint, habeant potestatem.*' Montaigne, who is great upon doctors, used to beseech his friends, that if he felt ill they would let him *get a little stronger* before sending for the doctor! Louis the Fourteenth, who, of course, was a slave to his physicians, asked his friend Molière what he did with his doctor. 'Oh, Sire,' said he, 'when I am ill I send for him. He comes, we have a chat, and enjoy ourselves. He prescribes. I don't take it—and I am cured!'

We end with four quotations, which our strong-headed friend 'F. M.,' we are sure, will cordially relish :—

> 'In Juvene Theologo conscientiæ detrimentum,
> In Juvene Legistâ bursæ decrementum,
> In Juvene Medico cæmeterii incrementum.'

'To imagine Nature incapable to cure diseases, is blasphemy; because that would be imputing imperfection to the Deity, who has made a great provision for the preservation of animal life.'—SYDENHAM.

'When I consider the degree of patience and attention that is required to follow nature in her slow manner of proceeding, I am no longer surprised that men of lively parts should be always repeating, "*contraria adhibenda.*" But Hippocrates says :—"*Con-*

traria paulatim adhibere oportet, et interquiescere. Periculosius censeo incidere in medicum, qui nesciat quiescere, quam qui nesciat contraria adhibere, nam qui nescit quiescere, nescit occasiones contraria adhibendi; quare nescit contraria adhibere. Qui nescit contraria adhibere, tamen, si prudens est, scit quiescere, atque si prodesse non potest, tamen non obest. Præstantissimus vero est medicus eruditus pariter ac prudens, qui novit festinare lente; pro ipsius morbi urgentia, auxiliis instare, atque in occasione uti maxime opportunis, alioque quiescere." '—GRANT ON FEVERS, page 311.

'Philosophi qui vitæ rationem doceant, vitiis eripiant — ærumnas, metus, angustias, anxietates, tristitias impotentias expugnent tranquillitati, hilaritati *αὐτάρκεία* vindicent.'—STAHL.

I don't know who 'QUIS' was, but the Hudibrastics are vigorous :—

THE COUNTRY SURGEON.

Luckless is he, whom hard fates urge on
To practise as a country surgeon—
To ride regardless of all weather,
Through frost, and snow, and hail together—
To smile and bow when sick and tired
Consider'd as a servant hired.
At every quarter of the compass,
A surly patient makes a rumpus,
Because he is not seen the first
(For each man thinks his case the worst).
And oft at two points diametric
Called to a business obstetric.

There lies a man with broken limb,
A lady here with nervous whim,
Who, at the acme of her fever,
Calls him a savage if he leave her.
For days and nights in some lone cottage
Condemned to live on crusts and pottage,
To kick his heels and spin his brains,
Waiting, forsooth, for labour's pains;
And that job over, happy he,
If he squeeze out a guinea fee.
Now comes the night, with toil opprest,
He seeks his bed in hope of rest;
Vain hope, his slumbers are no more,
Loud sounds the knocker at the door,
A farmer's wife at ten miles' distance,
Shouting, calls out for his assistance;
Fretting and fuming in the dark,
He in the tinder strikes a spark,
And, as he yawning heaves his breeches,
Envies his neighbour blest with riches.

QUIS.

Edin. Ann. Register, 1817.

NOTE.—P. 218.

I HAVE to thank his son, Dr. Henry Anderson, who now reigns in his stead, for the following notes of an ordinary day's work of his father, whose sister was Mungo Park's wife. Selkirk is the 'Middlemas' of Sir Walter.

'Dr. Anderson practised in Selkirk for forty-five years, and never refused to go to any case, however poor, or however deep in his debt, and however far off. One wife in Selkirk said to her neighbours, as he passed up the street, "There goes my honest doctor, that brought a' my ten bairns into the world, and ne'er got a rap for ane o' them."

'His methodical habits, and perfect arrangement of his time, enabled him to overtake his very wide practice, and to forget no one. He rose generally at six every morning, often sooner, and saw his severe cases in the town early, thus enabling him to start for his long journeys; and he generally took a stage to breakfast of fifteen or twenty miles.

'One morning he left home at six o'clock, and after being three miles up the Yarrow, met a poor barefoot woman, who had walked from St. Mary's Loch to have two teeth extracted. Out of his pocket with his "key" (she, of course, shouting "Murder! murder! mercy!"); down sat the good woman; the teeth were out at once, and the doctor rode on his journey, to breakfast at Eldinhope, fourteen miles up, calling on all his patients in Yarrow as he rode along. After breakfast, by Dryhope, and along St. Mary's Loch, to the famed Tibby's, whose son was badly, up to the head of the Loch of the Lows, and over the high hills into Ettrick, and riding up the Tima to Dalgliesh, and back down the Ettrick, landed at "Gideon's o'

the Singlie" to dinner; and just when making a tumbler of toddy, a boy was brought into the kitchen, with a finger torn off in a threshing-mill. The doctor left after another tumbler, and still making calls about Ettrickbridge, etc., reached home about eight, after riding fifty miles; not to rest, however, for various messages await his return; all are visited, get medicines from him, for there were no laboratories in his days, then home to prepare all the various prescriptions for those he had seen during the long day. He had just finished this when off he was called to a midwifery case, far up Ale Water.

'To show how pointed to time he was, one day he had to go to Buccleugh, eighteen miles up the Ettrick, and having to ride down the moors by Ashkirk, and then to go on to St. Boswell's to see old Raeburn, he wished a change of horse at Riddell—fixed one o'clock, and one of his sons met him at a point of the road at the very hour, though he had ridden forty miles through hills hardly passable.

'I have seen him return from the head of Yarrow half frozen, and not an hour in bed till he had to rise and ride back the same road, and all without a murmur.

'It was all on horseback in his day, as there was only one gig in the county; and his district extended west up the valleys of Ettrick and Yarrow about twenty miles; south in Ale Water seven to ten miles; the same distance east; and north about fourteen miles by Tweedside, and banks of the Gala and Caddon. His early rising enabled him also to get through his other work, for he made up all his books at that time, had accounts ready, wrote all his business letters, of which he had not a few.

'In coming home late in the night from his long journeys, he often slept on horseback for miles together. In fine, he was the hardest-worked man in the shire; always cheerful, and always ready to join in any cheerful and harmless amusement, as well as every good work; *but he killed himself by it*, bringing on premature decay.'

He was many years Provost of the Burgh, took his full share of business, was the personal adviser of his patients, and had more curatorships than any one else in the county. What a

pattern of active beneficence, bringing up three sons to his profession, giving his family a first-rate education, and never getting anything for the half of his everyday's work! We can fancy we see the handsome, swarthy, ruddy old man coming jogging (his normal pace) on his well-known mare down the Yarrow by Black Andro (a wooded hill), and past Foulshiels (Mungo Park's birthplace), after being all night up the glen with some 'crying wife,' and the cottagers at Glower-ower-'im, blessing him as he passed *sound asleep*, or possibly wakening him out of his dreams, to come up and 'lance' the bairn's eye-tooth.

Think of a man like this—a valuable, an invaluable public servant, the king of health in his own region—having to start in a winter's night 'on-ding o' snaw' for the head of Ettrick, to preside over a primiparous herd's wife, at the back of Boodsbeck, who was as normal and independent as her cows, or her husband's two score of cheviots; to have to put his faithful and well-bred mare (for he knew the value of blood) into the byre, the door of which was secured by an old harrow, or possibly in the course of the obstetric transaction by a snow-drift; to have to sit idle amid the discomforts of a shepherd's hut for hours, no books, except perhaps a ten-year-old *Belfast Almanac* or the *Fourfold State* (an admirable book), or a volume of ballads, all of which he knew by heart,—when all that was needed was, 'Mrs. Jaup,' or indeed any neighbour wife, or her mother. True, our doctor made the best of it, heard all the clavers of the country, took an interest in all their interests, and was as much at home by the side of the ingle, with its bit of 'licht' or cannel coal, as he would be next day at Bowhill with the Duchess. But what a waste of time, of health! what a waste of an admirable man! and, then, with impatient young men, what an inlet to mischievous interference, to fatal curtailing of attendance!

DR. ANDREW BROWN AND SYDENHAM.

'*Physick of its own nature has no more uncertainty or conjecturalness than these other noble professions of War, Law, Politicks, Navigation, in all which the event can be no more predicted or ascertained than in Physick, and all that the Artist is accomptable for is the rational and prudent conduct that nothing be overdone or undone.*'—Epilogue to the Five Papers lately passed betwixt the two Physicians, Dr. O. and Dr. E., containing some remarks pleasant and profitable, concerning the usefulness of VOMITING and PURGING in FEVERS, by ANDREW BROWN, M.D.

DR. ANDREW BROWN AND SYDENHAM.

A HUNDRED and ninety years ago, Dr. Andrew Brown, the laird of Dolphinton, was a well-known and indeed famous man in Edinburgh, and not unknown in London and the general medical world. Who now has ever heard of him? *Sic transit.* To us in Edinburgh he is chiefly memorable as having been the ancestor of Dr. Richard Mackenzie, who perished so nobly and lamentably in the Crimea; and whose is one of the many graves which draw our hearts to that bleak field of glory and havoc. We who were his fellows, are not likely to see again embodied so much manly beauty, so much devotion to duty, so much zeal, honour, and affection.

But to the profession in Scotland, his great great grandfather ought to be better known than he is, for he was the first to introduce here the doctrines of Sydenham, and to recommend the use of antimonial

emetics in the first stage of fever. This he did in a little book, called 'A Vindicatory Schedule concerning the new cure of Fevers, containing a disquisition, theoretical and practical, of the new and most effectual method of cureing continual fevers, first invented and delivered by the sagacious Dr. Thomas Sydenham.'—Edin. 1691.

This book, and its author's energetic advocacy of its principles by his other writings and by his practice, gave rise to a fierce controversy; and in the library of the Edinburgh College of Physicians, there is a stout shabby little volume of pamphlets on both sides—'Replies,' and 'Short Answers,' and 'Refutations,' and 'Surveys,' and 'Looking-Glasses,' 'Defences,' 'Letters,' 'Epilogues,' etc., lively and furious once, but now resting together as quietly and as dead as their authors are in the Old Greyfriars church-yard, having long ceased from troubling. There is much curious, rude, vigorous, hard-headed, bad-Englished stuff in them, with their wretched paper and print, and general ugliness; much also to make us thankful that we are in our own *now*, not their *then*. Such tearing away with strenuous logic and good learning, at mere clouds and shadows, with occasional lucid intervals of sense, observation, and wit, tending too frequently to *wut*.

Brown was a Whig, and a friend of Andrew Fletcher and King William; and in his little book on 'The

Character of the True Publick Spirit,' besides much honest good sense and advanced politics, there is a clever and edifying parallel drawn between the diseases of the body politic and those of the body natural, and also an amusing classification of doctors;[1] but for all this, and much more excellent matter, I have no space here. Dr. Brown thus describes his going up to London to visit Sydenham, and see his practice :—

'But in the year 1687, perusing the first edition of his *Schedula Monitoria*, where he delivers, as confirmed by manifold experience, not only a new, but a quite contrarie method to the common, of curing Continual Fevers: I did long hesitate, thinking that either he, or all other Physicians, were grossly deceived about the cure of Fevers; if not, as their patients used to be, they were in an high delirium, and lest the preconceived opinion that I had of the man's ingenuity should so far impose upon my credulity, as to draw me into an error likeways with him, and make me to experiment that method, when I knew not but I might run the hazard to sacrifice some to my temerity, nothing could settle my tossed thoughts below the sight and knowledge of the thing itself.

'Presently, therefore, hastening to London, and having met with the man, and exposed the occasion

[1] Note, page 243.

of my coming, I found all these tokens concerning him and his practice, that use to beget unwarry persons and prudent people making serious inquiry, trust, and knowledge. Then *after some months spent in this society*, returning home as much overjoyed as I had gotten a treasure, I presently set myself to that practice: which has proved so successful to me, that since that time, of the many fevers that I have treated, none were uncured, except my Lord Creichton, whose case is related here; and another woman, whose dangerous circumstances made her condition hopeless.'

There is a well-known story of Sydenham, which goes by the name of 'The Lettsom Anecdote.' Dr. Latham says it was communicated by Dr. Lettsom to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of August 1801, and was copied by him from the fly-leaf of a copy of the *Methodus curandi febris*, which had been in the possession of Dr. Sherson's family for fifty years. He then quotes the story. I was much surprised and pleased to find the original in Dr. Brown's Vindicatory Schedule; it differs in some respects from the second-hand one, and no one after reading it can have any doubts that Sydenham bore arms for the Commonwealth.

Dolphinton (as he was called by his townsmen) writes as follows:—

'Neither can it go well away with good men, to

think, that this great man, so oft by strange and special Providences pluckt out of the very jaws of death, has been preserved for an imposture, so dismale to mankind: Tho' I cannot stay to reckon all the dangers among the calamities of the late civil warrs (where he was an actor), that passed with great difficulty over his head, as his being left in the field among the dead, and many other dangers he met with: yet there is one that, representing rather a miracle than a common providence, cannot be passed over, *which, as I had from his own mouth*, is thus, at the same time of these civil warrs, where he discharged the office of a captain, he being in his lodging at London, and going to bed at night, with his cloaths loosed, a mad drunk fellow, a souldier, likewise in the same lodging, entering the room, with one hand gripping him by the breast of his shirt, with the other discharged a loaden pistol in his bosome, yet, O strange! without any hurt to him, most wonderfully indeed, by such a narrow sheild as the edge of the souldier's hand, was his breast defonded; for the admirable providence of God placed and fixed the tottering hand that gripped the shirt into that place and posture, that the edge thereof and all the bones of the metacarpe that make up the breadth of the hand, were situate in a right line betwixt the mouth of the pistol and his breast, and so the bullet discharged neither declining to the one

side nor to the other, but keeping its way thorrow all these bones, in crushing them lost its force, and fell at his feet. O! wonderful situation of the hand, and more wonderful course of the bullet! by any industry or art never again imitable! And moreover within a few days the souldier, taken with a fever arising from so dangerous and complicat a wound, died; surely Providence does not bring furth so stupendous miracles, but for some great and equivalent end.'

We may take the Doctor's facts without homologating his conclusions. There is nothing here indicating on what side Sydenham served, but all the probabilities from family connexion, from his own incidental expressions and other circumstances, and his having to flee from Oxford, the headquarters of the Royalists, etc., go to make it more than likely that he was what his laborious, ineffectual, and latest biographer calls, in his unwieldly phrase, a 'Parliamentarian.'

This passage is followed by a remarkable statement by Dr. Brown, as to the persecution of Sydenham by his brethren. This is peculiarly valuable as coming from one personally acquainted with the great physician, having heard these things 'from his own mouth,' and being published two years after his death. Dr. Latham cannot now have any doubt as to the envy and uncharitableness of the profession.

and the endeavour of his 'collegiate brethren' to banish him out of 'that illustrious society' for 'medicinal heresie.' I give the entire passage, as I have never before seen it noticed.

'And further can it be thought that this great man, who in all the course of his life gave so full evidence of an ingenuous, generous, and perspicatious spirit, would or could die an imposter and murderer of mankind (which imputation to deserve, he frequently professed, would be more heavy to him than any punishment could be), for he it was, despising the blandishments of the world, popular applause, riches, and honour, yea his own health wasted with intense and assiduous meditations and thoughtfulness, that liberally sacrificed them all for the publick good: In so far, that after he had long weighed and expended the common and received methods of curing most diseases, and therefore had forsaken and relinquished them as vain and improper, and after his intimate search into the bowels of nature he had discovered others more aposite and powerful; He thereby only gained the sad and unjust recompence of calumny and ignominy; and that from the emulation of some of his collegiate brethren, and others, whose indignation at length did culminat to that hight, that they endeavored to banish him, as guilty of medicinal heresie, out of that illustrious society; and by the whisperings of others he was baulked the imployment

in the Royal Family, where before that he was called among the first physicians.'

He then names those who had publicly given in their adhesion to the new doctrines—Dr. Goodal, Dr. Brady, Dr. Paman, Dr. Cole, Dr. Ettmuller of Leipsic, Dr. Doleus, physician to the Landgrave of Hesse, Dr. Spon of Lyons, Dr. Michelthwait of London, Dr. Morton, and Dr. Harris; all these before 1691.

Amid the dreary unreadable rubbish in this old bundle, there is a most characteristic onslaught by the famous Dr. George Cheyne upon Dr. Oliphant, Dolphinton's friend and defender; it is his pugilistic, honest, reckless style, and is valuable for the testimony he—(at this time) a free-thinker in religion, and a mathematical and mechanical physician (he is defending Dr. Pitcairn)—gives to the strictly Divine origin of animal species. 'All animals, of what kind soever, were originally and actually created at once by the hand of Almighty God, it being impossible to account for their production by any laws of mechanism: and that every individual animal has, *in minimis*, actually included in its loins all those who shall descend from it, and every one of these again have all their offspring lodged in their loins, and so on *ad infinitum;* and that all these infinite numbers of animalcules may be lodged in the bigness of a pin's head.' Our own Owen would relish this intrepid

and robust old speculator. But the jewel of this old book is a letter from a physician at London, appended to Dr. Oliphant's answer to the pretended refutation of his defence. I am sure my readers will agree with the Doctor, that it is 'neither impertinent nor tedious,' and that it must have been written 'by one whose wit and good humour are equal to his learning and ingenuity.'

There was one man in London, a young Scotch physician, who could have written this, and we may say, *Aut Arbuthnot, aut quis?* All the chances are in favour of its being that famous wit and admirable man, of whom Pope says, 'Swift said "he could do everything but walk;"' and Pope himself thinks he was 'as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well.' He had shortly before this gone up to London from Aberdeen, and had published in 1697, his examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge.

'Dear Sir,—I thank you for the present of your small Treatise about Vomiting in Fevers, but at the same time I approve of your reasons, you must give me leave to condemn your conduct: I know you begin to storm at this; but have a little patience. There was a physician of this town, perhaps the most famous in his time, being called to his patient, complaining (it may be) of an oppression at his stomach; he would very safely and cautiously order him a

decoction of *carduus*, sometimes hot water; I don't know but he would allow now and then fat mutton broth too. The patient was vomited, and the doctor could justifie himself that he had not omitted that necessary evacuation; this was his constant practice. Being chid by his collegues, who well knew he neglected antimony, not out of ignorance or fear, he would roguishly tell them, "Come, come, gentlemen, that might cure my patient, but it would kill the distemper, and I should have less money in my pocket. A pretty business indeed, a rich citizen overgorges himself, which by management may be improved into a good substantial fever, worth at least twenty guineas; and you would have me nip the plant in the bud, have a guinea for my pains, and lose the reputation of a safe practitioner to boot." The gentleman had reason, all trades must live. Alas! our people here are grown too quick-sighted, they will have antimonial vomits, and a physician dares not omit them, tho' it is many a good fee out of his pocket. Join, I say, with these wise gentlemen; they wish well to the Faculty; procure an order of the Colledge, and banish antimony the city of Edinburgh, and the liberties thereof. 'Tis a barbarous thing in these hard times to strangle an infant distemper; they ought no more to be murdered than young cattle in Lent. Let it be as great a crime to kill a fever with an antimonial vomit, as to fish in

spawning time. The Dutch physicians are like the rest of their nation wise; they banish that heathenish Jesuitical drug, that would quickly reduce their practice to a narrow compass in the hopefulest distemper of the countrey. These rogues that dream of nothing but specificks and panaceas, I would have them all hang'd, not so much for the folly of the attempt, as the malice of their intention; rascals, to starve so many worthy gentlemen, that perhaps know no otherwise to get their livelihood. Will the glasiers ever puzle themselves to make glass malleable, would the knitters ever so much as have dreamed of a stocking-loom, or the young writers petition'd to have informations printed; all those are wise in their generation, and must the physicians be the only fools?

'We all know here there is no danger in antimonial vomits, but this is *inter nos;* you must not tell your patient so, let him believe as I said before, that antimonial vomits are dangerous, deleterial, break the fibres of the stomach, etc., and that you cannot safely give them. So shall you be stiled a cautious, safe physician, one that won't spoil the curll of a man's hair to pull him out of the river. We have some dangerous dogs here, that in a quinsy, when a man is ready to be chock'd, will blood him forty ounces at once; is not this extreamly hazardous? They cut off limbs, cut for the stone; is this safe? I tell you the reputation of a wary safe physician is worth all

the parts of his character besides. Now I hope you will allow I have reason for what I said.

'I have seen the *Melius Inquirendum*, and am too well acquainted with the stile and spelling, not to know that it is Dr. Eyzat's; but here I must be with you again, how come you to write against one that says two drams of emetick wine is a sufficient doze for a man? Suffer not such things to come abroad; they will imagine you are not got so far as the circulation of the blood in Scotland; write seriously against such people. Fy upon't, I will never allow them to be above the dispensation of ballads and doggrel, etc.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.

'LONDON, *August* 23, 1699.'

Nothing can be finer than the edge of this, nothing pleasanter than its pleasantry; that about murdering young cattle in Lent, and the 'curll,' is Charles Lamb all over; we know no one now-a-days who could write thus, except the author of *Esmond*.

NOTE.—P. 233.

CLASSIFICATIONS OF DOCTORS.

1. THOSE who drive the trade of *bon companionrie* and good fellowship. 2. The high-flown bigots in religion or State. 3. Hangers-on of great families, 'as having been domesticks!' 4. Those of 'a gentile meen.' Here is Dr. Beddoes' more elaborate *Iatrologia*, or Linnæan method of physicians, like Baron Born's of the Monks.

1. The philanthropic Doctor, having two varieties, α and β, the shy and the renegado. 2. The bullying D., with Radcliffe at their head. 3. The Bacchanalian D. 4. The solemn D. 5. The club-hunting D. 6. The Burr D., *centaurea calcitrapa*. 7. The wheedling D., with the variety of the Adonis wheedling D. 8. The case-coining D. 9. The good-sort-of-man D., with variety, and the gossiping good-sort-of-man D., who 'fetches and carries scandal.' 10. The sectarian D.; variety α, the inspired sectarian D.

Beddoes concludes this Decade of Doctors, with *notandum est in toto hoc genere naturam mirabiles edere lusus.* This is applicable to all the species, there being mules and hybrids, and occasionally monsters magnificent and dreadful, like Paracelsus.

Hartley Coleridge in his pleasant Life of Fothergill, after alluding to this Iatrology, has the following on the exoteric qualifications of a doctor:—

'Of these exoteric qualifications, some are outward and visible; as a good gentlemanly person, *not alarmingly handsome* (for the Adonis Doctor, though he has a fair opening to a

wealthy marriage, seldom greatly prospers in the way of business), with an address to suit—that is to say, a genteel self-possession and subdued politeness, *not of the very last polish*—a slow, low, and regular tone of voice (here Dr. Fothergill's Quaker habits must have been an excellent preparative), and such an even flow of spirits as neither to be dejected by the sight of pain and the weight of responsibility, nor to offend the anxious and the suffering by an unsympathetic hilarity. The dress should be neat, *and rather above than below par in costliness.*

'In fine, the young physician should carry a something of his profession in his outward man, but yet so that nobody should be able to say what it was.'

FREE COMPETITION IN MEDICINE.

'*That doctors are sometimes fools as well as other people, is not, in the present times, one of those profound secrets which is known only to the learned; it very seldom happens that a man trusts his health to another,* merely *because that other is an M.D. The person so trusted has almost always either some knowledge, or some craft, which would procure him nearly the same trust, though he was not decorated with any such title! Adieu! my dear doctor; I am afraid I shall* get my lug (*ear*) in my lufe (hand), *as we say, for what I have written.*'—ADAM SMITH *to* DR. CULLEN, *September* 20, 1774.

'*Lawyers, soldiers, tax-gatherers, policemen, are appendages of a state, and some account should be taken of them by the civil power. The clergy are officers of the church, and if the church is a divine institution, they should have her license. Doctors are the ministers of physical humanity at large, and should for a thousand good reasons be left under the jurisdiction of the leviathanic man whom they serve, yet under this condition that they shall be answerable to the civil power for bodily injuries culpably inflicted upon any of its subjects.*'—COVENTRY DICK.

FREE COMPETITION IN MEDICINE.

I HAVE long thought that it was nonsense and worse, the avowed and universal exception of the craft of healing from the action of Adam Smith's law of free competition, introducing legislative enactment and *license* into the public relations of medicine, thus constituting a virtual monopoly. I may be permitted to express this in an extract from a Review of Professor Syme and Dr. Burt's Letters to Lord Palmerston, on Medical Reform.[1]

'And now for a closing word for ourselves. Mr. Syme's scheme is, as we have fully stated, the best, the simplest, and the least objectionable, *if* it be wise and necessary for the State to do anything in the matter. There is much in this *if;* and after consideration of this difficult and little understood subject, we are inclined to hold, that Adam Smith's law of free competition is absolute, and applies to the doctors of the community as well as to its shoe-

[1] *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, December 1857.

makers. In a letter to Dr. Cullen, published for the first time by Dr. John Thomson, in his life of that great physician, written before the publication of *The Wealth of Nations*, he, with excellent humour, argument, and sense, asserts that human nature may be allowed safely, and with advantage, to choose its own doctor, as it does its own wife or tailor. We recommend this sagacious letter to the serious attention of all concerned. We give some specimens; its date is 1774: "When a man has learned his lesson well, it surely can be of little importance where, or from whom he has learnt it. . . . In the Medical College of Edinburgh, in particular, the salaries of the professors are insignificant, and their monopoly of degrees is broken in upon by all other universities, foreign and domestic. I require no other explication of its present acknowledged superiority over every other society of the same kind in Europe. . . . A degree can pretend to give security for nothing but the science of the graduate, and even for that it can give but very slender security. *For his good sense and discretion*, qualities not discoverable by an academical examination, it can give no security at all. . . . Had the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge been able to maintain themselves in the exclusive privilege of graduating all the doctors who could practise in England, the price of feeling a pulse might have by this time risen from two and three

guineas" (would that "Time would run back and fetch that age of gold!") "the price which it has now happily arrived at, to double or triple that sum. . . . The great success of quackery in England has been altogether owing *to the real quackery of the regular physicians*. Our regular physicians in Scotland have little quackery, and no quack, accordingly, has ever made his fortune among us."

'Dr. Thomson did not find in Dr. Cullen's papers any direct replies to the arguments of his friend; but in a Latin discourse pronounced two years afterwards, at the graduation, he took occasion to state in what respects the principles of free competition, though applicable to mechanical trades, do, in his opinion, not extend to the exercise of the profession of medicine. His argument is conducted temperately, and by no means confidently. He remarks, with sagacity and candour, "that there are some who doubt whether it is for the interest of society, or in any way proper, to make laws or regulations for preventing unskilled or uneducated persons from engaging in the practice of medicine; *and it is very obvious, that neither in this nor in most other countries, are effectual measures adopted for this purpose.*" His argument is the common, and we think unsound one, that mankind can judge of its carpenter, but not of its doctor; and that in the one case, life is at stake, and not in the other, a fallacy easily exposed—

a floor may fall in and kill dozens, from bad joinery, as well as a man die from *mala praxis*. We believe that the same common sense regulates, or at least may regulate, the choice of your family doctor, as it does the choice of your architect, engineer, or teacher.

'If a man choose his architect or engineer from his own personal knowledge of their respective arts and sciences, he must either choose himself, and forget his stair, or make very sure of choosing the wrong man; in this, as in so many things, we depend on testimony and general evidence of capacity and worth.

'In a word, our petition to Parliament is, Make a clean sweep; remove every legislative enactment regarding the practice of medicine; leave it as free, as unprotected, as unlicensed, as baking or knife-grinding; let our Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Faculties, and Worshipful Companies, make what terms they like for those who choose to enter them; let the Horse Guards, let the Customs, let the Poor Law Boards, let the Cunard Company, demand and exact any qualification they choose for the medical men they employ and pay, just as Lord Breadalbane may, if he like, require red hair and Swedenborgism, in his Lordship's surgeon t his slate quarries at Easdale. Give the principle its full swing, and, by so doing, be assured we would lose

some of our worst Quacks; but we would not lose our Alisons, our Symes, our Christisons, Begbies, and Kilgours, or our Brodies, Lathams, Brights, Watsons, and Clarks; and we would, we are persuaded, have more of the rough-and-readies, as Dr. Burt calls them. Gideon Gray would have an easier mind, and more to feed himself and his horse on, and his life would be more largely insured for his wife and children. And if from the corporate bodies, who are trying to live after they are dead, the ancient cry of compensation rises up wild and shrill, give the *Belisarii* their pence, and let them be contemptible and content.'

But let there be no interference, under the name of qualification or license, with free trade in medical knowledge and skill. There is in the body politic, as in the body natural, a self-regulating power to which we ought to take heed, and trust its instincts, and not our own contrivances. This holds in religion, in public morals, in education; and we will never prosper as we might till we take the advice Henry Taylor relates that an old lady of rank gave to her anxious daughter-in-law, when asked by her what she would advise as to the education of children: 'I would advise, my dear, a little wholesome neglect.'

our Visions, our Syrups, our Christisons, Hopkins,

and content.'

ion or license, with free trade in medical-
ge and skill. There is in the body politic
ur own contrivances. This holds in poli-

EDWARD FORBES.

'—— Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.'

WORDSWORTH

EDWARD FORBES.[1]

WE have too long delayed noticing the memoir of this delightful man—the gifted teacher, the consummate naturalist. Indeed, it is so long now since we read it, and so long since all the world has done so, that we cannot and need not go into the details of his life and history, or into any minute criticism of the treatment of their theme by his two biographers, Dr. George Wilson and Mr. Geikie.

It is an interesting and a likeable book, loose in its texture in the first half, from the natural tendency, on the part of its genial author, to expatiate and efflo-resce; and deficient necessarily in personality in the second, which, however, is most ably and thoroughly done from its writer's point of view, —just, painstaking, and full of excellent science. Mr. Geikie's genius is mainly geological, and it is well that it is so; but he writes with clearness and force; and judgment in its own place is always

[1] From *The Scotsman*.

better than genius out of it. There are exquisite bits, perfect flowers for fragrance and beauty in Dr. Wilson's sketch. The account of Edinburgh College life, and all about that great and primary man, that master in natural history, Professor Jameson,—a man of rare purity, and force of life and purpose, and most genuinely good,—is quick with our lost friend's fine play of fancy, and his affectionate humour; but it labours, as we all to our sorrow know, under the loss of his revision. The first chapter, on the Isle of Man and its tailless cats, is out of all proportion, and with its information and fun, is more suited to the *Odds and Ends* of a Manx historian of the Knickerbocker breed, than to the work of a steady biographer. The next chapter, on Edward Forbes's infant and boyish years, is finely done, developing with a tender and firm touch the natural bent of his mind, and showing how truly 'the child is father of the man.'

Edward Forbes was one of four men who studied together at Edinburgh, all bound together closely, but each curiously different from the rest. Samuel Brown, George Wilson, and John Goodsir were the others. The last,—in many respects the greatest, certainly the completest and most satisfying,—still lives, one of the main glories of our medical school, a man who will leave a name not unworthy to be placed alongside of John Hunter's. He has no speciality,

but is a true discerner and discoverer of nature, a teacher of what he himself knows. It is impossible to overrate his influence in our medical school in grounding the students in a genuine anatomy, and in basing speculation of the widest, the most daring, and transcendental kind upon downright matter of fact.

Edward Forbes was a child of nature, and he lived in her presence and observance. She was his *Alma Mater* to the end. He enjoyed science; this was the chief end to him of life; its bloom, and its fruit, and its own exceeding great reward.

George Wilson made science enjoyable to others; he illustrated, adorned, and commended it; standing, as it were, with his face to the world, he told what of the mystery and truth of science it could or cared to know—and its *facetiæ* too, for he was an inveterate wag,—having more wit than humour, and less imagination than fancy.

Samuel Brown was his typical reverse. He stood with his back to the public, intent at the high altar of his service, bent on questioning, on divination, and on making nature reveal her secret. He worked up the stream; his was that science of sciences, which is philosophy proper. He desired to bring knowledge to a point, to draw all multiformity into the focus of unity.

Goodsir advances it as a whole, and makes it our

inheritance, while he enriches it with something from the stores of his other brethren.

In an eloquent and tender *éloge* upon Dr. Samuel Brown, in the *North British Review* for February 1857, there is quoted from his private journal, with which he whiled away his long hours of languor, solitude, and pain, the following portrait of his former colleague and companion, written on hearing of his sudden death. Surely if there is much matter like this in that journal, the world would like to have more of it some day.

'Edward Forbes is dead and buried before me;—died this day week,—was buried on Thursday. "He behaved at the close with his old composure, considerateness, and sweetness of nature," writes Dr. John. This is a great public loss,—a pungent public grief too; but to us, his friends, it is "past the blasphemy of grief." Surely it is "wondrous in our eyes." Not forty yet; his work sketched out largely, rather than done: his proper career, as the Edinburgh Professor of Natural History, just opened, and that with unusual brilliancy of circumstance,—Edinburgh, young and old, proud to receive him as her new great man,—the Naturalists of Scotland rising up to call the Manxman blessed—"The pity of it, oh the pity of it!"

'We began our public career almost together. He in his twenty-fifth, I in my twenty-third year, de-

livered at Edinburgh a joint course of lectures on the Philosophy of the Sciences,—he the graphic or static, I the principial or dynamic hemisphere of the round. Tall for his strength, slightly round-shouldered, slightly in-bent legs, but elegant, with a fine round head and long face, a broad, beautifully arched forehead, long dim-brown hair like a woman's, a slight moustache, no beard, long-limbed, long-fingered, lean,—such was one of the most interesting figures ever before an Edinburgh audience. His voice was not good, his manner not flowing,—not even easy. He was not eloquent, but he said the right sort of thing in a right sort of way; and there was such an air of mastery about him, of genius, of geniality, of unspeakable good-nature, that he won all hearts, and subdued all minds, and kept all imaginations prisoners for life. Nobody that has not heard him can conceive the charm.

'In natural history his labours are acknowledged by his peers; and it is not for a chemist to say a word. Yet I fancy he has made no memorable discovery,—initiated no critical movement. It is by the width of his views he has told, and by his personal influence. In short, he is a first-rate naturalist, near-sighted and far-sighted, and eminently disposed and able to reduce the chaos of observation to order, and to discern the one soul of nature in all her manifold body of members; but he has not shown himself inven-

tive like Linnæus or Cuvier, or even Buffon. His true greatness was cumulative; and if he had lived as long, he might have rivalled Humboldt. As it is, he was not a philosopher, nor a great discoverer; but he was a consummate and philosophical naturalist, wider than any man alive in his kind. Add to that noble distinction, that he was much of an artist, not a little of a man of letters, something of a scholar, a humorist, the very most amiable of men, a perfect gentleman, and a beautiful pard-like creature, and you have our Hyperion,—gone down, alas, ere it was yet noon! After all, what a combination of charms, what a constellation of gifts, what a man! Edward Forbes was a sweet, wise, broad and sunny, great kind of man, else I do not know a nobleman when I see him.

'As for religion, I can only say he never talked infidelities even in our rash youth. He always abided by the church, though he rarely frequented its tabernacles. He was a kind of half-intellectual, half-æsthetical believer. Theology somehow did not lie in his way; and he was (as I conceive) sincere rather than earnest, in religion. There lay his great defect; since all are but fragments after all that can be said even of a Shakspeare. He wanted intensity of character, depth of soul, spirituality; and it is curious in a man so large.

'And in connexion with this lay one of the secrets

of Forbes's boundless popularity. He was a conformist,—ran against no man or thing. He joined no new cause; he assailed no old one; nay, he even assailed no new one. All were welcome to him, therefore, and he to all. Even in Natural History he brought no agitating or perplexing news,—perplexing men with the fear of change. He sailed nobly with the wind and tide of ordinary progress, not needing to carry a single gun, but the foremost of this peaceful fleet. This was all very delightful and wise; yet let a word be said for the men of war, John Kepler and the rest; and also let a distinction betwixt the two orders of men be remembered. To forget such distinctions is to confound the morality of criticism. He of Nazareth, not to be profane, brought "not peace, but a sword,"—the Divine image of "the greater sort of greatness."'

This is to the life, delicate and keen, like a Holbein or Van Eyck. The description of his person is curiously accurate,—the fine round head, the long face, the long dim-brown hair like a woman's, etc.

To conclude, there is material in this volume for a short and compact life of Forbes. You feel you know him and hear him; see him singing, or rather crooning his odd genial songs; playing with his subject, with everything, making his pen laugh out of those droll tail-pieces and overflowings of fun,

clever, but vague, feeble in outline, but full of the man. We have had a melancholy pleasure in giving ourselves up to this book; and thinking how much the world has gained in him and lost.

The differences between natural history and analytical science are sufficiently distinct where they are farthest from each other; but as is the case in all partitions of knowledge, they get less marked where they approach at the 'marches.' Therefore it is hardly fair to say that Edward Forbes was merely a master in natural history, not also in science proper, the truth rather being that he was more of the first than of the second. The difference of the two knowledges is very much the difference between listening to what nature spontaneously says to you,—that philosophy, which, as Bacon has it, 'repeats the words of the universe itself with the utmost fidelity, and is written as it were by dictation of the universe,' and between putting questions to her, often very cross-questions; putting her, in fact, to the torture, and getting at her hidden things. The one is more of the nature of experience, of that which is a methodized record of appearances; the other more of experiment of that which you, upon some hypothesis, expect to find, and has more to do with intimate composition and action. Still this parallelism must not be run out of breath; both of them have chiefly to do with the truth of fact, more than with the

truth of thought about fact, or about itself, which is philosophy, or with the truth of imagination, which is ideal art, fabricated by the shaping spirit from fact, and serving for delectation. The world is doing such a large business in the first two of these departments, —natural history and pure science,—that we are somewhat in danger of forgetting altogether the third, which is of them all the greatest, and of misplacing and misinterpreting the fourth.

Science is ultimately most useful when it goes down into practice—becomes technical, and is utilized ; or blossoms into beauty, or ascends into philosophy and religion, and rests in that which is in the highest sense good, spiritual, and divine, leaving the world wiser and happier, as well as more powerful and knowing, than it found it.

We end by quoting from this memoir the following noble passage, by that master of science and of style, our own Playfair, in his account of Dr. Hutton. It is singularly appropriate.

'The loss sustained by the death of this great naturalist was aggravated to those who knew him by the consideration of how much of his knowledge had perished with himself, and notwithstanding all that he had written, how much of the light collected by a life of experience and observation was now completely extinguished. It is indeed melancholy to reflect, that with all who make proficiency in the sciences, founded

on nice and delicate observations, something of this sort must invariably happen. The experienced eye, the power of perceiving the minute differences and fine analogies which discriminate or unite the objects of science, and the readiness of comparing new phenomena with others already treasured up in the mind,—these are accomplishments which no rules can teach, and no precepts can put us in possession of. This is a portion of knowledge which every man must acquire for himself; nobody can leave as an inheritance to his successor. It seems, indeed, as if nature had in this instance admitted an exception, to the will by which she has ordained the perpetual accumulation of knowledge among civilized men, and had destined a considerable portion of science continually to grow up, and perish with individuals.'

DR. ADAMS OF BANCHORY.

SCENE.—*A hut in the wilds of Braemar; a big gamekeeper fast sinking from a gunshot wound in the lower part of the thigh.*

DR. ADAMS, *loquitur.*—'*Get a handkerchief, and the spurtle*' (*the porridge-stick*), '*and now for a pad for our tourniquet. This will do*,' *putting his little Elzevir Horace down upon the femoral. Gamekeeper's life saved, and by good guidance, the leg too.*

DR. ADAMS OF BANCHORY.

WE little thought when, a few weeks ago, we introduced some suggestions from Dr. Adams as to the propriety of instituting in our universities a chair of medical history, by calling him the most learned of Scottish physicians, that we should soon have to change 'is' into was.

When we last saw him, though he looked older than his years, and weather-worn, he was full of vigour and of heart, and seemed to have in him many days of victorious study.

To see so much energy and understanding cut sheer through in its full current, not dwindling away by natural waste, is little less startling than it would be to see his own silver and impetuous Dee, one moment rolling in ample volume, and the next vanished. For, common though it be, there is nothing more strange, nothing, in a certain true sense, more against nature, than the sudden extinguishment of so much intellect, knowledge, and force.

Dr. Adams was not a mere scholar, not merely

patient, ingenious, and perspicacious in the study of language. His was likewise a robust, hardy, eager nature, hungering after knowledge of every sort, and in the structure of his mind and its bent more like the Scaligers and Bentleys of old than the mighty but mere word-mongers among the Germans. He was made of the same tough and fervid material as were George Buchanan and Florence Wilson, Andrew Melville, and the huge, turbulent,[1] and intrepid Dempster, men who were great scholars, and a great deal more ; shrewd, and full of public spirit, men of affairs as well as of letters.

It is this intermixture of shrewdness and fervour with hard-headedness and patient endurance of mental toil, so peculiarly Scotch in its quality and in its flavour, which makes a man like the country surgeon of Banchory-Ternan worthy of more than a passing notice.

Francis Adams was born in the parish of Lumphanan on Deeside. His father was a gardener, and his elder brother is still a farmer in that parish.

In a memorandum of his literary life now before

[1] Here is this formidable worthy's portrait by Matthæus Peregrinus, as quoted by Dr. Irving in his *Literary Scotchmen of the Last Four Centuries*:—'Moribus ferox fuit, apertus omnino, et simulandi nescius, sive enim amore, sive odio aliquem prosequeretur utrumque palam ; consuetudine jucundissimus, amicis obsequentissimus, ita inimicis maxime infensus, acceptæque injuriæ tenax, eam aperte agnoscens et repetens.'

us, he says :—'As far as I can think, my classical bent was owing to a friendship which I formed, when about fifteen years old, with a young man a few years older than myself, who had enjoyed the benefits of an excellent education at Montrose, which gave him a superiority over myself that roused me to emulation.

'In my early years I had been shamefully mistaught. I began by devoting seventeen hours a day to the study of Virgil and Horace, and it will be readily believed that such intense application soon made up for any early deficiencies.

'I read each of these six or seven times in succession. Having mastered the difficulties of Latin literature, I naturally turned my attention to Greek as being the prototype of the other.

'It was the late Dr. Kerr of Aberdeen who drew my attention to the Greek literature of medicine, and at his death I purchased a pretty fair collection of the Greek medical authors which he had made. However, I have also read almost every Greek work which has come down to us from antiquity, with the exception of the ecclesiastical writers; all the poets, historians, philosophers, orators, writers of science, novelists, and so forth. My ambition always was to combine extensive knowledge of my profession with extensive erudition.'

This was no ordinary boy of fifteen who could, *ex*

proprio motu, work seventeen hours a day to make up to his friend.

He settled early in life in the beautiful and secluded village of Banchory-Ternan, to use his own words, 'with its glassy river and magnificent hills rising in front and behind like another Tempe, with its Peneus flowing between Ossa and Olympus.' Here he spent his days in the arduous and useful profession of a country surgeon, out in all weathers and at all hours, having the lives, the births, and the deaths of a wild outlying region on his hands. This work he did so thoroughly that no one could, with a shadow of justice, say that his learning lessened his readiness and his ability for the active duties of his calling, in the full round of its requirements. He was an attentive, resolute, wise practitioner, just such a man as we would like to fall into the hands of, were we needing his help. He was always up to the newest knowledge of the time, but never a slave to any system, or addicted to swear by any master. The whole cast of his mind was thoroughly free and self-sustained. If he had any idols, they were among the mighty and the dead; but even they were his companions and familiar *daimons*, rather than his gods. The following is a list of Dr. Adams' principal publications, and if we consider that, during all this time, he was fighting for a livelihood, educating his family, and involved in his multifarious and urgent duties, they

furnish one of the most signal instances of the pursuit and mastery of knowledge under difficulties, to be found even among our Scottish worthies :—

1. Translation of Hero and Leander, from the Greek of Musæus, with other Poems, English and Latin. Aberdeen, 1826.

2. Hermes Philologus, or the connexion of the Greek and Latin. London, 1826. This made him many literary friends, among others, Edmund H. Barker, author of Dr. Parr's Life, and Dr. Anthon of New York.

3. Various Papers of Greek Prosody, etc., in the Classical Journal.

4. On the Administration of Hellebore among the Ancients.

5. On the Nervous System of Galen and other Ancient Authors, 1829, in which the originality of Sir Charles Bell's doctrines was attacked.

6. On the Toxicological Doctrines of the Ancients.

7. On the Treatment of Malignant Ulcers of the Face.

8. Notices of Greek, Latin, and Arabic Medical Authors. For Barker's Edition of Lemprière.

9. Paulus Ægineta. Translation of the first volume, 1834. This was a losing concern as to money ; but it placed him, *per saltum*, in the first rank of learned and judicious physicians ; it was an amazing *tour de force* for an Aberdeen surgeon, and

will ever remain a memorial of his indomitable mental pluck and strong sense. The Sydenham Society gave its character as follows :—'Replete with learning, and comprising the most complete view which has ever been given of the knowledge professed by the Greeks, Romans, and Arabians, it will form a lasting monument of the industry and erudition of its author, and an honour to his country.'

10. Several Reviews in Forbes' British and Foreign Review, 1842-66.

11. Case of Dislocation of the Knee-Joint, with Dissection.

12. English and Greek Dictionary (Dunbar's), almost entirely done by him. The appendix, containing scientific explanation of the Greek names of minerals, plants, and animals, is out of sight the most valuable existing in any language.

13. Paulus Ægineta, translated from the Greek. 3 vols., 1845-6-7. Sydenham Society.

14. A Series of Papers on Uterine Hæmorrhage.

15. Case of a Woman bitten by an Adder.

16. A series of Papers on the Construction of the Placenta.

17. On the Treatment of Burns.

18. Hippocrates, translated from the Original. 2 vols., 1849. Sydenham Society.

19. Theophilus de Fabricâ. Assisted by Dr Greenhill. Oxon. 1842.

20. Arundines Devæ: a Collection of Original Poems.

Since that time there have been frequent communications by him to the journals on medical subjects, and a pleasant paper on the study of ornithology, read before the British Association at Aberdeen.

Nothing can better illustrate his keen appetite for knowledge of all sorts than this curious and touching record of his own observations on the birds of Banchory, and his son's on those of Cashmere. You see what a quick and loving eye the father had kept, during his busy and learned life, upon the natural objects he met with in his rides, and the training he had given his son in such studies at home, which enabled him to turn his Indian observations to good account. This modest but remarkable paper contains not only the ornithological notes, but an admirable pleading for this department of natural history as a branch of liberal education, and a valuable gymnastic for the senses and the mind, and ends with an eloquent, and we think well-founded protest, against the scientific ultraism of the day, the useful information, and cramming mania. We wish we had space to give some of his words of admonition and warning. The following are Dr. Adams' remarks, in the memorandum already referred to, on his two great works :—

'I began the translation of *Ægineta* in the end of Nov. 1827, and finished it on 28th April 1829. I

never, at any period of my life, underwent so much drudgery, and during three months I sat up late and rose early, and snatched every minute I could from the duties of my profession. At that time my practice, though not lucrative, was extensive, especially in the obstetric line ; I managed, however, to work at my translation ten hours a day. I finished the translation of Hippocrates in about four months. The certainty of attaining a fair remuneration for the trouble it cost me, and that it would not be a light hid under a bushel, made this by far the most delightful task I ever engaged in. The reception of it was everything I could desire. It cost me some professional sacrifices, but this was amply made up by the delight and mental improvement it conferred on me.'

Such is a hasty and imperfect sketch of the character and works of this remarkable man, who well deserved the title of *doctissimus medicorum Britannorum*.

Some years ago, when travelling through that noble and beautiful region, we went across from the inn at Banchory to introduce ourselves to the translator of the divine old man of Cos. We found him at breakfast, ready for his ride up the Feugh, and amusing himself with pencilling down a translation of an ode of Horace into Greek verse !

He was a thorough Aberdonian, hard-headed and warm-hearted, canny and yet independent, a man of thought and action, not less than a man of vocables

and learning; in politics an old and thorough Liberal; generous in his praise of others, and not unamusingly fond of their praise of himself. By the sheer force of his intellect, by the extent and exactness of his erudition, he became the cherished friend of such men as Sir John Forbes, Dean Milman, Sir W. Hamilton, and many of the famous Continental scholars; and he leaves in his own profession no equal in the combination of honest, deep, and broad learning, with practical sagacity and enlightened experience.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Ὅσα ἐστὶ προσφιλῆ—ταῦτα λογίζεσθε.—ST. PAUL.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

'WHAT do you think of Dr. Channing, Mr. Coleridge?' said a brisk young gentleman to the mighty discourser, as he sat next him at a small tea-party. 'Before entering upon that question, Sir,' said Coleridge, opening upon his inquirer those 'noticeable grey eyes,' with a vague and placid stare, and settling himself in his seat for the night, 'I must put you in possession of my views, *in extenso*, on the origin, progress, present condition, future likelihoods, and absolute essence of the Unitarian controversy, and especially the conclusions I have, upon the whole, come to on the great question of what may be termed the philosophy of religious difference.' In like manner, before telling our readers what we think of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, or of 'V.,' or of Henry Ellison, the Bornnatural, or of E. V. K., it would have been very pleasant (to ourselves) to have given, *in extenso*, our views *de Re Poeticâ*, its nature, its laws and office, its means and

ends; and to have made known how much and how little we agreed on these points with such worthies as Aristotle and Plato, Horace and Richard Baxter, Petronius Arbiter and Blaise Pascal, Ulric von Hütten and Boileau, Hurdis and Hurd, Dr. Arnold and Montaigne, Harris of Salisbury and his famous uncle, Burke and 'John Buncle,' Montesquieu and Sir Philip Sidney, Dr. Johnson and the two Wartons, George Gascoyne and Spenser's friend Gabriel Harvey, Puttenham and Webbe, George Herbert and George Sand, Petrarch and Pinciano, Vida and Julius Cæsar Scaliger, Pontanus and Savage Landor, Leigh Hunt and Quinctilian, or Tacitus (whichever of the two wrote the Dialogue *De Oratoribus*, in which there is so much of the best philosophy, criticism, and expression), Lords Bacon and Buchan and Dr. Blair, Dugald Stewart and John Dryden, Charles Lamb and Professor Wilson, Vinet of Lausanne and John Foster, Lord Jeffrey and the two brothers Hare, Drs. Fuller and South, John Milton and Dr. Drake, Dante and 'Edie Ochiltree,' Wordsworth and John Bunyan, Plutarch and Winkelman, the Coleridges, Samuel, Sara, Hartley, Derwent, and Henry Nelson, Sir Egerton Bridges, Victor Cousin and 'the Doctor,' George Moir and Madame de Staël, Dr. Fracastorius and Professor Keble, Martinus Scriblerus and Sir Thomas Browne, Macaulay and the Bishop of Cloyne, Collins and Gray and Sir James Mackintosh, Hazlit

and John Ruskin, Shakspere and Jackson of Exeter, Dallas and De Quincey, and the six Taylors, Jeremy, William, Isaac, Jane, John, Edward, and Henry. We would have had great pleasure in quoting what these famous women and men have written on the essence and the art of poetry, and to have shown how strangely they differ, and how as strangely at times they agree. But as it is not related at what time of the evening our brisk young gentleman got his answer regarding Dr. Channing, so it likewise remains untold what our readers have lost and gained in our not fulfilling our somewhat extensive desire.

It is with poetry as with flowers or fruits, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes; we would all rather have them, and smell them, and taste them, than hear about them. It is a good thing to know all about a lily, its scientific ins and outs, its botany, its archæology, its æsthetics, even its anatomy and 'organic radicals,' but it is a better thing to look at itself, and 'consider' it how it grows—

'White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure.'

It is one thing to know what your peach is, that it is the fruit of a rosal exogen, and is of the nature of a true drupe, with its carpel solitary, and its style proceeding from the apex,—that its ovules are anatropal, and that its *putamen* separates *sponte suâ* from the

sacrocarp; to know, moreover, how many kinds of peaches and nectarines there are in the world, and how happy the Canadian pigs must be of an evening munching the downy odoriferous drupes under the trees, and what an aroma this must give to the resulting pork,[1]—it is another and a better thing to pluck the peach, and sink your teeth into its fragrant flesh. We remember only one exception to this rule. Who has ever yet tasted the roast pig of reality which came up to the roast pig of Charles Lamb? Who can forget 'that young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the stye, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*—the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest, and which, when prepared aright, is, of all the delicacies in the *mundus edibilis*, the most delicate—*obsoniorum facile princeps*—whose fat is not fat, but an indefinable sweetness growing up toward it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean not lean, but a kind of animal manna—*cœlestis—cibus ille angelorum*—or rather, shall we say, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosial result.' But

[1] We are given to understand that peach-fed pork is a poor pork after all, and goes soon into decomposition. We are not sorry to know this.

here, as elsewhere, the exception proves the rule, and even the perusal of 'Original' Walker's delicious schemes of dinners at Lovegrove's, with flounders water-zoutched, and iced claret, would stand little chance against an invitation to a party of six at Blackwall, with 'Tom Young of the Treasury' as Prime Minister.

Poetry is the expression of the beautiful—by words—the beautiful of the outer and of the inner world; whatever is delectable to the eye or the ear, the every sense of the body and of the soul—it presides over *veras dulcedines rerum.* It implies at once a vision and a faculty, a gift and an art. There must be the vivid conception of the beautiful, and its fit manifestation in numerous language. A thought may be poetical, and yet not poetry; it may be a sort of mother liquor, holding in solution the poetical element, but waiting and wanting its precipitation,—its concentration into the bright and compacted crystal. It is the very blossom and fragrancy and bloom of all human thoughts, passions, emotions, language; having for its immediate object—its very essence—pleasure and delectation rather than truth; but springing from truth, as the flower from its fixed and unseen root. To use the words of Puttenham in reference to Sir Walter Raleigh, poetry is a lofty, insolent (unusual) and passionate thing.

It is not philosophy, it is not science, it is not

morality, it is not religion, any more than red is or ever can be blue or yellow, or than one thing can ever be another; but it feeds on, it glorifies and exalts, it impassionates them all. A poet will be the better of all the wisdom, and all the goodness, and all the science, and all the talent he can gather into himself, but *quâ* poet he is a minister and an interpreter of τὸ καλὸν, and of nothing else. Philosophy and poetry are not opposites, but neither are they convertibles. They are twin sisters;—in the words of Augustine:—'PHILOCALIA *et* PHILOSOPHIA *prope similiter cognominatæ sunt, et quasi gentiles inter se videri volunt et sunt. Quid est enim Philosophia? amor sapientiæ. Quid Philocalia? amor pulchritudinis. Germanæ igitur istæ sunt prorsus, et eodem parente procreatæ.*' Fracastorius beautifully illustrates this in his *Naugerius, sive De Poeticâ Dialogus.* He has been dividing writers, or composers, as he calls them, into historians, or those who record appearances; philosophers, who seek out causes; and poets, who perceive and express *veras pulchritudines rerum, quicquid maximum et magnificum, quicquid pulcherrimum, quicquid dulcissimum;* and as an example, he says, if the historian describe the ongoings of this visible universe, I am taught; if the philosopher announce the doctrine of a spiritual essence pervading and regulating all things, I admire; but if the poet take up the same theme, and sing—

Principio cœlum ac terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

'*Si inquam, eandem rem, hoc pacto referat mihi, non admirabor solum, sed adamabo: et divinum nescio quid, in animum mihi immissum existimabo.*'

In the quotation which he gives, we at once detect the proper tools and cunning of the poet: fancy gives us *liquentes campos, titania astra, lucentem globum lunæ*, and phantasy or imagination, in virtue of its royal and transmuting power, gives us *intus alit—infusa per artus*—and that magnificent idea, *magno se corpore miscet*—this is the *divinum nescio quid*—the proper work of the imagination—the master and specific faculty of the poet—that which makes him what he is, as the wings make a bird, and which, to borrow the noble words of the Book of Wisdom, 'is more moving than motion,—is one only, and yet manifold, subtle, lively, clear, plain, quick, which cannot be letted, passing and going through all things by reason of her pureness; being one, she can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new.'

The following is Fracastorius' definition of a man who not only writes verses, but is by nature a poet: '*Est autem ille naturâ poeta, qui aptus est veris rerum pulchritudinibus capi monerique; et qui per illas loqui et scribere potest;*' and he gives the lines of Virgil,—

'*Aut sicubi nigrum*
Ilicibus crebris sacra nemus accubet umbra,'

as an instance of the poetical transformation. All that was merely actual or informative might have been given in the words *sicubi nemus*, but phantasy sets to work, and *videte, per quas pulchritudines, nemus depinxit; addens* ACCUBET, ET NIGRUM *crebris ilicibus et* SACRA UMBRA! *quam ob rem, recte Pontanus dicebat, finem esse poetæ, apposite dicere ad admirationem, simpliciter, et per universalem bene dicendi ideam.* This is what we call the *beau-idéal*, or κατ' ἐξοχήν, the ideal—what Bacon describes as 'a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul, and the exhibition of which doth raise and erect the mind by submitting *the shews of things* to the desires of the mind.' It is 'the wondrous and goodly paterne' of which Spenser sings in his 'Hymne in honour of Beautie':—

'What time this world's great Workmaister did cast
To make al things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashioned them, as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

'That wondrous Paterne wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see,

With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore—
That is the thing that giveth pleasant grace
To all things fair.
'For through infusion of celestial powre
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seeme to please.'

It is that 'loveliness' which Mr. Ruskin calls 'the signature of God on his works,' the dazzling printings of His fingers, and to the unfolding of which he has devoted, with so much of the highest philosophy and eloquence, a great part of the second volume of *Modern Painters.*

But we are as bad as Mr. Coleridge, and are defrauding our readers of their fruits and flowers, their peaches and lilies.

Sic sedebat.

Henry Vaughan, 'Silurist,' as he was called, from his being born in South Wales, the country of the *Silures*, was sprung from one of the most ancient and noble families of the Principality. Two of his ancestors, Sir Roger Vaughan and Sir David Gam, fell at Agincourt. It is said that Shakspere visited Scethrog, the family-castle in Brecknockshire; and

Malone guesses that it was when there that he fell in with the word 'Puck.' Near Scethrog, there is Cwn-Pooky, or Pwcca, the Goblin's Valley, which belonged to the Vaughans; and Crofton Croker gives, in his Fairy Legends, a facsimile of a portrait, drawn by a Welsh peasant, of a Pwcca, which (whom?) he himself had seen sitting on a milestone,[1] by the road-side, in the early morning, a very unlikely personage, one would think, to say,—

[1] We confess to being considerably affected when we look at this odd little fellow, as he sits there with his innocent upturned toes, and a certain forlorn dignity and meek sadness, as of 'one who once had wings.' What is he? and whence? Is he surface or substance? is he smooth and warm? is he glossy, like a blackberry? or has he on him 'the raven down of darkness,' like an unfledged chick of night? and if we smoothed him, would he smile? Does that large eye wink? and is it a hole through to the other side? (whatever that may be;) or is that a small crescent moon of darkness swimming in its disc? or does the eye disclose a bright light from within, where his soul sits and enjoys bright day? Is he a point of admiration whose head is too heavy, or a quaver or crotchet that has lost his neighbours, and fallen out of the scale? Is he an aspiring Tadpole in search of an idea? What have been, and what will be, the fortunes of this our small Nigel (*Nigellus*)? Think of 'Elia' having him sent up from the Goblin Valley, packed in wool, and finding him lively! how he and 'Mary' would doat upon him, feeding him upon some celestial, unspeakable *pap*, 'sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, or Cytherea's breath.' How the brother and sister would croon over him 'with murmurs made to bless,' calling him their 'tender novice' 'in the first bloom of his nigritude,' their belated straggler from the 'rear of darkness thin,' their little night-shade, not deadly, their infantile Will-o'-the-wisp caught before his sins, their 'poor Blot,' 'their innocent Blackness,' their 'dim Speck.'

'I go, I go; look how I go!
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.'

We can more easily imagine him as one of those Sprites—

'That do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darkness like a dream.'

Henry, our poet, was born in 1621, and had a twin-brother, Thomas. Newton, his birth-place, is now a farm-house on the banks of the Usk, the scenery of which is of great beauty. The twins entered Jesus College, Oxford, in 1638. This was early in the Great Rebellion, and Charles then kept his Court at Oxford. The young Vaughans were hot Royalists; Thomas bore arms, and Henry was imprisoned. Thomas, after many perils, retired to Oxford, and devoted his life to alchemy, under the patronage of Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland, himself addicted to these studies. He published a number of works, with such titles as '*Anthroposophia Theomagica*, or a Discourse of the Nature of Man, and his State after Death, grounded on his Creator's Proto-chemistry;' '*Magia Adamica*, with a full discovery of the true *Cœlum terræ*, or the Magician's Heavenly Chaos and the first matter of all things.

Henry seems to have been intimate with the famous wits of his time: 'Great Ben,' Cartwright,

Randolph, Fletcher, etc. His first publication was in 1646 :—'Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished, by Henry Vaughan, Gent.' After taking his degree in London as M.D., he settled at his birthplace, Newton, where he lived and died the doctor of the district. About this time he prepared for the press his little volume, 'Olor Iscanus, the Swan of Usk,' which was afterwards published by his brother Thomas, without the poet's consent. We are fortunate in possessing a copy of this curious volume, which is now marked in the Catalogues as '*Rariss.*' It contains a few original poems; some of them epistles to his friends, hit off with much vigour, wit, and humour. Speaking of the change of times, and the reign of the Roundheads, he says,—

> 'Here's brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a strange sight
> Of high monumental Hats, tane at the fight
> Of eighty-eight; while every Burgesse foots
> The mortal Pavement in eternall boots.'

There is a line in one of the letters which strikes us as of great beauty :—

> 'Feed on the vocal silence of his eye.'

And there is a very clever poem *Ad Amicum Fœneratorem*, in defiance of his friend's demand of repayment of a loan.

There is great richness and delicacy of expression in these two stanzas of an epithalamium :—

> 'Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads,
> As the mild heaven on roses sheds,

When at their cheeks (like pearls) they weare
The clouds that court them in a tear.

Fresh as the houres may all your pleasures be,
And healthfull as Eternitie!
Sweet as the flowre's first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the Rose
When she unfolds her curtained head,
And makes her bosome the Sun's bed!'

The translations from Ovid, Boece, and Cassimir, are excellent.

The following lines conclude an invitation to a friend:—

'Come then! and while the slow isicle hangs
At the stiffe thatch, and Winter's frosty pangs
Benumme the year, blithe as of old let us
Mid' noise and war, of peace and mirth discusse.
This portion thou wert born for. Why should we
Vex at the time's ridiculous miserie?
An age that thus hath fooled itself, and will,
Spite of thy teeth and mine, persist so still.
Let 's sit then at this fire; and, while wee steal
A revell in the Town, let others seal,
Purchase, and cheat, and who can let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the darksome day.
Innocent spenders wee! a better use
Shall wear out our short lease, and leave the obtuse
Rout to their husks. They and their bags at best
Have cares in earnest. Wee care for a jest!'

When about thirty years of age, he had a long and serious illness, during which his mind underwent an entire and final change on the most important of all subjects; and thenceforward he seems to have lived 'soberly, righteously, and godly.'

In his Preface to the '*Silex Scintillans*,' he says, 'The God of the spirits of all flesh hath granted me a further use of mine than I did look for in the body; and when I expected and had prepared for a message of death, then did he answer me with life,—I hope to his glory, and my great advantage; that I may flourish not with leafe only, but with some fruit also.' And he speaks of himself as one of the converts of 'that blessed man, Mr. George Herbert.'

Soon after, he published a little volume, called '*Flores Solitudinis*,' partly prose and partly verse. The prose, as Mr. Lyte justly remarks, is simple and nervous, unlike his poetry, which is occasionally deformed with the conceit of his time.

The verses entitled 'St. Paulinus to his wife Theresia,' have much of the vigour and thoughtfulness and point of Cowper. In 1655, he published a second edition, or more correctly a re-issue, for it was not reprinted, of his *Silex Scintillans*, with a second part added. He seems not to have given anything after this to the public, during the next forty years of his life.

He was twice married, and died in 1695, aged 73, at Newton, on the banks of his beloved Usk, where he had spent his useful, blameless, and, we doubt not, happy life; living from day to day in the eye of Nature, and in his solitary rides and walks in that wild and beautiful country, finding full exercise for

that fine sense of the beauty and wondrousness of all visible things, 'the earth and every common sight,' the expression of which he has so worthily embodied in his poems.

In 'The Retreate,' he thus expresses this passionate love of Nature—

> 'Happy those early dayes, when I
> Shin'd in my Angell-infancy!
> Before I understood this place
> Appointed for my second race,
> Or taught my soul to fancy ought
> But a white, Celestiall thought;
> When yet I had not walkt above
> A mile or two from my first love,
> And looking back, at that short space,
> Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
> When on some gilded Cloud or flowre
> My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
> And in those weaker glories spy
> Some shadows of eternity;
> Before I taught my tongue to wound
> My Conscience with a sinfule sound,
> Or had the black art to dispence
> A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
> But felt through all this fleshly dresse
> Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.
> O how I long to travell back,
> And tread again that ancient track!
> That I might once more reach that plaine,
> Where first I left my glorious traine;
> From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
> That shady City of Palme trees.'

To use the words of Lord Jeffrey as applied to Shakspere, Vaughan seems to have had in large

measure and of finest quality, 'that indestructible love of flowers, and odours, and dews, and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight, which are the material elements of poetry; and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion which is its essence and its vivifying power.'

And though what Sir Walter says of the country surgeon is too true, that he is worse fed and harder wrought than any one else in the parish, except it be his horse; still, to a man like Vaughan, to whom the love of nature and its scrutiny was a constant passion, few occupations could have furnished ampler and more exquisite manifestations of her magnificence and beauty. Many of his finest descriptions give us quite the notion of their having been composed when going his rounds on his Welsh pony among the glens and hills, and their unspeakable solitudes. Such lines as the following to a Star were probably direct from nature on some cloudless night:—

> 'Whatever 'tis, whose beauty here below
> Attracts thee thus, and makes thee stream and flow,
> And winde and curle, and wink and smile,
> Shifting thy gate and guile.'

He is one of the earliest of our poets who treats external nature subjectively rather than objectively, in which he was followed by Gray (especially in his

letters) and Collins and Cowper, and in some measure by Warton, until it reached its consummation, and perhaps its excess, in Wordsworth.

We shall now give our readers some specimens from the reprint of the *Silex* by Mr. Pickering, so admirably edited by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, himself a true poet, of whose careful life of our author we have made very free use.

THE TIMBER.

'Sure thou didst flourish once! and many Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Past o'er thy head: many light Hearts and Wings,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies;
While the low Violet thriveth at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy Line
Of death dost waste all senseless, cold and dark;
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf or bark.

And yet, as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive, thou dost great storms resent,
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

Else all at rest thou lyest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means only those who broke in life thy peace.'

This poem is founded upon the superstition that a tree which had been blown down by the wind gave

signs of restlessness and anger before the coming of a storm from the quarter whence came its own fall. It seems to us full of the finest phantasy and expression.

THE WORLD.

'I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.'

There is a wonderful magnificence about this; and what a Bunyan-like reality is given to the vision by '*the other night!*'

MAN.

'Weighing the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
And Intercourse of times divide,
Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowrs,
Early as well as late,
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowrs:

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowres without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

Man hath still either toyes or Care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,

But ever restless and Irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,
He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams:
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes
By some hid sense their Maker gave:
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.'

There is great moral force about this; its measure and words put one in mind of the majestic lines of Shirley, beginning

'The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things.'

COCK-CROWING.

'Father of lights! what Sunnie seed,
What glance of day hast thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busie Ray thou hast assign'd;
Their magnetisme works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
Their little grain expelling night
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light.
It seems their candle, howe'er done,
Was tinn'd and lighted at the sunne.'

This is a conceit, but an exquisite one.

PROVIDENCE.

'Sacred and secret hand!
By whose assisting, swift command
The Angel shewd that holy Well,
Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,
And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of yong, distressëd Ishmael.'

There is something very beautiful and touching in the opening of this on Providence, and in the 'yong distressëd Ishmael.'

THE DAWNING.

'Ah! what time wilt thou come? when shall that cry,
The Bridegroome's Comming! fill the sky?
Shall it in the Evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will thy all-surprizing light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowres?
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternitie?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole Creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light.'

This last line is full of grandeur and originality.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

'Lord, when thou didst on *Sinai* pitch,
And shine from *Paran*, when a firie Law,

Pronounc'd with thunder and thy threats, did thaw
Thy People's hearts, when all thy weeds were rich,
And Inaccessible for light,
Terrour, and might ;—
How did poore flesh, which after thou didst weare,
Then faint and fear!
Thy Chosen flock, like leafs in a high wind,
Whisper'd obedience, and their heads inclin'd.'

The idea in the last lines, we may suppose, was suggested by what Isaiah says of the effect produced on Ahaz and the men of Judah, when they heard that Rezin, king of Syria, had joined Israel against them. 'And his heart was moved, and the heart of his people, *as the trees of the wood are moved by the winds.*'

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

'Welcome, dear book, soul's Joy and food! The feast
Of Spirits ; Heav'n extracted lyes in thee.
Thou art life's Charter, The Dove's spotless nest
Where souls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

In thee the hidden stone, the Manna lies;
Thou art the great Elixir rare and Choice ;
The Key that opens to all Mysteries,
The Word in Characters, God in the Voice.'

This is very like Herbert, and not inferior to him.

In a poem having the odd mark of '¶,' and which seems to have been written after the death of some dear friends, are these two stanzas, the last of which is singularly pathetic :—

'They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingring here!

Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair Dell or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.'

Referring to Nicodemus visiting our Lord :—

THE NIGHT. (JOHN III. 2.)

'Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour?
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity?

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty Cherub, nor carved stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where trees and herbs did watch and peep,
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;
The day of Spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's[1] progress and his prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

[1] Mark i. 35; Luke xxi. 37.

God's silent, searching flight:
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their Fair Kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days,
Calm and unhaunted as is Thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.'

At the end he has these striking words—

'There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness——'

This brings to our mind the concluding sentence of Mr. Ruskin's fifth chapter in his second volume —'The infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable; not concealed, but incomprehensible; *it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.*' Plato, if we rightly remember, says —'Truth is the body of God, light is His shadow.'

DEATH.

'Though since thy first sad entrance
By just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sovereignty holds good;
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease,
As a tryed thing,
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go,
But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the Sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.

And since His death we throughly see
All thy dark way;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which his first looks will quickly fray:
Mists make but triumphs for the day.'

The Water-fall.

'With what deep murmurs, through time's silent stealth
Doth thy transparent, cool and watry wealth
Here flowing fall,
And chide and call,
As if his liquid, loose Retinue staid
Lingring, and were of this steep place afraid.

The Shower.

'Waters above! Eternal springs!
The dew that silvers the Dove's wings!
O welcome, welcome to the sad!
Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad.
Many fair Evenings, many flowers
Sweetened with rich and gentle showers,
Have I enjoyed, and down have run
Many a fine and shining Sun;
But never, till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an evening shower!'

What a curious felicity about the repetition of 'drink' in the fourth line.

'Isaac's Marriage' is one of the best of the pieces, but is too long for insertion.

'THE RAINBOW'

has seldom been better sung:

'Still young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnisht, flaming Arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to Musick, clouds to smiles and air:
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and Sunshine! the sure tye
Of thy Lord's hand, the object[1] of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And mindes the Covenant 'twixt *All* and *One*.'

What a knot of the grey fathers!

'Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot!'

Our readers will see whence Campbell stole, and how he spoiled in the stealing (by omitting the word 'youthful'), the well-known line in his 'Rainbow'—

'How came the world's grey fathers forth
To view the sacred sign.'

[1] Gen. ix. 16.

Campbell did not disdain to take this, and no one will say much against him, though it looks ill, occurring in a poem on the rainbow; but we cannot so easily forgive him for saying that 'Vaughan is one of the harshest even of the inferior order of conceit, having some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild-flowers on a barren heath.'

'Rules and Lessons' is his longest and one of his best poems; but we must send our readers to the book itself, where they will find much to make them grateful to 'The Silurist,' and to Mr. Pickering, who has already done such good service for the best of our elder literature.

We have said little about the deep godliness, the spiritual Christianity, with which every poem is penetrated and quickened. Those who can detect and relish this best, will not be the worse pleased at our saying little about it. Vaughan's religion is deep, lively, personal, tender, kindly, impassioned, temperate, central. His religion grows up, effloresces into the ideas and forms of poetry as naturally, as noiselessly, as beautifully as the life of the unseen seed finds its way up into the 'bright consummate flower.'

Of 'IX. Poems by V.,' we would say with the *Quarterly*, βαιὰ μὲν, ἀλλὰ ῥΟΔΑ. They combine

rare excellences; the concentration, the finish, the gravity of a man's thought, with the tenderness, the insight, the constitutional sorrowfulness of a woman's —her purity, her passionateness, her delicate and keen sense and expression. We confess we would rather have been the author of any one of the nine poems in this little volume, than of the somewhat tremendous, absurd, raw, loud, and fuliginous 'Festus,' with his many thousands of lines and his amazing reputation, his bad English, bad religion, bad philosophy, and very bad jokes—his 'buttered thunder' (this is his own phrase), and his poor devil of a Lucifer—we would, we repeat (having in this our *subita ac sæva indignatio* run ourselves a little out of breath), as much rather keep company with 'V.' than with Mr. Bailey, as we would prefer going to sea for *pleasure*, in a trim little yacht, with its free motions, its quiet, its cleanliness, to taking a state berth in some Fire-King steamer of one thousand horse power, with his mighty and troublous throb, his smoke, his exasperated steam, his clangour, and fire and fury, his oils and smells.

Had we time, and were this the fit place, we could, we think, make something out of this comparison of the boat with its sail and its rudder, and the unseen, wayward, serviceable winds playing about it, inspiring it, and swaying its course,—and the iron steamer, with its machinery, its coarse energy, its noises and

philosophy, its ungainly build and gait, its perilousness from within; and we think we could show how much of what Aristotle, Lord Jeffrey, Charles Lamb, or Edmund Burke would have called genuine poetry there is in the slender 'V.,' and how little in the big 'Festus.' We have made repeated attempts, but we cannot get through this poem. It beats us. We must want the *Festus* sense. Some of our best friends, with whom we generally agree on such matters, are distressed for us, and repeat long passages with great energy and apparent intelligence and satisfaction. Meanwhile, having read the six pages of public opinion at the end of the third and People's edition, we take it for granted that it is a great performance, that, to use one of the author's own words, there is a mighty '*somethingness*' about it—and we can entirely acquiesce in the quotation from *The Sunday Times*, that they 'read it with astonishment, and closed it with bewilderment.' It would appear from these opinions, which from their intensity, variety, and number (upwards of 50), are curious signs of the times, that Mr. Bailey has not so much improved on, as happily superseded the authors of Job and Ecclesiastes, of the Divine Comedy, of Paradise Lost and Regained, of Dr. Faustus, Hamlet, and Faust, of Don Juan, the Course of Time, St. Leon, the Jolly Beggars, and the Loves of the Angels.

He is more sublime and simple than Job—more royally witty and wise, more to the quick and the point than Solomon—more picturesque, more intense, more pathetic than Dante—more Miltonic (we have no other word) than Milton—more dreadful, more curiously blasphemous, more sonorous than Marlowe—more worldly-wise and clever, and intellectually *svelt* than Goethe. More passionate, more eloquent, more impudent than Byron—more orthodox, more edifying, more precocious than Pollok—more absorptive and inveterate than Goodwin; and more hearty and tender, more of love and manhood all compact than Burns—more gay than Moore—more μυριάνους than Shakspeare.

It may be so. We have made repeated and resolute incursions in various directions into its torrid zone, but have always come out greatly scorched and stunned and affronted. Never before did we come across such an amount of energetic and tremendous words, going 'sounding on their dim and perilous way,' like a cataract at midnight—not flowing like a stream, nor leaping like a clear waterfall, but always among breakers—roaring and tearing and tempesting with a sort of transcendental din; and then what power of energizing and speaking, and philosophizing and preaching, and laughing and joking and love-making, *in vacuo!* As far as we can judge, and as far as we can keep our senses in such a region, it

seems to us not a poem at all, hardly even poetical—but rather the materials for a poem, made up of science, religion, and love, the (very raw) materials of a structure—as if the bricks and mortar, and lath and plaster, and furniture, and fire and fuel and meat and drink, and inhabitants male and female, of a house were all mixed 'through other' in one enormous *imbroglio*. It is a sort of fire-mist, out of which poetry, like a star, might by curdling, condensation, crystallization, have been developed, after much purging, refining, and cooling, much time and pains. Mr. Bailey is, we believe, still a young man, full of energy—full, we doubt not, of great and good aims; let him read over a passage, we daresay he knows it well, in the second book of Milton on Church Government, he will there, among many other things worthy of his regard, find that 'the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within,' which is the haunt and main region of his song, may be 'painted out and described' with '*a solid and treatable smoothness*.' If he paint out and describe after this manner, he may yet more than make up for this sin of his youth; and let him take our word for it and fling away nine-tenths of his adjectives, and in the words of Old Shirley—

> 'Compose his poem clean without 'em.
> A row of stately SUBSTANTIVES would march
> Like Switzers, and bear all the fields before 'em;

Carry their weight; show fair, like Deeds enroll'd;
Not Writs, that are first made and after filed.
Thence first came up the title of Blank Verse;—
You know, sir, what Blank signifies;—when the sense,
First framed, is tied with adjectives like points,
Hang 't, 'tis pedantic vulgar poetry.
Let children, when they versify, stick here
And there, these piddling words for want of matter.
Poets write masculine numbers.'

Here are some of V.'s Roses—

THE GRAVE.

'I stood within the grave's o'ershadowing vault;
Gloomy and damp it stretch'd its vast domain;
Shades were its boundary; for my strain'd eye sought
For other limit to its width in vain.

Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray,
And distant sound of living men and things;
This, in th' encountering darkness pass'd away,
That, took the tone in which a mourner sings.

I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom;
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

Around me stretch'd the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ached upon my ear;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chill'd my heart with fear.

The former men of every age and place,
From all their wand'rings gather'd, round me lay;
The dust of wither'd Empires did I trace,
And stood 'mid Generations pass'd away.

I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
Or famine or the plague, gave up their breath;

Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
Swept by ten thousands to the arms of Death.

I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been;
Far and confused the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.

Death's various shrines—the Urn, the Stone, the Lamp—
Were scatter'd round, confused, amid the dead;
Symbols and Types were mould'ring in the damp,
Their shapes were waning and their meaning fled

Unspoken tongues, perchance in praise or wo,
Were character'd on tablets Time had swept;
And deep were half their letters hid below
The thick small dust of those they once had wept.

No hand was here to wipe the dust away;
No reader of the writing traced beneath;
No spirit sitting by its form of clay;
No sigh nor sound from all the heaps of Death.

One place alone had ceased to hold its prey;
A form had press'd it and was there no more;
The garments of the Grave beside it lay,
Where once they wrapp'd him on the rocky floor.

He only with returning footsteps broke
Th' eternal calm wherewith the Tomb was bound;
Among the sleeping Dead alone He woke,
And bless'd with outstretch'd hands the host around.

Well is it that such blessing hovers here,
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng,
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their wo the loaded air along.

They to the verge have follow'd what they love,
And on th' insuperable threshold stand;
With cherish'd names its speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasp'd hand.

But vainly there they seek their soul's relief,
And of th' obdurate Grave its prey implore;
Till Death himself shall medicine their grief,
Closing their eyes by those they wept before.

All that have died, the Earth's whole race, repose
Where Death collects his Treasures, heap on heap;
O'er each one's busy day, the nightshades close;
Its Actors, Sufferers, Schools, Kings, Armies—sleep.'

The lines in italics are of the highest quality, both in thought and word; the allusion to Him who by dying abolished death, seems to us wonderfully fine —sudden, simple—it brings to our mind the lines already quoted from Vaughan :—

'But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the Sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.'

What a rich line this is!—

'And pour their wo the loaded air along.'

'The insuperable threshold!'

Do our readers remember the dying Corinne's words? *Je mourrais seule—au reste, ce moment se passe de secours; nos amis ne peuvent nous suivre que jusqu'au seuil de la vie. Là, commencent des pensées dont le trouble et la profondeur ne sauraient se confier.*

We have only space for one more—verses entitled 'Heart's-Ease.'

HEART'S-EASE.

'Oh, Heart's-Ease, dost thou lie within that flower?
How shall I draw thee thence?—so much I need
The healing aid of thine enshrinèd power
To veil the past—and bid the time good speed!

I gather it—it withers on my breast;
The heart's-ease dies when it is laid on mine;
Methinks there is no shape by Joy possess'd,
Would better fare than thou, upon that shrine.

Take from me things gone by—oh, change the past—
Renew the lost—restore me the decay'd;—
Bring back the days whose tide has ebb'd so fast—
Give form again to the fantastic shade!

My hope, that never grew to certainty,—
My youth, that perish'd in its vain desire,—
My fond ambition, crush'd ere it could be
Aught save a self-consuming, wasted fire:

Bring these anew, and set me once again
In the delusion of Life's Infancy—
I was not happy, but I knew not then
That happy I was never doom'd to be.

Till these things are, and powers divine descend—
Love, kindness, joy, and hope, to gild my day,
In vain the emblem leaves towards me bend,
Thy Spirit, Heart's-Ease, is too far away!'

We would fain have given two poems entitled 'Bessy' and 'Youth and Age.' Everything in this little volume is select and good. Sensibility and sense in right measure, proportion and keeping, and in pure, strong, classical language; no intemperance of thought or phrase. Why does not V.' write more?

We do not very well know how to introduce our friend Mr. Ellison, 'The Bornnatural,' who addresses his 'Madmoments to the Lightheaded of Society at large.' We feel as a father, a mother, or other near of kin would at introducing an ungainly gifted and much-loved son or kinsman, who had the knack of putting his worst foot foremost, and making himself *imprimis* ridiculous.

There is something wrong in all awkwardness, a want of nature *somewhere*, and we feel affronted even still, after we have taken the Bornnatural[1] to our heart, and admire and love him, at his absurd gratuitous self-befoolment. The book is at first sight one farrago of oddities and offences—coarse foreign paper—bad printing—italics broad-cast over every page—the words run into each other in a way we are glad to say is as yet quite original, making such extraordinary monsters of words as these—beingsriddle—sunbeammotes—gooddeed—midjune—summerair selffavour—seraphechoes—puredeedprompter—barkskeel, etc. Now we like Anglo-Saxon and the polygamous German,[2] but we like better the well of

[1] In his Preface he explains the title Bornnatural, as meaning 'one who inherits the natural sentiments and tastes to which he was born, still artunsullied and customfree.'

[2] *ex. gr.* — *Konstantinopolitanischerdudelsackspfeifergeselle.* Here is a word as long as the sea-serpent—but, like it, having a head and tail, being what lawyers call *unum quid*—not an up and down series of infatuated *phocæ*, as Professor Owen some-

English undefiled—a well, by-the-bye, much oftener spoken of than drawn from; but to fashion such words as these words are, is as monstrous as for a painter to *compose* an animal not out of the elements, but out of the entire bodies of several, of an ass, for instance, a cock, and a crocodile, so as to produce an outrageous individual, with whom even a duck-billed Platypus would think twice before he fraternized—ornithorynchous and paradoxical though he be, poor fellow.

And yet our Bornnatural's two thick and closely small-printed volumes are as full of poetry as is an 'impassioned grape' of its noble liquor.

He is a true poet. But he has not the art of *singling* his thoughts, an art as useful in composition as in husbandry, as necessary for young fancies as young turnips. Those who have seen our turnip fields in early summer, with the hoers at their work, will understand our reference. If any one wishes to read these really remarkable volumes, we would advise them to begin with 'Season Changes' and 'Emma, a Tale.' We give two Odes on Psyche, which are as nearly perfect as anything out of Milton or Tennyson.

The story is the well-known one of Psyche and

what insolently asserts. Here is what the Bornnatural would have made of it—

A Constantinopolitanbagpiperoutofhisapprenticeship.

Cupid, told at such length, and with so much beauty, pathos, and picturesqueness by Apuleius, in his 'Golden Ass.' Psyche is the human soul—a beautiful young woman. Cupid is spiritual, heavenly love—a comely youth. They are married, and live in perfect happiness, but, by a strange decree of fate, he comes and goes unseen, tarrying only for the night; and he has told her, that if she looks on him with her bodily eye, if she tries to break through the darkness in which they dwell, then he must leave her, and for ever. Her two sisters—Anger and Desire, tempt Psyche. She yields to their evil counsel, and thus it fares with her:—

ODE TO PSYCHE.

'1. Let not a sigh be breathed, or he is flown!
With tiptoe stealth she glides, and throbbing breast,
Towards the bed, like one who dares not own
Her purpose, and half shrinks, yet cannot rest
From her rash Essay: in one trembling hand
She bears a lamp, which sparkles on a sword;
In the dim light she seems a wandering dream
Of loveliness: 'tis Psyche and her Lord,
Her yet unseen, who slumbers like a beam
Of Moonlight, vanishing as soon as scann'd!

2. One Moment, and all bliss hath fled her heart,
Like windstole odours from the rosebud's cell,
Or as the earthdashed dewdrop which no art
Can e'er replace: alas! we learn fullwell
How beautiful the Past when it is o'er,
But with seal'd eyes we hurry to the brink,

Blind as the waterfall: oh, stay thy feet,
Thou rash one, be content to know no more
Of bliss than thy heart teaches thee, nor think
The sensual eye can grasp a form more sweet—

3. Than that which for itself the soul should chuse
For higher adoration; but in vain!
Onward she moves, and as the lamp's faint hues
Flicker around, her charmëd eyeballs strain,
For there he lies in undreamt loveliness!
Softly she steals towards him, and bends o'er
His slumberlidded eyes, as a lily droops
Faint o'er a folded rose: one caress
She would but dares not take, and as she stood,
An oildrop from the lamp fell burning sore!

4. Thereat sleepfray'd, dreamlike the God takes Wing
And soars to his own skies, while Psyche strives
To clasp his foot, and fain thereon would cling,
But falls insensate;

. . . . . .

Psyche! thou shouldst have taken that high gift
Of Love as it was meant, that mystery
Did ask thy faith, the Gods do test our worth,
And ere they grant high boons our heart would sift!

5. Hadst thou no divine Vision of thine own?
Didst thou not see the Object of thy Love
Clothed with a Beauty to dull clay unknown?
And could not that bright Image, far above
The Reach of sere Decay, content thy Thought?
Which with its glory would have wrapp'd thee round,
To the Gravesbrink, untouched by Age or Pain!
Alas! we mar what Fancy's Womb has brought
Forth of most beautiful, and to the Bound
Of Sense reduce the Helen of the Brain!'

What a picture! Psyche, pale with love and fear, bending in the uncertain light, over her lord, with

the rich flush of health and sleep and manhood on his cheek, '*as a lily droops faint o'er a folded rose!* We remember nothing anywhere finer than this.

ODE TO PSYCHE.

' 1. Why stand'st thou thus at Gaze
In the faint Tapersrays,
With strainëd Eyeballs fixed upon that Bed?
Has he then flown away,
Lost, like a Star in Day,
Or like a Pearl in Depths unfathomëd?
Alas! thou hast done very ill,
Thus with thine Eyes the Vision of thy Soul to kill!

2. Thought'st thou that earthly Light
Could then assist thy Sight,
Or that the Limits of Reality
Could grasp Things fairer than
Imagination's Span,
Who communes with the Angels of the Sky,
Thou graspest at the Rainbow, and
Wouldst make it as the Zone with which thy Waist is spanned!

3. And what find'st thou in his Stead?
Only the empty Bed!
. . . . . .
Thou sought'st the Earthly and therefore
The heavenly is gone, for that must ever soar!

4. For the bright World of
Pure and boundless Love
What hast thou found? alas! a narrow room!
Put out that Light,
Restore thy Soul its Sight,
For better 'tis to dwell in outward Gloom
Than thus, by the vile Body's eye,
To rob the Soul of its Infinity!

5. Love, Love has Wings, and he
Soon out of Sight will flee,
Lost in far Ether to the sensual Eye,
But the Soul's Vision true
Can track him, yea, up to
The Presence and the Throne of the Most High:
For thence he is, and tho' he dwell below,
To the Soul only he his genuine Form will show!'

Mr. Ellison was a boy of twenty-three when he wrote this. That, with so much command of expression and of measure, he should run waste and formless and even void, as he does in other parts of his volumes, is very mysterious and very distressing.

How we became possessed of the poetical Epistle from 'E. V. K. to his Friend in Town,' is more easily asked than answered. We avow ourselves in the matter to have acted for once on M. Proudhon's maxim—'*La propriété c'est le vol.*' We merely say, in our defence, that it is a shame in 'E. V. K.,' be he who he may, to hide his talent in a napkin, or keep it for his friends alone. It is just such men and such poets as he that we most need at present, sober-minded and sound-minded and well-balanced, whose genius is subject to their judgment, and who have genius and judgment to begin with—a part of the poetical stock in trade with which many of our living writers are not largely furnished. The Epistle is obviously written quite off-hand, but it is the off-hand of a master, both as to material and workmanship. He is of the good old manly, classical

school. His thoughts have settled and cleared themselves before forming into the mould of verse. They are in the style of Stewart Rose's *vers de société*, but have more of the graphic force and deep feeling and fine humour of Crabbe and Cowper in their substance, with a something of their own which is to us quite as delightful. But our readers may judge. After upbraiding, with much wit, a certain faithless town-friend for not making out his visit, he thus describes his residence :—

> 'Though its charms be few,
> The place will please you, and may profit too ;—
> My house, upon the hillside built, looks down
> On a neat harbour and a lively town.
> Apart, 'mid screen of trees, it stands, just where
> We see the popular bustle, but not share.
> Full in our front is spread a varied scene—
> A royal ruin, grey or clothed with green,
> Church spires, tower, docks, streets, terraces, and trees,
> Back'd by green fields, which mount by due degrees
> Into brown uplands, stretching high away
> To where, by silent tarns, the wild deer stray.
> Below, with gentle tide, the Atlantic Sea
> Laves the curved beach, and fills the cheerful quay,
> Where frequent glides the sail, and dips the oar,
> And smoking steamer halts with hissing roar.'

Then follows a long passage of great eloquence, truth, and wit, directed against the feverish, affected, unwholesome life in town, before which he fears

> 'Even he, my friend, the man whom once I knew,
> Surrounded by blue women and pale men,'

has fallen a victim ; and then concludes with these lines, which it would not be easy to match for every-

thing that constitutes good poetry. As he writes he chides himself for suspecting his friend; and at that moment (it seems to have been written on Christmas day) he hears the song of a thrush, and forthwith he 'bursts into a song,' as full-voiced, as native, as sweet and strong, as that of his bright-eyed feathered friend:

> 'But, hark that sound! the mavis! can it be?
> Once more! It is. High perched on yon bare tree,
> He starts the wondering winter with his trill;
> Or by that sweet sun westering o'er the hill
> Allured, or for he thinks melodious mirth
> Due to the holy season of Christ's birth.—
> And hark! as his clear fluting fills the air,
> Low broken notes and twitterings you may hear
> From other emulous birds, the brakes among;
> Fain would they also burst into a song;
> But winter warns, and muffling up their throats,
> They liquid—for the spring—preserve their notes.
> O sweet preluding! having heard that strain,
> How dare I lift my dissonant voice again?
> Let me be still, let me enjoy the time,
> Bothering myself or thee no more with rugged rhyme.'

This author must not be allowed to 'muffle up *his* throat,' and keep his notes for some imaginary and far-off spring. He has not the excuse of the mavis. He must give us more of his own 'clear fluting.' Let him, with that keen, kindly and thoughtful eye, look from his retreat, as Cowper did, upon the restless, noisy world he has left, seeing the popular bustle, not sharing it, and let his pen record in such verses as these what his understanding and his affections think and feel and his imagination informs, and we shall have something in verse not unlike the letters

from Olney. There is one line which deserves to be immortalized over the cherished bins of our wine-fanciers, where repose their

'Dear prisoned spirits of the impassioned grape.'

What is good makes us think of what is better, as well, and it is to be hoped more, than of what is worse. There is no sweetness so sweet as that of a large and deep nature; there is no knowledge so good, so strengthening as that of a great mind, which is for ever filling itself afresh. 'Out of the eater comes forth meat; out of the strong comes forth sweetness.' Here is one of such '*dulcedines veræ*'—the sweetness of a strong man:—

'Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
With living saphirs; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.'

Were we inclined to do anything but enjoy this and be thankful—giving ourselves up to its gentleness, informing ourselves with its quietness and beauty,—we would note the simplicity, the neutral tints, the quietness of its language, the 'sober livery' in which its thoughts are clad. In the first thirty-eight words,

twenty-nine are monosyllables. Then there is the gradual way in which the crowning phantasy is introduced. It comes upon us at once, and yet not wholly unexpected; it 'sweetly creeps' into our 'study of imagination;' it lives and moves, but it is a moving that is 'delicate;' it flows in upon us *incredibili lenitate.* 'Evening' is a matter of fact, and its stillness too—a time of the day; and 'twilight' is little more. We feel the first touch of spiritual life in '*her* sober livery,' and bolder and deeper in 'all things *clad*.' Still we are not deep, the real is not yet transfigured and transformed, and we are brought back into it after being told that 'Silence accompanied,' by the explanatory 'for,' and the bit of sweet natural history of the beasts and birds. The mind dilates and is moved, its eye detained over the picture; and then comes that rich, 'thick warbled note'—'*all but the wakeful nightingale;*' this fills and informs the ear, making it also 'of apprehension more quick,' and we are prepared now for the great idea coming 'into the eye and prospect of our soul'—SILENCE WAS PLEASED! There is nothing in all poetry above this. Still evening and twilight grey are now Beings, coming on, and walking over the earth like queens, 'with Silence,'

'Admiration's speaking'st tongue,'

as their pleased companion. All is 'calm and free,' and 'full of life;' it is a 'Holy Time.' What a pic-

ture!—what simplicity of means! what largeness and perfectness of effect! what knowledge and love of nature! what supreme art!—what modesty and submission! what self-possession!—what plainness, what selectness of speech! 'As is the height, so is the depth. The intensities must be at once opposite and equal. As the liberty, so the reverence for law. As the independence, so must be the seeing and the service, and the submission to the Supreme Will. As the ideal genius and the originality, so must be the resignation to the real world, the sympathy and the intercommunion with Nature.'—*Coleridge's Posthumous Tract, 'The Idea of Life.'*

Since writing the above, our friend 'E.V.K.' has shown himself curiously unaffected by 'that last infirmity of noble minds,'—his 'clear spirit' heeds all too little its urgent 'spur.' The following sonnets are all we can pilfer from him. They are worth the stealing:

AN ARGUMENT IN RHYME.

I.

'Things that now are beget the things to be,
As they themselves were gotten by things past;
Thou art a sire, who yesterday but wast
A child like him now prattling on thy knee;
And he in turn ere long shall offspring see.
Effects at first, seem causes at the last,
Yet only seem; when off their veil is cast,
All speak alike of mightier energy,
Received and pass'd along. The life that flows
Through space and time, bursts in a loftier source.

What 's spaced and timed is bounded, therefore shows
A power beyond, a timeless, spaceless force,
Templed in that infinitude, before
Whose light-veil'd porch men wonder and adore.

II.

Wonder! but—for we cannot comprehend—
Dare not to doubt. Man, know thyself! and know
That, being what thou art, it must be so.
We creatures are, and it were to transcend
The limits of our being, and ascend
Above the Infinite, if we could show
All that He is, and how things from Him flow.
Things and their laws by Man are grasp'd and kenn'd,
But creatures must no more; and Nature's *must*
Is Reason's choice; for could we all reveal
Of God and acts creative, doubt were just.
Were these conceivable, they were not real.
Here, ignorance man's sphere of being suits,
'Tis knowledge self, or of her richest fruits.

III.

Then rest here, brother! and within the veil
Boldly thine anchor cast. What though thy boat
No shoreland sees, but undulates afloat
On soundless depths? securely fold thy sail.
Ah! not by daring prow and favouring gale
Man threads the gulfs of doubting and despond,
And gains a rest in being unbeyond.
Who roams the furthest, surest is to fail;
Knowing nor what to seek, nor how to find.
Not far but near, about us, yea within,
Lieth the infinite life. The pure in mind
Dwell in the Presence, to themselves akin;
And lo! thou sick and health-imploring soul,
He stands beside thee—touch, and thou art whole.'

EXCURSUS ETHICUS.

Verius cogitatur Deus quam dicitur, et verius est quam cogitatur.—AUGUSTINE.

In these two things, viz., *an equal indifferency for all truth—I mean the receiving it in the love of it as truth, but not loving it for any other reason before we know it to be true; and in the examination of our principles, and not receiving any for such, nor building on them, until we are fully convinced, as rational creatures, of their solidity, truth, and certainty—consists that freedom of the understanding which is necessary to a rational creature, and without which it is not truly an understanding.*

JOHN LOCKE.

EXCURSUS ETHICUS.

WE have named the excellent works at the close of this paper more with the view of recommending them to the study of such of our readers as may be so inclined, than of reviewing them in the technical sense, still less of going over exactly the same ground which they have already so well occupied and enriched. Our object in selecting their names out of many others, is, that they are good and varied, both as to time, and view, and character, —and also that we may be saved referring to them more particularly.

Our observations shall be of a very miscellaneous and occasional kind—perhaps too much so for the taste or judgment of our readers; but we think that a rambling excursion is a good and wholesome thing, now and then.

System is good, but it is apt to enslave and confine its maker. Method in art is what system is in science; and we, physicians, know, to our sad and

weighty experience, that we are more occupied with doing some one thing, than in knowing many other things. System is to an art, what an external skeleton is to a crab, something it, as well as the crab, must escape from, if it mean to grow bigger: more of a shield and covering than a support and instrument of power. Our skeletons are inside our bodies, and so generally ought our systems to be inside not outside our minds.

Were we, for our own and our readers' satisfaction and entertainment, or for some higher and better end, about to go through a course of reading on the foundation of general morals, in order to deduce from them a code of professional ethics,—to set ourselves to discover the root, and ascend up from it to the timber, the leaves, the fruit, and the flowers—we would not confine ourselves to a stinted browsing in the ample and ancient field—we would, in right of our construction, be omnivorous, trusting to a stout mastication, a strong digestion, an eclectic and vigorous chylopoietic staff of appropriators and scavengers, to our making something of everything. We would not despise good old Plutarch's morals, or anybody else's, because we know chemistry, and many other things, better than he did; nor would we be ashamed to confess that our best morality, and our deepest philosophy of the nature and origin of human duty, of moral good and evil, was summed up in the

golden rules of childhood, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' 'Every man is thy neighbour.' 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' 'Ye owe no man anything, but to love one another.' This is the true birthplace of the word *ought*, that which we owe to some one, and of *duty*, that which is due by us; and likewise of *moral*, that which should be customary, and *ethical* in the same sense; —the only custom, which it will always be a privilege, as well as a duty to pay—the only debt which must always be running up.

It is worth remembering that names too often become the ghosts of things, and ghosts with a devil or a fool, instead of the original tenant inside. The word *manners* means literally nothing else, and ought never to be anything else, than the expression, the embodiment, the pleasant flower, of an inward *mos* or moral state. We may all remember that the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel—which were, many of them, anything but moral—were translated so, instead of Tales illustrative of *Manners*.

To go on with our *excursus erraticus*.

Were we going to take ourselves and our company into the past, and visit the *habitats* of the great moralists, and see the country, and make up our minds as to what in it was what, and how much to us it was worth,—we would not keep to one line,—we

would expatiate a little and make it a ramble, not a journey, much less an express train, with no stoppages, —we would, moreover, take our own time, choose our own roads, and our own vehicles,—we would stay where, and as long as we found entertainment, good lodging, and good fare, and did not lose our time or ourselves,—and we would come home, we hope, not informed merely, but in better health and spirits, more contented, more active, more enlightened, more ready for our daily work. We would begin at the beginning, and start early. In search of what is man's normal sense of duty, and how he is to do it, we would take our company to that garden, planted eastward in Eden, where were all manner of fruits, pleasant to the eye, and good for food ; that garden which every one believes in—we don't mean geographically or geologically, but really,—as a fact in the history of the race, and relics of which—its sounds, its fragrance and beauty—he meets still everywhere within him and around him, 'like the remembrance of things to come,'—we would there find the law, the primal condition, under which the species were placed by its Maker—how the infinite and the finite, God and his children, giving and receiving, faith and works, met together, and kept in tune—how, and by whom, man was made upright, in mind as well as body—and what was that first of the many inventions he found out, when he took of the

tree of the knowledge of good as well as of evil, and did eat.

Then we would move on to a wild mountain in Arabia, standing at this day as it did on that, and joining the multitude of that peculiar people—whom we still see in the midst of us in our busy world—unchanged, the breed still unmixed—and out of the bickering flame, the darkness, and the splendour, and 'as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness,' the sight so exceeding terrible, we might hear those ten commandments, which all of us have by heart, not all in our hearts. Lest we should fail with fear, we would go on into the sunlight of Canaan, and forward many centuries, and in the 'Sermon on the Mount,' sitting down among the multitudes, hear our code of laws revised and re-issued by their Giver, and find its summary easily carried away,—Love to God, love to man, loving our neighbour as ourselves.

Then might we go back and visit the Shepherd King, and carry off his 104th, 105, and 119th Psalms, and being there, we would take a lesson in morals from his son's life—that wisest and foolishest of men—and carry off with us his pithy 'Proverbs.'

Next we would intercept Paul's letter to his friends at Rome, and make an extract of its 1st chapter, and its 12th and 13th, and end by copying it all; and having called on James the Less and the Just,

we would get his entire epistle by heart, and shut up this, our visit to the Holy Land, with the sound of the last verse of the second last chapter of the Apocalypse ringing in our ears.

We would then find Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and all those noble old fellows, busy at their work, showing us how little and how much man, with the finest organization, and the best discipline, can do for himself in the way of lifting himself from the ground, and erecting himself above himself, by his sheer strength; and we would not fail to admire the courage, and the deep moral intensity and desire, the amazing beauty and energy of expression, the amplitude and depth of their ideas, as if minds were once giant as well as bodies. But we would not tarry with them, we would wish rather to take them with us, and get Socrates to study the Sermon on the Mount, and Plato the Pauline Epistles, where he would meet his fellow, and more than his match, in subtlety and in sense, in solid living thought, in clear and passionate utterance, in everything that makes thought felt, and feeling understood, and both motive and effectual.

Then would we hurry over the dreary interval of the middle passage of the dark ages, where Aristotle's blind children of the mist might be seen spinning ropes, not out of themselves, like the more intelligent and practical spider, but out of the weary sand—ropes, signifying nothing; and we might see how,

having parted with their senses, they had lost themselves, and were *vox et prætera nihil.*

But we must shorten our trip. We would cool ourselves, and visit old Hobbes of Malmesbury in his arctic cave, and see him sitting like a polar bear, muttering protests against the universe, nursing his wrath as the only thing with which to warm and cheer that sullen heart, and proclaiming that self-love is every kind of love, and all that in man is good. We would wonder at that palace of ice, symmetrical, beautiful, strong—but below zero. We would come away before we were benumbed, admiring much his intrepid air, his keen and clean teeth, his clear eye, his matchless vigour of grip, his redeeming love for his cubs, his dreary mistake of absolute cold for heat,—frozen mercury burning as well as molten gold. Leaving him, after trying to get him to give up his cold fishy diet, his long winters of splendid darkness, and come and live with us like a Christian, we would go to an English country-house, to Lady Masham's, at the Oates, the abode of comfort, cheerfulness, and thoughtful virtue; and we would there find John Locke, 'communing with the man within the breast,' and listening reverently, but like a man; and we would carry off from her ladyship's table her father's (Cudworth) huge magazine of learning, strong intellect, and lofty morality—his treatise 'concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality.'

Then we might call for Locke's pupil, Lord Shaftesbury, the great man and the courtier, but the philosopher too, having glimpses of better things, and coming very close to what we are in search of—*a special moral faculty;* and we would find our friend Dr. Henry More in his laboratory, dreaming in his odd Platonic way, of a '*boniform faculty*.'

Next, we would set sail across the Atlantic, and reach in the evening the mild skies of the 'vex't Bermoothes,' and there find the beautiful-souled Berkeley dreaming of ideal universities in the far west—of a new world, peopled with myriads as happy, as intelligent, as virtuous as himself; dreaming, too, of his pancratic 'Tar Water,' and in 'Siris' ascending from his innocent *nostrum*, by a Jacob's ladder of easy grade, to Plato's heaven. And being in the neighbourhood, we might as well visit New England, and among its hedgerows and elms, and quiet old villages, forget we are in New Hampshire—not in old—and see in his study a country clergyman, with a thoughtful, contented look, and an eye rich with a grave enthusiasm—Jonathan Edwards —'whose power of subtle argument, perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed among men, was joined with a personal character which raised his piety to fervour.' We might watch him with his back to the wall of his room, his right heel turning diligently in a hole of its own making in the floor,

and the whole man absorbed in thought;[1] and we would bring off what he thought of the 'Nature of True Virtue, and God's chief end in the Creation;' and we would find that, by a mental process as steady as that of the heel—by his intrepid excogitation, his downright simplicity of purpose, and the keen temper of his instrument, he had, to borrow an exquisite illustration, pierced through the subsoil—the gravel, the clay, and rocks—down to the fresh depths of our common nature, and brought up, as from an Artesian well, his rich reward and ours, in the full flow of the waters of virtue—not raised, *per saltum*, by pump or high pressure, but flowing, *plenorivo*, by a force from within.

On our return, we might fall in with an ardent, but sensible Irishman,[2] teaching moral philosophy at Glasgow, and hitting, by a sort of felicity, on what had been before so often missed, and satisfying mankind, at least, with the name of a *moral sense*—as distinct as our sense of bitter and sweet, soft and hard, light and darkness. Then might we take a turn in his garden with Bishop Butler, and hear his wise and weighty, his simple and measured words: 'Nations, like men, go at times deranged.'

[1] Some years ago, an intelligent New England physician told us that this was the great metaphysician's habit and attitude of study, and that he had often seen the hole which the molar heel made during years of meditation.

[2] Hutcheson.

'Everything is what it is, and not another thing. 'Goodness is a fixed, steady, immoveable principle of action.' 'Reason, with self-love and conscience, are the chief or superior principles in the nature of man; and they, if we understand our true happiness, always lead us the same way.' 'Duty and interest are perfectly coincident, for the most part, in this world; and in every instance, if we take in the future and the whole.' We would carry off all his sermons, and indeed everything he had written, and distribute his sermons on the *Love of God*, on *Self-Deceit*, *The Love of our Neighbour*, and *The Ignorance of Man*, all along our road, to small and great.

We would look in on the author of the *History of the Ethical Sciences*, on his return, perhaps tired and dispirited, from a speech on the principles of natural and immutable law, in 'the House,' when all had been asleep but himself and the reporters; and we would listen for hours to his unfolding the meanings which others, and which he himself, attached to that small word—*ought;* and hear him call it '*this most important of words:*' and we would come away charmed with the mild wisdom of his thoughts, and the sweet richness of his words.

We would merely leave our cards at Jeremy Bentham's, that despiser of humbug in others, and unconscious example of it in himself, and we would bring off his *Deontological Faculty*. Neither would

we care to stay long with that hard-headed, uncomfortable old man of Kœnigsberg,—losing himself, from excess of strictness, in the midst of his metaphysics; and we would with pity and wonder hear him announce that dreadful 'categorical imperative' of his, which has been said, with equal wit and truth, to be, 'at its best, but a dark lantern, till it borrows a utilitarian farthing candle—a flaming sword that turns every way but drives no whither'—proclaiming a paradise lost, but in no wise pointing the way to a paradise to be regained.

And before settling at home, we would look in and pay our respects in our own town, to a beneficent, benevolent, enlightened, and upright man,[1] with whom we could agree to differ in some things, and rejoice to agree in many; and we would bring away from him all that he could tell us of that 'conscientiousness'—the bodily organ of the inward sense of personal right and wrong, upon the just direction of which—no one knows better than he does—depend the true safety, and dignity, and happiness of man.

But after all our travel, we would be little the better or the wiser, if we ourselves did not inwardly digest and appropriate, as 'upon soul and conscience,' all our knowledge. We would much better not have left home. For it is true, that not the light

[1] George Combe.

from heaven, not the riches from the earth, not the secrets of nature, not the minds of men, or of ourselves, can do us anything but evil, if our senses, our inward and outward senses, are not kept constantly exercised, so as to discern for ourselves what is good and evil in us and for us. We must carry the lights of our own consciousness and conscience into all our researches, or we will, in all likelihood, loose our pains.

As we have been, however, on our travels, *quâ medici*, as well as general tourists, we shall give the names of some of our best medical moralists:—The Oath and Law of Hippocrates, and above all, his personal character, and the whole spirit of his writings and practice—Stahl—Sydenham's warning and advice to those who purpose giving themselves to the work of medicine—the four things he would have them to weigh well,—the two admirable academic sermons of Gaubius, *De Regimine Mentis quod Medicorum est*—Gregory on the *Duties of a Physician*—Dr. Denman's Life, by his son, the Lord Chief-Justice, and Dr. Gooch's—*not* Dr. Hope's, for reasons we might, but do not, give—Dr. Baillie's character, personal and professional—Dr. Abercrombie's, and the books we have put at the end of this paper.

Dr. Percival's *Ethics* is a classical book, in its best sense; sensible, sound, temperate, clear thoughts,

conveyed in natural, clear, persuasive language. Its title is somewhat of a blunder, at first it was *Medical Jurisprudence*—and Ethics means at once more and less than what it is made by him to represent. *The Duties of a Physician* would have been less pedantic, and more correct and homely. There is a good deal of the stiffness of the old school about the doctor; he speaks in knee-breeches and buckles, with a powdered wig, and an interminable silk waist-coat, a gold-headed cane at his side, and his cocked hat under his arm. To us, however, this is a great charm of the book, and of such books. There may be stiffness and some Johnsonian swell about them; some words bigger than the thoughts, like a boy in his father's coat; some sentences in which the meaning ends sooner than its voice, and the *rummel* resounds after having parted company with the *gumption;* but with all this, there is a temperance, and soundness, and dignity of view—a good breeding, and good feeling, a reticence and composure, which, in this somewhat vapouring, turbulent, unmannerly age of ours, is a refreshing pleasure, though too often one of memory.

We are truly glad to see, from a modest note by Dr. Greenhill, the editor, that he is engaged on a work on medical morals He will do it well and wisely, we have no doubt. The profession is deeply indebted to him for his edition of Sydenham—the

best monument the Society called by his name could raise to that great man; and also for his *Life of Hippocrates*, in Smith's *Dictionary*, besides other contributions to medical philosophy and biography.

We have placed Fuller's *Holy and Profane State* on our list, specially on account of its chapters on 'The Good Physician,' 'The Life of Paracelsus,' the 'True Gentleman,' and the 'Degenerous,'—and likewise that we might tempt our readers to enjoy the whole of this delightful little book, and as much else of its author as they can get hold of. They will thank us for this, if they do not already know him, —and they will excuse us, if they do. Dr. Fuller is a man who, like Dr. South and Sidney Smith, is so intensely witty, that we forget, or do not notice, that he is not less eminently wise; and that his wit is the laughing blossom of wisdom. Here are some of his *sententiolæ vibrantes*:—'The Good Physician hansels not his new experiments on the bodies of his patients, letting loose mad *recipes* into the sick man's body, to try how they and nature will fight it out, while he stands by and enjoys the battle,—except in desperate cases, when death must be expelled by death. Lest his apothecary should oversee, he oversees his apothecary. He trusteth not the single witness of the water, if better testimony may be had. For reasons drawn from the urine alone are as brittle as the urinal. He brings not news, with a false spy, that

the coast is clear, till death surprises the sick man. I know physicians love to make the best of their patient's estate; first, say they, it is improper that *adjutores vitæ* should be *nuncii mortis;* secondly, none with their goodwill will tell bad news; thirdly, their fee may be the worse for it; fourthly, it is confessing their art beaten; fifthly, it will poison their patient's heart with grief. So far well; but they may so order it, that the party may be informed wisely, and not outed of this world before he is provided for another.'

We give the last sentence of his *Life of Paracelsus* (Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombast, ab Hohenheim), that renowned and ill-understood medley of evil and good, darkness and light, quackery and skill:—'In a word, he boasted of more than he could do; did more cures seemingly than really, more cures really than lawfully; of more parts than learning, of more fame than parts; a better physician than a man, a better chirurgeon than physician.'

Here are the chief points of the 'degenerous gentleman,' they are like mottos to the chapters on the physiology of the noble rake in all ages:—'He goes to school to learn in jest, and play in earnest. His brother's serving-men, which he counts no mean preferment, admit him into their society; coming to the university, his study is to study nothing; at the inns of court, pretending to learn law, he learns to

be lawless, and grows acquainted with the "*roaring boys.*" Through the mediation of a scrivener, he is introduced to some great usurer,' etc. etc.

Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, though full of true morality,—of subtle and profound thought, and most pathetic touches,—as well as of his own peculiar, grave, antique humour, and quaint expression—as odd often as the root of an *orchis*, and, in its expression, as richly emblazoned with colours, as whimsically gibbous as its flower—has less to do with our immediate subject than his *Christian Morals*, which are well worth the perusing. Here is a sample:—'Live up to the dignity of thy nature; pursue virtue virtuously: desert not thy title to a Divine particle—have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things that thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head, ascend until invisibles fill thy spirit with spirituals, with the mysteries of faith, the magnalities of religion, and thy life with the honour of God.'

This is good wholesome advice at any time, and not the least so now, when sensible things are cross-questioning us more keenly and urgently than ever, when matter is disclosing fresh wonders every day, and telling her secrets in crowds; and, when we are too apt to be absorbed in her—to forget that there is something else than this earth—that there is more than meets the eye and the ear—that seeing is not be-

lieving, and that it is pleasant, refreshing, and wholesome, after the hurry and heat and din of the day, its flaring lights and its eager work, to cool the eye and the mind, and rest them on the silent and clear darkness of night—'sowed with stars thick as a field.' Let us keep everything worth keeping, and add, not substitute; do not let us *lose ourselves* in seeking for our basic radical, or our primary cell; let us remember that the analytic spirit of the age may kill as well as instruct, may do harm as well as good; that while it quickens the pulse, strengthens the eye and the arm, and adds cunning to the fingers, it may, if carried to excess, confuse the vision, stupify and madden the brain; and, instead of directing, derange and destroy.

We have no book in our language to compare with Simon's *Déontologie Médicale*, for largeness of view, and earnestness and power of treatment; it is admirable in substance and in form, and goes through the whole duty of the physician with great intelligence, liveliness, and tact. It has what all first-rate French writers have—the charm of definite ideas and definite expression, the '*manière incisive*' which we so much want. Had we room, we would gladly have quoted his remarks on style—its nature and its value to the physician; he himself exemplifies what he teaches.

On this subject, we would direct attention likewise to the able and clever article in the *British and Foreign Review*.[1] We cannot help quoting Buffon's words; they illustrate themselves. They are from his *Remarques sur le Style*:— 'Les ouvrages bien écrits sont les seuls qui passeront à la postérité, la quantité des connaissances, la singularité des faits, la nouveauté même des découvertes, ne sont pas de sûrs garants de l'immortalité; si les ouvrages qui les contiennent ne roulent que sur de petits objets, s'ils sont écrits sans goût, sans noblesse, et sans génie, ils périront parceque les connaissances, les faits, les decouvertes s'enlèvent aisément, se transportent, gagnent même à être mises en œuvre par des mains plus habiles. *Les choses sont hors de l'homme, le style c'est l'homme même.*' Apples of gold are best set in pictures of silver — great thoughts and natural thoughts should be greatly and naturally said: they

[1] On a very different, but by no means inconsiderable subject, we quote this cordial and wise passage from the same article. Speaking of the *odium medicum*, 'the true remedy for professional jealousies is frequent intercommunication,—*a good dinner at the Royal* would heal the professional feuds of a large town. The man of science who thinks he practises his profession for the sheer love of it, may smile at the sensualness of the means, and it may not be the remedy he requires; but most practitioners are men of the *métier*, and like a dinner of the craft as well as others. We wish there were a medical guild in every large town, with *an ample dinner fund*—good fellowship would increase and abound, and with it unity of purpose, honour, public and personal esteem.'

are indeed neither, if not. Lord Jeffrey said to a young friend of great genius, but addicted to long and odd words, and to coining a word now and then, 'My friend, when you have a common thing to say, say it in a common way, and when you have an uncommon thing, it will find its own way of saying itself.' Let no one despise style. If thought is the gold, style is the stamp which makes it current, and says under what king it was issued. There is much in what Buffon says—Style is the man himself. Try to put Horace, or Tacitus, Milton, Addison, or Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, or Thackeray, into other words, and you mar, and likely kill the thought—they cease to be themselves.

But how am I to get a good style? Not by imitating or mimicking any one. Not by trying to think or to write *like* any one, but to think and write *with* him. It is with style as with manners and good-breeding. Keep good company, and do your best, and you will write and speak and act like a gentleman, because you think and feel and live with gentlemen. If you would write like the ancient masters, read them and relish them—be their son, not their ape. Our medical writers now-a-days, with a few signal exceptions, write ill. They are slovenly, diffuse, often obscure, and curiously involved. The reasons are: *first*, the enormous amount of merely professional knowledge a man

is expected to master before he writes on any subject, and the absorbing nature of the new methods: *secondly*, and as a consequence, the ignorance of general literature, and the much less association by men of medicine with men of letters, now than in olden times. Arbuthnot was not the worse physician, and all the better writer, from his being the companion of those famous wits whose good genius and doctor he was; and his *Treatises on Airs and Aliments* are all the better for being the work of a man who took his share in *Martinus Scriblerus*, and wrote the *History of John Bull*.

Currie,[1] Aikin, Gregory, Heberden, Cullen, Ferriar, Gooch, are all the more powerful, and all the more permanent as medical authorities, from their having learned, by practice and by example, to write forcibly, clearly, compactly, and with dignity and grace.

The turbid, careless style, constipated, or the

[1] Do our young readers know Currie's Life by his son? if not, let them get it. They will see one of the noblest, purest intellects our profession has ever had, ardently humane, grave and energetic, tinged with a secret, pensive melancholy, and they will find much of the best knowledge and advice for their conduct in life. His letters to his son when a student at Edinburgh College, may be read alongside of Collingwood's from his ship to his daughters, and his *Jasper Wilson's Letter* to Mr. Pitt is one sustained burst of eloquent and earnest patriotism, of sound political philosophy, and strong sense; it was flung off at a heat, and was his only appearance in public affairs.

reverse, by which much of our medical literature is characterized, is a disgrace to our age, and to the intelligence, good taste, and good breeding of our profession, and mars inconceivably the good that lies concealed and bungled within it. No man has a right to speak without some measure of preparation, orderliness, and selectness. As Butler says, 'Confusion and perplexity of writing is indeed without excuse, because any one, if he pleases, may know whether he understands and sees through what he is about: and it is unpardonable for a man to lay his thoughts before others, when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. *It is coming abroad in disorder, which he ought to be ashamed to find himself in at home.*' Whately, in reply to a youth who asked him how to write clearly, answered, 'Think clearly.' This is the secret.

We might, had space permitted, have gone more particularly into the higher moralities of physicians, and into some of the more miscellaneous conditions which interpenetrate morals, manners, and etiquette; for etiquette, with all its littlenesses and niceties, is founded upon a central idea of right and wrong; and on the rightness or wrongness of that idea, depends the true significance and worth of the merest punctilio.

We might likewise have said some few things on

the public and professional religion of a doctor, and its relation to his personal; and something, also, of that *religiosity* which, besides its ancient endemic force, as old as our race, is at present dangerously epidemic—a pseudo-activity, which is not only not good, but virulently bad, being at once as like and as opposite to the true, as hemlock is to parsley.

We are anxious to persuade our young friends, who, having 'passed,' and settled down, are waiting for practice,—not merely to busy themselves for the next seven or eight barren years, in their own immediate circle—we are sure they will not suspect us of wishing them to keep from what is their highest duty and greatest pleasure—but to persuade them, when they have some leisure, and long evenings, and few 'cases,' to read the works of such men as Berkeley, Butler, Paley, Baxter, Tucker, Barrow, Locke, Principal Campbell, Reid, Dugald Stewart, Mackintosh, Whately, Alexander Knox, etc.; to keep up their classical knowledge, and go over Horace's *Art of Poetry*, Cicero's *Epistles and Philosophical Treatises*, Seneca, Epictetus, Marc Antonine, Quintilian, and such like—not to mention a more sacred book, which they ought to read all their lives, and use every day, as the perfect rule of duty, the lamp to their feet, the light to their eyes.

We may be thought to be making too much of these things. It would be difficult to do so, when

we consider what we, as physicians, are supposed to possess—practising, as we do, not merely one of the arts of life, making an honourable living—and enabling our fellow-men to do the same—but constantly watching at that awful *janua vitæ et mortis*, our main duty being to keep men alive. Let us remember what is involved in the enjoyment and in the loss of life—that perilous and inestimable something, which we all know how much we ourselves prize, and for which, as we have the word, long ago, of a person age[1] more distinguished for his talents than his virtues,—uttered in a Presence where even he dared not tell a lie direct, that 'all that a man hath he will give,' so let it be our endeavour, as its conservators, to give all that *we* have, our knowledge, our affections, our energies, our virtue (*ἀρετή*, *vir-tus*, the very essence or pith of a man), in doing our best to make our patients healthy, long-lived, and happy.

We conclude with two quotations, the first from the mouth of one[2] of the best men of our profession —one of the greatest of public benefactors—one of the truest and most genial of friends—and of whose merits we would say more, were he not still, to our great comfort, in the midst of us,—for we agree with the ancients in this, as in some other things, that it is not becoming to sacrifice to our heroes *till after*

[1] Job ii. 4.

[2] Dr. Henry Marshall, who died soon after this was written.

sunset:—'My religion consists mainly of *wonder and gratitude*.' This is the religion of paradise and of childhood. It will not be easy to find a better, even in our enlightened days; only it must be a rational wonder, a productive gratitude—the gratitude, that of a man who does not rest contented with the emotion, but goes at once into the motive, and that a motive which really *moves*—and the wonder, that of a man who, in reverencing God, knows him, and in honouring all men, respects himself.

The next is the admonition we have already referred to, by Sydenham. Our readers will find, at its close, the oldest and best kind of homœopathy—a kind which will survive disease and the doctors, and will never, as may be said of the other, cure nothing but itself.

'He who gives himself to the study and work of medicine ought seriously to ponder these four things —1*st*, That he must, one day, give an account to the Supreme Judge of the lives of the sick committed to his care. 2*dly*, That whatsoever of art, or of science, he has by the Divine goodness attained, is to be directed mainly to the glory of the Almighty, and the safety of mankind, and that it is a dishonour to himself and them, to make these celestial gifts subservient to the vile lusts of avarice and ambition. Moreover, 3*dly*, that he has undertaken the charge of no mean or ignoble creature, and that in order to

his appreciating the true worth of the human race, he should not forget that the only-begotten Son of God became a man, and thus far ennobled, by his own dignity, the nature he assumed. And, *lastly*, that as he is himself not exempted from the common lot, and is liable and exposed to the same laws of mortality, the same miseries and pains, as are all the rest; so he may endeavour the more diligently, and with a more tender affection, as being himself a fellow-sufferer (ὁμοιοπαθής), to help them who are sick.'

For to take a higher, the highest example, we must 'be touched with a feeling of the infirmities' of our patients, else all our skill and knowledge will go but half-way to relieve or cure.

BOOKS REFERRED TO.

1. Percival's Medical Ethics; new edition, with Notes, by Dr. Greenhill.—2. Code of Medical Ethics; by the American Medical Association.—3. Richard Baxter's Compassionate Counsel to Students of Physic.—4. Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici, and Christian Morals.—5. Gaubius de Regimine Mentis quod Medicorum est.—6. Fuller's 'Good Physician,' and 'Life of Paracelsus,' in his 'Holy and Profane State.'—7. Simon, Déontologie Médicale, ou des Devoirs et des Droits de Médecins.—8. Gisborne, Gregory, and Ware, on the Duties of a Physician.—9. Hufeland on the Relations of the Physician to the Sick, to the Public, and to his Colleagues.—10. British and Foreign Medical Journal for April 1846. Art. IX.—11. Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son on the Choice of a Profession and the Conduct of Life.

DR. JOHN SCOTT AND HIS SON.

MR. SYME.

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON, BART.

MR. SYMES.

DR. JOHN SCOTT.

Companion of Mr. Syme and Dr. Sharpey, and that crew, and friend of Dr. Combe and Sir James Clark, was one of six (all dark haired and eyed) sons of the great store-farmer of Singlie in Ettrick, a man of the old Border breed, strenuous, peremptory, full of fight, who, had he lived 300 years earlier, might have been a *Jock o' the Side*, a *Dick o' the Cow*, or a *Kinmont Willie*. John studied medicine, went to India, came home, studied again at Paris, and was among the first to learn from Laennec the use of the stethoscope, of which he became a master. He married and settled in Edinburgh, and soon gathered a large practice, as all the south country folk went to him as to a wizard. He had no ambition, was very shy, hated to take fees, read incessantly English, French, and German, could bring out fish in the Gala when no one else could, and had an instinct for finding out disease like that of a pointer for game.

His only son, WILLIAM HENRY,—Willie, as we called him,—was a 'marvellous boy,' withered in all the leaves of his spring. I never knew one more gifted, or one more innocent and good. He had got the *minimum* dose of the virus of original sin, and he gave it no encouragement. I never knew a more sinless lad. He read everything, remembered everything. He told me, with perfect simplicity, he 'didn't know how to forget.' I have often laid traps for him as to this, but never caught him. Of a trivial article in *Chambers's Journal*, or anywhere else, he gave you right off the number and the page. To please his father he went through victoriously all the medical classes, and took his degree, having an inborn dislike to the study, while all the time he was steadily pursuing his own great line—gathering his Bactrian, Parthian, and Sassanian coins—drawing wide inferences from them and all else. He died of consumption, and had that vivid life and brightness—as his eyes showed—which so often attend that sad malady, in which the body and soul, as if knowing their time here was short—burn as if in oxygen gas—and have 'Hope the charmer' with them to the last—putting into these twenty years the energy, the enjoyment, the mental capital and raptures of a long life. So mature, so large, and so *innerly* was his knowledge, that after his death, letters of sorrow came from the Continent and

elsewhere, indicating that he was considered twice his real age. I cannot resist giving the following tribute by Mr. George Sim, Curator of Coins to our Society of Antiquaries, and the unforgetting friend of this indeed 'marvellous boy,' whose sun went down in its 'sweet hour of prime':—

'On 4th October 1855, died our much lamented friend, William Henry Scott, M.D., aged twenty-four years, and by his death Scotland lost perhaps her most brilliant scholar. Although he has now been dead longer than he lived, yet his memory is as fondly cherished as if he had died but yesterday, and the results of his wonderful researches are still attracting our admiration.

'It is difficult to imagine how it was possible in so short a life to acquire so varied an amount of knowledge as Dr. Scott possessed, especially when we consider his delicate constitution and toilsome course of education.

'From his earliest years his mind had been directed to historical and philological research, which his wonderful memory (for he *could not* forget) enabled him to embody and utilise with accuracy when opportunity offered.

'Having been a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of France, and of other learned societies both at home and abroad, he maintained an interesting and instructive correspondence with *savans* of

many countries, and contributed to their periodicals in their own languages. He had deciphered upwards of thirty languages with no other aid than that derived from books, his purpose being to compare all the alphabets of ancient and modern times, and as far as possible the languages, the remains of numismatic art, and other records, with the general history of the world, as deduced from a widely extended course of inferential reasoning based on known facts; and if Dr. Scott had been spared to carry out the course he had shaped for himself, there can be no doubt (considering the splendid results of the researches with which he had already enriched us) that he would have been able to accomplish wonderful work.

'A wide field for students of archæology had been opened up in India, and in the more western parts of Asia, and the observations of many great scholars (whose names need not be here enumerated) had been appreciated and highly prized, but few of them had any numismatic knowledge, so that the results of their investigations were not always satisfactory, yet here it was that the brilliant genius of Dr. Scott shone forth, which through his knowledge of so many dead languages and numismatics, enabled him to take the lead, and to withdraw the veil that enshrouded the prospect we had so long and so ardently desired to explore.

'If Dr. Scott's papers and extensive correspondence could have been collected, they would present a series of discoveries, and sound and ingenious observations of the highest importance. His contributions to the *Numismatic Chronicle* alone (which attracted much notice at the time of their appearance) would form a goodly volume.

'A school-fellow and early associate of Dr. Scott (Dr. F. de Chaumont, now of Netley, then in India), thus wrote on hearing of the death of his friend:—"It is difficult as yet to realise fully the loss we have sustained. He was such an excellent man, so good a friend, and so wonderful a scholar. He was indeed one of those early lights whose very intensity precludes their burning long, and whom God has withdrawn to Himself, as a guiding star of whom the world was scarce worthy."'

MR. SYME.

PERHAPS I was too near Mr. Syme to see and measure him accurately, but he remains in my mind as one of the best and ablest and most beneficent of men. He was my master—my apprentice-fee bought him his first carriage, a gig, and I got the first ride in it—and he was my friend. He was I believe the greatest surgeon Scotland ever produced; and I cannot conceive of a greater, hardly of as great a clinical teacher. To be all this he must have had qualities, native and acquired, fitting him for pre-eminence in almost any sphere of power in thought or action.

His life, till he won his victory, when he was half through it, was an almost continual combat with men and things. Sensitive, strong-willed, shy, having a stammer, bent upon reaching reality and the best in everything; he had to struggle with imperfect means, family disaster, and inadequate power of expressing his mind. He was full of genuine virtue and affec-

tion (the more the deeper in). With singular keenness and exactness of the outer and inner eye, he touched everything to the quick. He was ever ready for a joke, but as a habit of mind was serious and in earnest. Bent on getting knowledge at first hand, he was therefore somewhat neglectful of other men's knowledge, and especially if at third hand. Full of a child's enjoyment of nature in her flowers and wilds, he had also all his days a passion for cultivating and enjoying fruits and flowers. He was kindly to oddities of all sorts; loving the best music, hating all other; little capable of poetry, but when capable it must be the best; not sentimental, rather sensible and sensitive, especially the first, but not without romance. He was the discoverer of the solubility of caoutchouc in coal-tar, and therefore entitled to an immense fortune had he patented it.[1] He did not read much hard or heavy reading; it was diversion he sought rather than information. The action of his mind was so intense during his hours of work, that, like a race-horse, doing his day's work in not many minutes, though putting his capital of life into that supreme act, he needed and relished perfect *diastole*—relaxation; and as Mr. Comrie of Penicuik

[1] He sent a letter to the *Annals of Philosophy* of March 1818 announcing this discovery. It appeared in August, and soon after Mr. Macintosh took out the patent which made his name famous.

said of himself, 'his constitution could stand a great deal of ease,' though ready at any moment for any emergency and for the full play of his utmost.

I was the first to see him when struck down by *hemiplegia*. It was in Shandwick Place, where he had his chambers—sleeping and enjoying his evenings in his beautiful Millbank, with its flowers, its matchless orchids, and heaths, and azaleas, its bananas, and grapes, and peaches; with Blackford Hill—where Marmion saw the Scottish host mustering for Flodden—in front, and the Pentlands, with Cairketton Hill, their advanced guard, cutting the sky, its ruddy, porphyry *scaur*, holding the slanting shadows in its bosom. He was, as before said, in his room at Shandwick Place, sitting in his chair, having been set up by his faithful Blackbell. His face was distorted. He said—'John, this is the conclusion,' and so in much it was, to his, and our, and the world's sad cost. He submitted to his fate with manly fortitude, but he felt it to its uttermost. Struck down in his prime, full of rich power, abler than ever to do good to men; his soul surviving his brain, and looking on at its steady ruin during many sad months.

He became softer, gentler,—more easily moved, even to tears,—but the judging power, the perspicacity, the piercing to the core, remained untouched. Henceforward, of course, life was maimed. How he

bore up against this, resigning his delights of teaching, of doing good to men, of seeing and cherishing his students, of living in the front of the world; how he accepted all this, those only nearest him can know. I have never seen anything more pathetic than when near his death he lay speechless, but full of feeling and mind, and made known in some inscrutable way to his old gardener and friend, that he wished to see a certain orchid, which he knew should then be in flower. The big, clumsy, knowing Paterson, glum and victorious (he was for ever getting prizes at the Horticultural), brought it—the *Stanhopea tigrina*—in, without a word,—it was the very one. Radiant in beauty, white, with a brown freckle, like Imogen's mole, and like it, 'right proud of that most delicate lodging;' he gazed at it, and bursting into a passion of tears, motioned it away as insufferable.

He had that quality of primary minds of attaching permanently those he had relations to. His students never ceased to love him and return to him from all regions of the world. He was in this a solar man, and had his planets pacing faithfully round him.

He was somewhat slow in adopting new things, except his own. He desired to prove all things, and then he held fast that which was good. This was the case with chloroform and the antiseptic doctrine, which the world owes—and what a debt!—to his great

son-in-law, Joseph Lister; but newfangledness *per se* he disliked. He had beautiful hands, small and strong; and their work on skeletons of serpents in the College of Surgeons is still unmatched.

He was all his life a Liberal in politics. His style was the perfection of clearness and force,—his master having been William Cobbett. As a man, who himself knows how to use language, said of him 'he never wastes a drop of blood or of ink.'

Of what he was to me—his patience, his affection, his trust, his wisdom,—and still more, what he might have been to me had I made the most of him, it is not for me now to speak. He remains in my mind as one of the strongest, clearest, capablest, most valuable understandings;—one of the warmest, truest hearts, I have had the privilege and the responsibility of knowing. *Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!* He had his faults, who hasn't?—but they were superficial, and therefore seen by all men. In his quarrels—and he was a man of war from his youth up till late manhood,—he was almost always right in the matter, sometimes wrong in the manner, and the world we know often makes more of manner than of matter.

But the deeper you cut into him the richer, the sweeter, the stronger the substance. He was irritable at, and impatient of stupidity, and long-windedness

and pretence; and at falsehood, quackery, and trickery of all sorts, he went like a terrier at a rat.

I once went with him and Mrs. Syme to Lochore, his father's lost estate, and where he lived as a boy, and had never again been for more than forty years, and which he had some thought of purchasing back. We drove up from Burntisland, and at Lochgelly he was full of memories of the saintly Seceder minister, Mr. Greig, and pointed out at Auchtertool the fatal meadow now lying in the sun, where Stuart of Dunearn shot Sir Alexander Boswell. As we came near Lochore he became very silent and eager-eyed.

It was in decay, all things rude and waste. We went into the old garden. He went off alone, and wondering at his stay I sought him and found him leaning on an old sundial. He was sobbing and in tears! 'No, no, John, never again, never, this is not my Lochore.'

Here is the kind of good he did. A well-known public man, of strong will and perfect courage, told me that he had been suffering from a local affection, which made life unbearable. The day before he saw Mr. Syme he had determined to end his misery and his life, and he was a man to keep his word.[1] Mr. Syme saw him, performed an operation of his own

[1] I knew of a man who did end his misery for not so strong a cause; he had bad *eczema;* he committed suicide, and left on his table his card, with 'tired scratching' on it.

invention, and my friend lived for many years in full health and activity. What a thing to have done!

Here is a humorous bit. There is a dreadful and ludicrous disease of the nose, which some of my readers may have had the misfortune to see. It is an enormous, shapeless enlargement, which horrible thing is for ever in its possessor's eye, and, as I have seen, projects below the mouth, and wags. A most excellent country clergyman, beloved by his people, had such a nose; he was more distressed for others than for himself, and he applied to Mr. Syme, who said he would give him back his old nose, and that he had a chance few men had, of choosing its style. Would he like the Grecian or the Roman or the Cogitative? 'The Cogitative,' said the stout and gravely humorous Calvinist, and to work we went.

Mr. Syme was one of the first to show how this horrid growth should be dealt with, so he carefully pared off all the *wattle*, Bardolphian stuff, and our friend went back to his faithful colliers—his quarrymen and his sailors and their wives, with a nose as good in colour and in shape as any of theirs; indeed they were not quite pleased at the new nose, for they said other people would covet and '*call*' him.

Good ministers of the gospel, especially country ones, he delighted in, and knew them at once from their opposites, as one knows parsley from hemlock.

He once went out to near Biggar to perform a serious operation on a hind's wife. When he arrived at the cottage he found 'the minister' was there, my dear sunny-hearted Uncle Smith. The gude-man said to Mr. Syme—'Oo wud like a bit prayer first.' 'By all means,' said Mr. Syme. It was short and strong, and asked the help and blessing of the Eternal on the surgeon and on the patient. 'And we were both the better of it,' said the surgeon, and this, not from a transcendental and debateable point of view, but from the simple effect on the minds of both.

Everything on his own subject that he wrote is good. His *Principles of Surgery* are really *first* things, and his style, as I have said, was the perfection of terse clearness. As his shyness wore off, and he felt his power, and his mind became enriched, so his language blossomed out, and, as it were, enjoyed itself, but it was always like his knife,—to the point.

He was always well 'put on,' but never dressy. His students will well remember his checked neckerchief of bright Earlston gingham, ungetable now, the tie of which I laboured in vain for years to achieve. He was the most rapid dresser I ever knew.

He and his cousin and great rival Liston went out to Dumfries to experiment with galvanism upon the body of a murderer after being hung, and he said he could never forget the look of the wretched man

who had hopes of being brought to life, as he strode along the passage to his doom, having breakfasted copiously, and smacking his lips as he went. The experiment failed; he didn't return.

The worst thing about him was his handwriting; it was worse than Lord Jeffrey's, or Dean Stanley's, or old Edward Ellice's, and his friend Lord Dunfermline's, and was only excelled, in badness, by the strong-hearted and strong-brained old Whig, Thomas Kennedy of Dunure, one of that small and intrepid band which emancipated Scotland, when, in the words of his friend Lord Cockburn, 'We were concentrated by being crushed.' I should not speak, for I write a hand which my father said had every fine quality except the being legible; but surely a moral obligation lies upon every man to write as distinctly as he speaks and can. Thackeray was a model in this; his writing is as clear and as clean as his style; and so was Scott's, though his hand *ran* rather too fast to have time to dot his *i*'s or stroke his *t*'s.

Mr. Syme was what might be called a little man, but, like Fox Maule, could never be felt as one. A homely face, better above than below, a very full beautifully modelled forehead, especially that line springing from the outer eyebrow. I never saw —in a man—finer, more expressive eyes—dark grey. I have seen Jeffrey's, Cockburn's, and Rutherfurd's, and Gladstone's, Sir Wm. Hamilton's, and my father's

eyes, but none of them had so much meaning as his —such crystalline pureness; in old Wither's words, they were eyes that 'unto me did seem more comfortable than the day.' His mouth, where temper lies, was not so good as his eyes, where knowledge and affection dwell and speak. He was very well made, as more little men and dogs are than big; his feet were as tidy as his hands, and for a short race his legs could beat his friend Christison's, who might have won Atalanta without the apples. His voice was not good, except when moved and confidential; he hesitated and hardly did justice to his words—though in all this he greatly improved. I have heard him when he began in Minto House (the scene of one of the most signal triumphs any man could rejoice in), he would, from impatience at his mind outrunning its servant the mouth, leave a sentence it had boggled at, in disdain, standing as it were on one leg—but we all knew what the other was. In speaking he reversed Ovid's words, his material transcended his workmanship.

There is a good, but not the best, likeness of him in marble by Brodie; it wants his look of breeding. Richmond took him in one of those, to use a much abused word, charming drawings, in which every one looks delightful and thoroughbred and *like* the man, but sometimes not quite the man, and which are all like each other. It is of it that Mr. Syme

told that when the artist allowed him to see the drawing when finished, he said, 'It is like, but then it is good-looking!' 'Ah, yes, we do it lovingly.' I wish some of our artists would at least not do the reverse of this.

The photograph taken at St. Andrews by Adamson gives the fullest idea of his nature—its strength and gentleness in repose. It has, too, his might-be formidable look—a look we all knew, and did not desire to see repeated.

In his little room in the Surgical Hospital—once the High School—where Sir Walter, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Horner, and Brougham were bred—his house-surgeons and clerks and dressers—now all over the world, working out his principles and practice—will well remember how delightful he was, standing with his back to the fire, making wise jokes—*jacula prudentis*—now abating a procacious youth, now heartening a shy homely one, himself *haud ignarus*, —giving his old stories of Gregory and Dr. Barclay. How the latter—who had been a 'stickit minister,' was a capital teacher of anatomy and good sense—used to say to his students—'Gentlemen! Vesalius and his fellows were the reapers in the great field of anatomy—John Hunter and his brethren were the gleaners—and we—gentlemen!—are the stubble geese!' Little thought he of the harvest that lay at the roots of the stubble—and all the revelations of

the microscope, the cell theory—and much else! Then there was a story of Dr. Greville the botanist, telling him, Dr. Barclay, that he had been out at Middleton Moor, searching all day in vain for *Buxbaumia Aphylla.* '*Bux* what? and what 's remarkable about it?' 'It's a very rare moss and very difficult to find.' 'Weel, I lost a sixpence when I had few o' them, fifty years ago, on Middleton Moor, and searched for it maist of a day—gang oot and try—it 'll be as difficult to find as your *Buxbaumia;*' and then we had John Abernethy, whom he thought the greatest surgical mind since John Hunter and Percival Pott; and his joke with the lady of quality, who came to him and said, 'I 'm quite well, Mr. Abernethy.' 'So I see, Madam.' 'But, Mr. Abernethy, whenever I do that (making a vehement and preposterous flourish of her hand over her head), 'I have a terrible pain.' 'Then, Madam, why the devil do you do that?' It was in this little room Mr. Syme was in his glory and let his whole nature out—and these daily treats were interspersed with remarks on the current patients—making the dressers tell their several stories—and always as thoughtful as keen, filling their eager minds as they stood in a semicircle before him, *intentique ora tenebant*—with truths the value of which they found in after years. And there were Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Lambert, the nurses, who reigned over the male and female wards—who

will ever forget their kind and shrewd faces, and old-fashioned sense and tongues?

The following words by Mr. Lister give his estimate of his master and father-in-law's worth :—

'Mr. Syme may be said to have been as a surgeon "in all supreme, complete in every part." In clear perception and luminous exposition of surgical principles, both pathological and practical, he stood unrivalled; yet he was equally conspicuous for the correctness of his diagnosis, his originality and ingenuity in device, and his admirable excellence in execution. His success was due not merely to his great intellectual gifts and manual dexterity, but full as much to his genial, sympathising love alike for patient and student, his transparent truthfulness, and his exalted sense of honour. These noble qualities made him keen in the pursuit of his science, single-minded and earnest in the discharge of surgical duty, and influential for good in an immeasurable degree with those who came within the range of his personal teaching.'

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON.

ONE of our oldest and most distinguished citizens —a man of European reputation—was laid in his grave yesterday,[1] followed by a multitude of mourners.

Sir Robert Christison was our *ultimus Romanorum*, —for he had in him much of the best of the old Roman,—the last of the great race; his companions at starting—the Gregorys, Alison, and Syme, etc.—all gone before him. He was, as to will and ability, a primary man; not that he was what is commonly called a man of genius, rather he was a man of a quite unusual quantity and quality of talent,—that is, power of applying his faculties to given objects. Mr. Syme had talent and genius too, but Christison had what might be called a genius for exact and strenuous work, for general energising of body and mind. He had a knack of getting things at first hand; his knowledge was immediate, more than

[1] February 1, 1882.

mediate. He was emphatically an Edinburgh man,—all his life long going in and out before us, seen and read of all men. No man ever thought there was in him what was not there, though many might not find all that was there, for his heart was not worn on his sleeve; and in some of the deeper parts of his nature he, perhaps, did himself injustice, from his recoil from the opposite excess. We are all proud of the noble old man (old only in years), with his erect head, his rapid step, his air of command.

Of his inner character, as already said, he made no show, but it might be divined by the discerning mind, for he was too proud and too sincere to conceal anything.

Till the last four weeks, though his health had been somewhat failing for two years, his mental faculties remained entire and alert. His voice and mind were as powerful as ever when he spoke at the meeting with Lord Rosebery and the Lord Advocate on the Scottish Universities. He retained to the last his love of nature and his pursuit of her glories and beauties, happy in proving that his old friend Ben Nevis was not only king of the Bens, but that he had the noblest glen and the grandest precipice of them all. May we, his citizens, be the better of thinking of that honourable, full, and well-spent life,—manly, gentlemanly, upright, true to old friends and faiths.

Non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ, placide quiescas!

No man who once saw Sir Robert Christison could ever mistake him for any one else. His nature was homogeneous, and curiously consistent. As a physician, though he might not have all the suavity and expressive kindliness of the elder and younger Begbies, nor the—shall we call it?—mesmeric power of the huge-brained and anomalous Simpson; nor that instant fixture of reliance which Syme's eyes, more even than his words, gave and kept; nor the penetrating look, as of a warlock, of Dr. John Scott, he had much of the best that they had not in such quantity—he had the *momentum* of a strong, clear, well-knowledged mind, determined on doing its best for his patient's good, and that best well worth its name, and, once confided in, he was so for ever. To have such a command of all known drugs, he was singularly simple in his medicines and general treatment. As a lecturer he was, for the subjects he treated, we may say perfect, full of immediate knowledge as distinguished from mediate, orderly in its arrangement, lucid in its exposition rather, perhaps, than luminous, for it did not need that—strong and impressive in its application. His life-long friend Mr. Syme was sometimes more luminous than lucid, though always full of power over the thought of

others, quickening it and making what he said unforgetable. That great, amorphous genius, John Goodsir, was often largely luminous and sometimes sparingly lucid.

In his experiments Christison was exquisite, and never failed, unlike his excellent and gifted predecessor, Dr. Andrew Duncan, junr., whom some of us elders may remember setting agoing a process at the beginning of the hour, telling us (unluckily) what we would see, and then casting, all through the lecture, furtive, and at last desperate and almost beseeching glances at the obdurate bottle, till at the close he, with a sad smile, said, 'Gentlemen, the failure of this experiment proves more than its success!'

The bent of Christison's mind was scientific and positive rather than philosophic, speculative, or presaging. He was more occupied with what is, than with why it is, or what it may become, and in this region he did his proper work excellently, with a clear decision and thoroughness.

He had the natural qualities of a great soldier, and was full of martial ardour and sense. He has sometimes been called distant and cold. He had great natural dignity, and was not of an effusive turn, being warmer inside than out, which is better than the reverse; but that he had tender and deep feelings, as well as strong energy and will, the following cir-

cumstances may well show. It refers to what, if said in his lifetime, would have brought a flush of displeasure on that noble face. His wife, a woman of great beauty, and better, was in her last long illness. She was going to the country for a month, and her husband heard her give orders that a piece of worsted work which she had finished should be *grounded* and made up as an ottoman, and ready in the drawing-room on her return. A few days before that, he asked if it was completed; it had been totally forgotten. He said nothing; but, getting possession of the piece, he sat up for two or three nights and *grounded* it with his own hand, had it made up, and set his wife down on it, as she had wished. Is not that beautiful?—a true, manly tenderness, worth much and worth remembering: 'Out of the strong came forth sweetness.' His love of Nature, from her flowers to her precipices and mountains, and his pursuit of her into her wildest fastnesses, 'haunted him like a passion,' increasing with his years. His Highland residences during the latter part of his life gave him great delight, and fed his intrepid, keen, searching spirit. He never saw a big mountain but he heard it, as it were, saying to him, 'Come on—and up;' and on and up he went, scaling the tragic *Cobbler* and many else. He had a genius for nice handiwork, and took pains with everything he did. The beauty and minuteness of his penmanship we

all know; he might, as Thackeray said of himself, have turned an honest penny by writing the Lord's Prayer on the size of a sixpence.

But we must end, though half has not been said. We, his old friends, can never forget him, or hope ever to see his like again.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

PLAIN WORDS ON HEALTH

ADDRESSED TO

WORKING PEOPLE

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SERMON IV.

PREFACE.

THREE of these sermons were written for, and (shall I say?) preached some years ago, in one of the earliest missionary stations in Edinburgh, established by Broughton Place Congregation, and presided over at that time by the Rev. James Trench; one of the best human beings it was ever my privilege to know. He is dead; dying in and of his work—from typhus fever caught at the bedside of one of his poor members—but he lives in the hearts of many a widow and fatherless child; and lives also, I doubt not, in the immediate vision of Him to do whose will was his meat and his drink. Given ten thousand such men, how would the crooked places be made straight, and the rough places plain, the wildernesses of city wickedness, the solitary places of sin and despair, of pain and shame, be made glad! This is what is to regenerate mankind; this is the leaven that some day is to leaven the lump.

The other two sermons were never preached, except in print; but they were composed in the same key. I say this not in defence, but in explanation. I have tried to speak to working men and women from my lay pulpit, in the same words, with the same voice, with the same thoughts I was in the habit of using when doctoring them. This is the reason of their plain speaking. There is no other way of reaching these sturdy and weather and work-beaten understandings; there is nothing fine about them outside, though they are often as white in the skin under their clothes as a duchess, and their hearts as soft and tender as Jonathan's, or as Rachel's, or our own Grizel Baillie's; but you must speak out to them, and must not be mealy-mouthed if you wish to reach their minds and affections and wills. I wish the gentle folks could bear, and could use a little more of this outspokenness; and, as old Porson said, condescend to call a spade a spade, and not a horticultural implement; five letters instead of twenty-two, and more to the purpose.

You see, my dear working friends, I am great upon sparing your strength and taking things cannily. 'All very well,' say you; 'it is easy speaking, and saying, Take it easy; but if the pat's on the fire, it maun bile.' It must, but you needn't poke up the fire for ever, and you may now and then set the kettle on the hob, and let it sing, instead of leaving it to burn its bottom out.

I had a friend who injured himself by overwork. One day I asked the servant if any person had called, and was told that some one had. 'Who was it?' 'Oh, it's the little gentleman that *aye rins when he walks!*' So I wish this age would walk more, and 'rin' less. A man can walk farther and longer than he can run, and it is poor saving to get out of breath. A man who lives to be seventy, and has ten children and (say) five-and-twenty grandchildren, is of more worth to the State than three men who die at thirty, it is to be hoped unmarried. However slow a coach seventy may have been, and however energetic and go-a-head the three thirties, I back the tortoise against the hares in the long-run.

I am constantly seeing men who suffer, and indeed die, from living too fast; from true though not consciously immoral dissipation or scattering of their lives. Many a man is bankrupt in constitution at forty-five, and either takes out a *cessio* of himself to the grave, or goes on paying 10 per cent. for his stock-in-trade; he spends his capital instead of merely spending what he makes, or better still, laying up a purse for the days of darkness and old age. A queer man, forty years ago—Mr. Slate, or, as he was called, *Sclate*, who was too clever and not clever enough, and had not wisdom to use his wit, always scheming—full of 'go,' but never getting on—was stopped by his friend, Sir Walter Scott—that wonderful friend of us all, to whom

we owe Jeanie Deans and Rob Roy, Meg Merrilees and Dandie Dinmont, Jinglin' Geordie, Cuddie Headrigg, and the immortal Bailie — one day in Princes Street. 'How are ye getting on, Sclate? 'Oo, just the auld thing, Sir Walter; *ma pennies a' gang on tippenny eerands.*' And so it is with our nervous power, with our vital capital, with the pence of life; many of them go on 'tippenny eerands.' We are for ever getting our bills renewed, till down comes the poor and damaged concern with dropsy or consumption, blazing fever, madness, or palsy. There is a Western Banking system in living, in using our bodily organs, as well as in paper-money. But I am running off into another sermon.

Health of mind and body, next to a good conscience, is the best blessing our Maker can give us, and to no one is it more immediately valuable, than to the labouring man and his wife and children; and indeed a good conscience is just moral health, the wholeness of the sense and the organ of duty; for let us never forget that there is a religion of the body, as well as, and greatly helpful of the religion of the soul. We are to glorify God in our souls and in our bodies, for the best of all reasons, *because they are His*, and to remember that at last we must give account not only of our thoughts and spiritual desires and acts, but of *all the deeds done in our body*. A husband who, in the morning before going to his work, would cut his right hand off

sooner than injure the wife of his bosom, strangles her that same night, when mad with drink; that is a deed done in his body, and truly by his body, for his judgment is gone; and for that he must give an account when his name is called; his judgment was gone; but then, as the child of a drunken murderer said to me, 'A'but, sir, wha goned it?' I am not a teetotaller. I am against teetotalism as a doctrine of universal application; I think we are meant to use these things as not abusing them,—this is one of the disciplines of life; but I not the less am sure that drunkenness ruins men's bodies—it is not for me to speak of souls—is a greater cause of disease and misery, poverty, crime, and death among the labouring men and women of our towns, than consumption, fever, cholera, and all their tribe, with thieving and profligacy and improvidence thrown into the bargain: these slay their thousands; this its tens of thousands. Do you ever think of the full meaning of 'he's the waur o' drink?' How much the waur?—and then 'dead drunk,'—'mortal.' Can there be anything more awfully significant than these expressions you hear from children in the streets?

J. B.

23 Rutland Street,
December 16, 1861

SERMON I.

THE DOCTOR—OUR DUTIES TO HIM.

EVERYBODY knows the Doctor; a very important person he is to us all. What could we do without him? He brings us into this world, and tries to keep us as long in it as he can, and as long as our bodies can hold together; and he is with us at that strange and last hour which will come to us all, when we must leave this world and go into the next.

When we are well, we perhaps think little about the Doctor, or we have our small joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body, that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells, let any of its wheels go wrong, then off we fly to him. If the mother thinks her husband or her child dying, how she runs to him, and urges him with her tears! how she watches his face, and follows his searching eye, as he examines the dear sufferer; how she wonders what

he thinks—what would she give to know what he knows! how she wearies for his visit! how a cheerful word from him makes her heart leap with joy, and gives her spirit and strength to watch over the bed of distress! Her whole soul goes out to him in unspeakable gratitude when he brings back to her from the power of the grave her husband or darling child. The Doctor knows many of our secrets, of our sorrows, which no one else knows —some of our sins, perhaps, which the great God alone else knows; how many cares and secrets, how many lives, he carries in his heart and in his hands! So you see he is a very important person the Doctor, and we should do our best to make the most of him, and to do our duty to him and to ourselves.

A thinking man feels often painfully what a serious thing it is to be a doctor, to have the charge of the lives of his fellow-mortals, to stand, as it were, between them and death, and eternity, and the judgment-seat, and to fight hand to hand with Death. One of the best men and greatest physicians that ever lived, Dr. Sydenham, says, in reference to this, and it would be well if all doctors, young and old, would consider his words:—

'It becomes every man who purposes to give himself to the care of others, seriously to consider the four following things:—*First*, That he must one day give an account to the Supreme Judge of

all the lives intrusted to his care. *Secondly*, That all his skill, and knowledge, and energy, as they have been given him by God, so they should be exercised for His glory and the good of mankind, and not for mere gain or ambition. *Thirdly*, and not more beautifully than truly, Let him reflect that he has undertaken the care of no mean creature, for, in order that we may estimate the value, the greatness of the human race, the only begotten Son of God became himself a man, and thus ennobled it with His divine dignity, and, far more than this, died to redeem it; and, *Fourthly*, That the Doctor, being himself a mortal man, should be diligent and tender in relieving his suffering patients, inasmuch as he himself must one day be a like sufferer.'

I shall never forget a proof I myself got twenty years ago, how serious a thing it is to be a doctor, and how terribly in earnest people are when they want him. It was when cholera first came here in 1832. I was in England at Chatham, which you all know is a great place for ships and sailors. This fell disease comes on generally in the night; as the Bible says, 'it walks in darkness,' and many a morning was I roused at two o'clock to go and see its sudden victims, for then is its hour and power. One morning a sailor came to say I must go three miles down the river to a village where it had broken out with great fury. Off I set. We rowed in silence down the dark river, passing the

huge hulks, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their beds in their chains. The men rowed with all their might: they had too many dying or dead at home to have the heart to speak to me. We got near the place; it was very dark, but I saw a crowd of men and women on the shore, at the landing-place. They were all shouting for the Doctor; the shrill cries of the women, and the deep voices of the men coming across the water to me. We were near the shore, when I saw a big old man, his hat off, his hair grey, his head bald; he said nothing, but turning them all off with his arm, he plunged into the sea, and before I knew where I was, he had me in his arms. I was helpless as an infant. He waded out with me, carrying me high up in his left arm, and with his right levelling every man or woman who stood in his way.

It was Big Joe carrying me to see his grandson, little Joe; and he bore me off to the poor convulsed boy, and dared me to leave him till he was better. He did get better, but Big Joe was dead that night. He had the disease on him when he carried me away from the boat, but his heart was set upon his boy. I never can forget that night, and how important a thing it was to be able to relieve suffering, and how much Old Joe was in earnest about having the Doctor.

Now, I want you to consider how important the Doctor is to you. Nobody needs him so much as the poor and labouring man. He is often ill. He

is exposed to hunger and wet and cold, and to fever, and to all the diseases of hard labour and poverty. His work is heavy, and his heart is often heavy too with misery of all kinds—his back weary with its burden—his hands and limbs often meeting with accidents,—and you know if the poor man, if one of you falls ill and takes fever, or breaks his leg, it is a far more serious thing than with a richer man. Your health and strength are all you have to depend on; they are your stock-in-trade, your capital. Therefore I shall ask you to remember *four things* about your duty to the Doctor, so as to get the most good out of him, and do the most good to him too.

1*st*, It is your duty to trust the Doctor.

2*dly*, It is your duty to obey the Doctor.

3*dly*, It is your duty to speak the truth to the Doctor, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and,

4*thly*, It is your duty to reward the Doctor.

And so now for the *first*. It is your duty to *trust* the Doctor, that is, to believe in him. If you were in a ship, in a wild storm, and among dangerous rocks, and if you took a pilot on board, who knew all the coast and all the breakers, and had a clear eye, a firm heart, and a practised hand, would you not let him have his own way? would you think of giving him your poor advice, or keep his hand from its work at the helm? You would not be such a fool, or so uncivil, or so mad. And yet

many people do this very same sort of thing, just because they don't really trust their Doctor; and a Doctor is a pilot for your bodies, when they are in a storm and in distress. He takes the helm, and does his best to guide you through a fever; but he must have fair play; he must be trusted even in the dark. It is wonderful what cures the very sight of a Doctor will work, if the patient believes in him; it is half the battle. His very face is as good as a medicine, and sometimes better,—and much pleasanter too.

One day a working man went to his Doctor with a bad indigestion. He had a sour and sore stomach, and heartburn, and the water-brash, and wind, and colic, and wonderful misery of body and mind. The Doctor found he was eating bad food, and too much of it; and then, when its digestion gave him pain, he took a glass of raw whisky. He made him promise to give up his bad food and his worse whisky, and live on pease-brose and sweet milk, and wrote him a prescription, as we call it, for some medicine, and said, 'Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight, and you will be well.' He did come back, hearty and hale;—no colic, no sinking at the heart, a clean tongue, and a cool hand, and a firm step, and a clear eye, and a happy face. The Doctor was very proud of the wonders his prescription had done; and having forgotten what it was, he said, 'Let me see what I gave you.' 'Oh,' says the man, 'I took it.' 'Yes,' said the Doctor, 'but the prescription.'

'*I took it*, as you bade me. I swallowed it.' He had actually eaten the bit of paper, and been all that the better of it; but it would have done him little, at least less good, had he not trusted his Doctor when he told him he would be better, and attended to his rules.

So, take my word for it, and trust your Doctor; it is his due, and it is for your own advantage. Now, our next duty is to *obey* the Doctor. This you will think is simple enough. What use is there in calling him in, if we don't do what he bids us? and yet nothing is more common, partly from laziness and sheer stupidity, partly from conceit and suspiciousness, and partly, in the case of children, from false kindness and indulgence, than to disobey the Doctor's orders. Many a child have I seen die from nothing but the mother's not liking to make her swallow a powder, or put on a blister; and let me say, by the bye, teach your children at once to obey you, and take the medicine. Many a life is lost from this, and remember you may make even Willie Winkie take his castor-oil in spite of his cries and teeth, *by holding his nose*, so that he must swallow.

Thirdly, *You should tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, to your Doctor. He may be never so clever, and never so anxious, but he can no more know how to treat a case of illness without knowing all about it, than a miller can make meal without corn; and many a life have I seen

lost from the patient or his friends concealing something that was true, or telling something that was false. The silliness of this is only equal to its sinfulness and its peril.

I remember, in connexion with that place where Big Joe lived and died, a singular proof of the perversity of people in not telling the Doctor the truth — as you know people are apt to send for him in cholera when it is too late, when it is a death rather than a disease. But there is an early stage, called premonitory—or warning—when medicines can avail. I summoned all the people of that fishing village who were well, and told them this, and asked them if they had any of the symptoms. They all denied having any (this is a peculiar feature in that terrible disease, they are afraid to *let on* to themselves, or even the Doctor, that they are 'in for it'), though from their looks and from their going away while I was speaking, I knew they were not telling the truth. Well, I said, 'You must, at any rate, every one of you, take some of this,' producing a bottle of medicine. I will not tell you what it was, as you should never take drugs at your own hands, but it is simple and cheap. I made every one take it; only one woman going away without taking any; she was the only one of all those *who died.*

Lastly, It is your duty to reward your Doctor. There are four ways of rewarding your Doctor. The first is by giving him your money; the second

is by giving him your gratitude; the third is by your doing his bidding; and the fourth is by speaking well of him, giving him a good name, recommending him to others. Now, I know few if any of you can pay your Doctor, and it is a great public blessing that in this country you will always get a good doctor willing to attend you for nothing, and this *is* a great blessing; but let me tell you,—I don't think I need tell you,—try and pay him, be it ever so little. It does you good as well as him; it keeps up your self-respect; it raises you in your own eye, in your neighbour's, and, what is best, in your God's eye, because it is doing what is right. The 'man of independent mind,' be he never so poor, is 'king of men for a' that;' ay, and 'for twice and mair than a' that;' and to pay his way is one of the proudest things a poor man can say, and he may say it oftener than he thinks he can. And then let me tell you, as a bit of cool, worldly wisdom, that your Doctor will do you all the more good, and make a better job of your cure, if he gets something, some money for his pains; it is human nature and common sense, this. It is wonderful how much real kindness and watching and attendance and cleanliness you may get *for so many shillings a week.* Nursing is a much better article at that,—much —than at *nothing* a week. But I pass on to the other ways of paying or rewarding your Doctor, and, above all, *to gratitude.*

Honey is not sweeter in your mouths, and light is not more pleasant to your eyes, and music to your ears, and a warm, cosy bed is not more welcome to your wearied legs and head, than is the honest deep gratitude of the poor to the young Doctor. It is his glory, his reward; he fills himself with it, and wraps himself all round with it as with a cloak, and goes on in his work, happy and hearty; and the gratitude of the poor is worth the having, and worth the keeping, and worth the remembering. Twenty years ago I attended old Sandie Campbell's wife in a fever, in Big Hamilton's Close in the Grassmarket — two worthy, kindly souls they were and are. (Sandie is dead now.) By God's blessing, the means I used saved 'oor Kirsty's' life, and I made friends of these two for ever; Sandie would have fought for me if need be, and Kirsty would do as good. I can count on them as my friends, and when I pass the close-mouth in the West Port, where they now live, and are thriving, keeping their pigs, and their hoary old cuddie and cart, I get a curtsy from Kirsty, and see her look after me, and turn to the women beside her, and I know exactly what she is saying to them about 'Dr. Broon.' And when I meet old Sandie, with his ancient and long-lugged friend, driving the draff from the distillery for his swine, I see his grey eye brighten and glisten, and he looks up and gives his manly and cordial nod, and goes on his way, and I know that he is saying

to himself, 'God bless him! he saved my Kirsty's life,' and he runs back in his mind all those twenty past years, and lays out his heart on all he remembers, and that does him good and me too, and nobody any ill. Therefore, give your gratitude to your Doctor, and remember him, like honest Sandie; it will not lose its reward and it costs you nothing; it is one of those things you can give and never be a bit the poorer, but all the richer.

One person I would earnestly warn you against, and that is the *Quack Doctor*. If the real Doctor is a sort of God of healing, or rather our God's cobbler for the body, the Quack is the devil for the body, or rather the devil's servant against the body. And like his father, he is a great liar and cheat. He offers you what he cannot give. Whenever you see a medicine that cures everything, be sure it cures nothing; and remember, it may kill. The devil promised our Saviour all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him; now this was a lie, he could not give him any such thing. Neither can the Quack give you his kingdoms of health, even though you worship him as he best likes, by paying him for his trash; he is dangerous and dear, and often deadly,—have nothing to do with him.

We have our duties to one anotner, yours to me, and mine to you; but we have all our duty to one else—to Almighty God, who is beside us at this very moment—who followed us all this day,

and knew all we did and didn't do; what we thought and didn't think—who will watch over us all this night—who is continually doing us good—who is waiting to be gracious to us—who is the great Physician, whose saving health will heal all our diseases, and redeem our life from destruction, and crown us with loving-kindness and tender mercies,—who can make death the opening into a better life, the very gate of heaven; that same death which is to all of us the most awful and most certain of all things, and at whose door sits its dreadful king, with that javelin, that sting of his, which is sin, our own sin. Death would be nothing without sin, no more than falling asleep in the dark to awake to the happy light of the morning. Now, I would have you think of your duty to this great God, our Father in heaven; and I would have you to remember that it is your duty to trust Him, to believe in Him. If you do not, your soul will be shipwrecked, you will go down in terror and in darkness.

It is your duty to *obey* Him. Whom else in all this world should you obey, if not Him? and who else so easily pleased, if we only do obey? It is your duty to speak the truth to Him, not that He needs any man to tell Him anything. He knows everything about everybody; nobody can keep a secret from Him. But he hates lies; He abhors a falsehood. He is the God of truth, and must be dealt honestly with, in sincerity and godly fear;

and, lastly, you must in a certain sense *reward* Him. You cannot give Him money, for the silver and gold, the cattle upon a thousand hills, are all His already, but you can give Him your grateful lives; you can give Him your hearts; and, as old Mr. Henry says, 'Thanks-giving is good, but thanks-living is better."

One word more; you should call your Doctor early. It saves time; it saves suffering; it saves trouble; it saves life. If you saw a fire beginning in your house, you would put it out as fast as you could. You might perhaps be able to blow out with your breath what in an hour the fire-engine could make nothing of. So is it with disease and the Doctor. A disease in the morning when beginning, is like the fire beginning; a dose of medicine, some simple thing, may put it out, when if left alone, before night it may be raging hopelessly, like the fire if left alone, and leaving your body dead and in ruins in a few hours. So, call in the Doctor soon; it saves him much trouble, and may save you your life.

And let me end by asking you to call in the Great Physician; to call Him instantly, to call Him in time; there is not a moment to lose. He is waiting to be called; He is standing at the door. But He must be *called*—He may be called too late

SERMON II.

THE DOCTOR—HIS DUTIES TO YOU.

You remember our last sermon was mostly about your duties to the Doctor. I am now going to speak about his duties to you; for you know it is a law of our life, that there are no one-sided duties—they are all double. It is like shaking hands, there must be two at it; and both of you ought to give a hearty grip and a hearty shake. You owe much to many, and many owe much to you. The Apostle says, 'Owe no man anything but to love one another;' but if you owe that, you must be for ever paying it; it is always due, always running on; and the meanest and most helpless, the most forlorn, can always pay and be paid in that coin, and in paying can buy more than he thought of. Just as a farthing candle, twinkling out of a cottar's window, and, it may be, guiding the gudeman home to his wife and children, sends its rays out into the infinite expanse

of heaven, and thus returns, as it were, the light of the stars, which are many of them suns. You cannot pass any one on the street to whom you are not bound by this law. If he falls down, you help to raise him. You do your best to relieve him, and get him home; and let me tell you, to your great gain and honour, the poor are far more ready and better at this sort of work than the gentlemen and ladies. You do far more for each other than they do. You will share your last loaf; you will sit up night after night with a neighbour you know nothing about, just because he is your neighbour, and you know what it is to be neighbour-like. You are more natural and less selfish than the fine folks. I don't say you are better, neither do I say you are worse; that would be a foolish and often mischievous way of speaking. We have all virtues and vices and advantages peculiar to our condition. You know the queer old couplet,—

> 'Them what is rich, them rides in chaises;
> Them what is poor, them walks like blazes.'

If you were well, and not in a hurry, and it were cold, would you not much rather 'walk like blazes,' than ride listless in your chaise? But this I know, for I have seen it, that according to their means, the poor bear one another's burdens far more than the rich.

There are many reasons for this, outside of yourselves, and there is no need of your being proud of

it, or indeed of anything else; but it is something to be thankful for, in the midst of all your hardships, that you in this have more of the power and of the luxury of doing immediate, visible good. You pay this debt in ready-money, as you do your meal and your milk; at least you have very short credit, and the shorter the better. Now, the Doctor has his duties to you, and it is well that he should know them, and that you should know them too; for it will be long before you and he can do without each other. You keep each other alive. Disease, accidents, pain, and death, reign everywhere, and we call one another *mortals*, as if our chief peculiarity was that we must die, and you all know how death came into this world. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned;" and disease, disorder, and distress are the fruits of sin, as truly as that apple grew on that forbidden tree. You have now-a-days all sorts of schemes for making bad men good, and good men better. The world is full of such schemes, some of them wise and some foolish; but to be wise they must all go on the principle of lessening misery by lessening *sin;* so that the old weaver at Kilmarnock, who, at a meeting for abolishing slavery, the corn laws, and a few more things, said, 'Mr. Preses, I move that we abolish Original Sin,' was at least beginning at the right end. Only fancy what a world

it would be, what a family any of ours would be, when everybody did everything that was right, and nothing that was wrong, say for a week! The world would not know itself. It would be inclined to say with the 'wee bit wifiekie,' though reversing the cause, 'This is no me.' I am not going to say more on this point. It is not my parish. But you need none of you be long ignorant of Who it is who has abolished death, and therefore vanquished sin.

Well, then, it is the duty of the Doctor in the first place, to *cure us;* in the second, to be *kind to us;* in the third, to be *true to us;* in the fourth, to keep *our secrets;* in the fifth, to *warn us*, and, best of all, to *forewarn us*, in the sixth, to *be grateful to us;* and, in the last, to *keep his time and his temper.*

And, *first*, it is the duty of the Doctor to *cure* you—if he can. That is what we call him in for; and a doctor, be he never so clever and delightful, who doesn't cure, is like a mole-catcher who can't catch moles, or a watchmaker who can do everything but make your watch go. Old Dr. Pringle of Perth, when preaching in the country, found his shoes needed mending, and he asked the brother whom he was assisting to tell him of a good cobbler, or, as he called him, a *snab.* His friend mentioned a 'Tammas Rattray, a godly man, and an elder.' 'But,' said Dr. Pringle, in his sneli way, 'can he mend my shoon? that's what I want; I want a shoemaker; I'm not wanting an

elder.' It turned out that Tammas was a better elder than a shoemaker. A doctor was once attending a poor woman in labour; it was a desperate case, requiring a cool head and a firm will; the good man—for he *was* good—had neither of these, and losing his presence of mind, gave up the poor woman as lost, and retired into the next room to pray for her. Another doctor, who perhaps wanted what the first one had, and certainly had what he wanted, brains and courage, meanwhile arrived, and called out—'Where is Dr. ——?' 'Oh, he has gone into the next room to pray!' 'Pray! tell him to come here this moment, and help me; he can work and pray too;' and with his assistance the snell doctor saved that woman's life. This, then, is the Doctor's first duty to you,—to cure you,—and for this he must, in the first place, be up to his business; he must know what to do, and, secondly, he must be able to do it; he must not merely do as a pointer dog does, stand and say 'there it is,' and no more, he must point and shoot too. And let me tell you, moreover, that unless a man likes what he is at, and is in earnest, and sticks to it, he will no more make a good doctor than a good anything else. Doctoring is not only a way for a man to do good by curing disease, and to get money to himself for doing this, but it is also a study which interests for itself alone, like geology, or any other science; and moreover it is a way to

fame and the glory of the world; all these four things act upon the mind of the Doctor, but unless the first one is uppermost, his patient will come off second-best with him; he is not the man for your lives or for your money.

They tell a story, which may not be word for word true, but it has truth and a great principle in it, as all good stories have. It is told of one of our clever friends, the French, who are so knowing in everything. A great French Doctor was taking an English one round the wards of his hospital; all sorts of miseries going on before them, some dying, others longing for death, all ill; the Frenchman was wonderfully eloquent about all their diseases, you would have thought he saw through them, and knew all their secret wheels like looking into a watch, or into a glass bee-hive. He told his English friend what would be seen in such a case, *when the body was opened!* He spent some time in this sort of work, and was coming out, full of glee, when the other Doctor said: 'But, Dr. ——, you haven't *prescribed* for these cases.' 'Oh, neither I have!' said he, with a grumph and a shrug; 'I quite forgot *that*;' that being the one thing why these poor people were there, and why he was there too. Another story of a Frenchman, though I daresay we could tell it of ourselves. He was a great professor, and gave a powerful poison as a medicine for an ugly disease of the skin. He carried it very far, so as

to weaken the poor fellow, who died, just as the last vestige of the skin disease died too. On looking at the dead body, quite smooth and white, and, also, quite dead, he said, 'Ah, never mind, he was *dead cured*.'

So let me advise you, as, indeed, your good sense will advise yourselves, to test a Doctor by this:—Is he in earnest? does he speak little and do much? does he make your case his first care? He may, after that, speak of the weather, or the money-market; he may gossip, and even *haver;* or he may drop, quietly and shortly, some 'good words'—the fewer the better; something that causes you to think and feel; and may teach you to be more of the Publican than of the Pharisee, in that story you know of, when they two went up to the temple to pray; but generally speaking, the Doctor should, like the rest of us, stick to his trade, and mind his business.

Secondly, It is the Doctor's duty to be *kind* to you. I mean by this, not only to speak kindly, but to *be* kind, which includes this and a great deal more, though a kind word, as well as a merry heart, does good, like a medicine. Cheerfulness, or rather cheeriness, is a great thing in a Doctor; his very foot should have 'music in't, when he comes up the stair.' The Doctor should never lose his power of pitying pain, and letting his patient see this and feel it. Some men, and they are often the best at their proper work, can let their hearts

come out only through their eyes; but it is not the less sincere, and to the point; you can make your mouth say what is not true; you can't do quite so much with your eyes. A Doctor's eye should command, as well as comfort and cheer his patient; he should never let him think disobedience or despair possible. Perhaps you think Doctors get hardened by seeing so much suffering; this is not true. Pity as a motive, as well as a feeling ending in itself, is stronger in an old Doctor than in a young, so he be made of the right stuff. He comes to know himself, what pain and sorrow mean, what their weight is, and how grateful he was or is for relief and sympathy.

Thirdly, It is his duty to be *true* to you. True in word and in deed. He ought to speak nothing but the truth, as to the nature, and extent, and issues of the disease he is treating; but he is not bound, as I said you were, to tell *the whole truth* —that is for his own wisdom and discretion to judge of; only, never let him tell an untruth, and let him be honest enough when he can't say anything definite, to say nothing. It requires some courage to confess our ignorance, but it is worth it. As to the question, often spoken of—telling a man he is dying—the Doctor must, in the first place, be sure the patient *is* dying; and, secondly, that it is for his good, bodily and mental, to tell him so: he should almost always warn the friends, but, even here, cautiously.

Fourthly, It is his duty to *keep your secrets*. There are things a Doctor comes to know and is told which no one but he and the Judge of all should know; and he is a base man, and unworthy to be in such a noble profession as that of healing, who can betray what he knows must injure, and in some cases may ruin.

Fifthly, It is his duty to *warn* you against what is injuring your health. If he finds his patient has brought disease upon himself by sin, by drink, by over-work, by over-eating, by over-anything, it is his duty to say so plainly and firmly, and the same with regard to the treatment of children by their parents; the family doctor should forewarn them; he should explain, as far as he is able and they can comprehend them, the Laws of Health, and so tell them how to *prevent* disease, as well as do his best to *cure* it. What a great and rich field there is here for our profession, if they and the public could only work well together! In this, those queer, half-daft, half-wise beings, the Chinese, take a wiser way; they pay their Doctor for keeping them well, and they stop his pay as long as they are ill!

Sixthly, It is his duty to be *grateful* to you; 1*st*, for employing him, whether you pay him in money or not, for a Doctor, worth being one, makes capital, makes knowledge, and therefore power out of every case he has; 2*dly*, for obeying him and getting better. I am always very much

obliged to my patients for being so kind as to be better, and for saying so; for many are ready enough to say they are worse, not so many to say they are better, even when they are; and you know our Scotch way of saying, 'I'm no that ill,' when 'I' is in high health, or, 'I'm no ony waur,' when 'I' is much better. Don't be niggards in this; it cheers the Doctor's heart, and it will lighten yours.

Seventhly, and lastly, It is the Doctor's duty *to keep his time and his temper* with you. Any man or woman who knows how longed for a doctor's visit is, and counts on it to a minute, knows how wrong, how painful, how angering it is for the Doctor not to keep his time. Many things may occur, for his urgent cases are often sudden, to put him out of his reckoning; but it is wonderful what method, and real consideration, and a strong will can do in this way. I never found Dr. Abercrombie a minute after or *before* his time (both are bad, though one is the worser), and yet if I wanted him in a hurry, and stopped his carriage in the street, he could always go with me at once; he had the knack and the principle of being true in his times, for it is often a matter of *truth*. And the Doctor must keep his *temper:* this is often worse to manage than even his time, there is so much unreason, and ingratitude, and peevishness, and impertinence, and impatience, that it is very hard to keep one's tongue and eye from being angry; and sometimes the

Doctor does not only well, but the best when he is downrightly angry, and astonishes some fool, or some insolent, or some untruth-doing or saying patient; but the Doctor should be patient with his patients, he should bear with them, knowing how much they are at the moment suffering. Let us remember Him who is full of compassion, whose compassion never fails; whose tender mercies are new to us every morning, as His faithfulness is every night; who healed all manner of diseases, and was kind to the unthankful and the evil; what would become of us, if He were as impatient with us as we often are with each other? If you want to be impressed with the Almighty's infinite loving-kindness and tender mercy, His forbearance, His long-suffering patience, His slowness to anger, His Divine ingeniousness in trying to find it possible to spare and save, think of the Israelites in the desert, and read the chapter where Abraham intercedes with God for Sodom, and these wonderful 'peradventures.'

But I am getting tedious, and keeping you and myself too long, so good-night. Let the Doctor and you be honest and grateful, and kind and cordial, in one word, dutiful to each other, and you will each be the better of the other.

I may by and by say a word or two to you on your *Health*, which is your wealth, that by which you are and do well, and on your *Children*, and how to guide it, and them.

SERMON III.

CHILDREN, AND HOW TO GUIDE THEM.

Our text at this time is Children and their treatment, or, as it sounds better to our ears, Bairns, and how to guide them. You all know the wonder and astonishment there is in a house among its small people when a baby is born; how they stare at the new arrival with its red face. Where does it come from? Some tell them it comes from the garden, from a certain kind of cabbage; some from 'Rob Rorison's bonnet,' of which wha hasna heard? some from that famous wig of Charlie's, in which the cat kittled, when there was three o' them leevin', and three o' them dead; and you know the Doctor is often said to bring the new baby in his pocket; and many a time have my pockets been slily examined by the curious youngsters—especially the girls!—in hopes of finding another baby. But I'll tell you where all the babies come from; *they all come*

from God; His hand made and fashioned them He breathed into their nostrils the breath of life—of His life. He said, 'Let this little child be' and it was. A child is a true creation; its soul certainly, and in a true sense, its body too. And as our children came from Him, so they are going back to Him, and He lends them to us as keep sakes; we are to keep and care for them for His sake. What a strange and sacred thought this is! Children are God's gifts to us, and it depends on our guiding of them, not only whether they are happy here, but whether they are happy hereafter in that great unchangeable eternity, into which you and I, and all of us are fast going. I once asked a little girl, 'Who made you?' and she said, holding up her apron as a measure, 'God made me that length, and I growed the rest myself.' Now this, as you know, was not quite true, for she could not grow one half-inch by herself. God makes us grow as well as makes us at first. But what I want you to fix in your minds is, that children come from God, and are returning to Him, and that you and I, who are parents, have to answer to Him for the way we behave to our dear children—the kind of care we take of them.

Now, a child consists, like ourselves, of a body and a soul. I am not going to say much about the guiding of the souls of children—that is a little out of my line—but I may tell you that the soul,

especially in children, depends much, for its good and for its evil, for its happiness or its misery, upon the kind of body it lives in: for the body is just the house that the soul dwells in; and you know that, if a house be uncomfortable, the tenant of it will be uncomfortable and out of sorts;—if its windows let the rain and wind in, if the chimney smoke, if the house be damp, and if there be a want of good air, then the people who live in it will be miserable enough; and if they have no coals, and no water, and no meat, and no beds, then you may be sure it will soon be left by its inhabitants. And so, if you don't do all you can to make your children's bodies healthy and happy, their souls will get miserable and cankered and useless, their tempers peevish; and if you don't feed and clothe them right, then their poor little souls will leave their ill-used bodies—will be starved out of them; and many a man and woman have had their tempers, and their minds and hearts, made miseries to themselves, and all about them, just from a want of care of their bodies when children.

There is something very sad, and, in a true sense, very unnatural in an unhappy child. You and I, grown-up people, who have cares, and have had sorrows and difficulties and sins, may well be dull and sad sometimes; it would be still sadder, if we were not often so; but children should be always either laughing and playing, or eating and

sleeping. Play is their business. You cannot think how much useful knowledge, and how much valuable bodily exercise, a child teaches itself in its play; and look how merry the young of other animals are; the kitten making fun of everything, even of its sedate mother's tail and whiskers; the lambs, running races in their mirth; even the young asses—the baby-cuddie—how pawky and droll and happy he looks with his fuzzy head, and his laughing eyes, and his long legs, stot, stotting after that venerable and *sair hauden-doun* lady, with the long ears, his mother. One thing I like to see, is a child clean in the morning. I like t see its plump little body, well washed, and sweet and *caller* from top to bottom. But there is another thing I like to see, and that is a child dirty at night. I like a *steerin' bairn*—goo-gooin', crowing and kicking, keeping everybody alive. Do you remember William Miller's song of 'Wee Willie Winkie?' Here it is. I think you will allow, especially you who are mothers, that it is capital.

Wee Willie Winkie
Rins through the toun,
Up stairs an' doon stairs
In his nicht-goun,
Tirlin' at the window,
Crying at the lock,
'Are the weans in their bed
For it's noo ten o'clock?'

'Hey, Willie Winkie,
Are ye comin' ben?'

The cat 's singin' grey thrums
To the sleepin' hen,
The dog 's speldert on the floor,
And disna gi'e a cheep,
But here 's a waukrife laddie!
That winna fa' asleep.'

'Onything but sleep, you rogue!
Glow'rin' like the moon!
Rattlin' in an airn jug
Wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about,
Crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what,
Wauk'nin' sleepin' folk.

'Hey, Willie Winkie,
The wean 's in a creel!
Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee
Like a verra eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug,
And ravelin' a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—
See, there he comes!'

Wearied is the mither
That has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie,
Wha canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep
Afore he 'll close an e'e—
But ae kiss frae aff his rosy lips
Gi'es strength anew to me.

Is not this good? first-rate! The cat singin' grey thrums, and the wee stumpie stousie, ruggin' at her lug, and ravelin' a' her thrums; and then what a din he is making!—rattlin' in an airn jug

wi' an airn spoon, skirlin' like a kenna-what, and ha'in' a battle aye wi' sleep. What a picture of a healthy and happy child!

Now, I know how hard it is for many of you to get meat for your children, and clothes for them, and bed and bedding for them at night, and I know how you have to struggle for yourselves and them, and how difficult it often is for you to take all the care you would like to do of them, and you will believe me when I say, that it is a far greater thing, because a far harder thing, for a poor, struggling, and it may be weakly woman in your station, to bring up her children comfortably, than for those who are richer; but still you may do a great deal of good at little cost either of money or time or trouble. And it is well-wared pains; it will bring you in 200 per cent. in real comfort, and profit, and credit; and so you will I am sure listen good-naturedly to me, when I go over some plain and simple things about the health of your children.

To begin with their *heads*. You know the head contains the brain, which is the king of the body, and commands all under him; and it depends on his being good or bad whether his subjects—the legs, and arms, and body, and stomach, and our old friends the bowels, are in good order and happy, or not. Now, first of all, keep the head cool. Nature has given it a night-cap of her own in the hair, and it is the best. And keep the head

clean. Give it a good scouring every Saturday night at the least; and if it get sore and scabbit, the best thing I know for it is to wash it with soft soap (black soap), and put a big cabbage-blade on it every night. Then for the *lungs*, or *lichts*—the bellows that keep the fire of life burning—they are very busy in children, because a child is not like grown-up folk, merely keeping itself up. It is doing this, and growing too; and so it eats more, and sleeps more, and breathes more in proportion than big folk. And to carry on all this business it must have fresh air, and lots of it. So, whenever it can be managed, a child should have a good while every day in the open air, and should have well-aired places to sleep in. Then for their *nicht-gowns*, the best are long flannel gowns; and children should be always more warmly clad than grown-up people — cold kills them more easily. Then there is the *stomach*, and as this is the kitchen and great manufactory, it is almost always the first thing that goes wrong in children, and generally as much from too much being put in, as from its food being of an injurious kind. A baby for nine months after it is born, should have almost nothing but its mother's milk. This is God's food, and it is the best and the cheapest too. If the baby be healthy it should be weaned or spained at nine or ten months; and this should be done gradually, giving the baby a little gruel, or new milk, and water and sugar, or thin bread-berry, once a day

for some time, so as gradually to wean it. This makes it easier for mother as well as baby. No child should get meat or hard things till it gets teeth to chew them, and no baby should ever get a drop of whisky, or any strong drink, unless by the doctor's orders. Whisky to the soft, tender stomach of an infant is like vitriol to ours; it is a burning poison to its dear little body, as it may be a burning poison and a curse to its never-dying soul. As you value your children's health of body, and the salvation of their souls, never give them a drop of whisky; and let mothers, above all others, beware of drinking when nursing. The whisky passes from their stomachs into their milk, and poisons their own child. This is a positive fact. And think of a drunk woman carrying and managing a child! I was once, many years ago, walking in Lothian Street, when I saw a woman staggering along very drunk. She was carrying a child; it was lying over her shoulder. I saw it slip, slippin' farther and farther back. I ran, and cried out; but before I could get up, the poor little thing smiling over its miserable mother's shoulder, fell down, like a stone, on its head, on the pavement; it gave a gasp, and turned up its blue eyes, and had a convulsion, and its soul was away to God, and its little, soft, waefu' body lying dead, and its idiotic mother grinning and staggering over it, half seeing the dreadful truth, then forgetting it, and cursing and swearing. That was a sight! so

much misery, and wickedness, and ruin. It was the young woman's only child. When she came to herself, she became mad, and is to this day a drivelling idiot, and goes about for ever seeking for her child, and cursing the woman who killed it. This is a true tale, too true.

There is another practice which I must notice, and that is giving children laudanum to make them sleep, and keep them quiet, and for coughs and windy pains. Now, this is a most dangerous thing. I have often been called in to see children who were dying, and who did die, from laudanum given in this way. I have known four drops kill a child a month old; and ten drops one a year old. The best rule, and one you should stick to, as under God's eye as well as the law's, is, never to give laudanum without a doctor's line or order. And when on this subject, I would also say a word about the use of opium and laudanum among yourselves. I know this is far commoner among the poor in Edinburgh than is thought. But I assure you, from much experience, that the drunkenness and stupefaction from the use of laudanum is even worse than that from whisky. The one poisons and makes mad the body; the other, the laudanum, poisons the mind, and makes it like an idiot's. So, in both matters beware; death is in the cup, murder is in the cup, and poverty and the workhouse, and the gallows, and an awful future of pain and misery—all are in the cup. These are

the wages the devil pays his servants with for doing his work.

But to go back to the bairns. And first a word on our old friends, the bowels. Let them alone as much as you can. They will put themselves and keep themselves right, if you take care to prevent wrong things going into the stomach! No sour apples, or raw turnips or carrots; no sweeties or tarts, and all that kind of abomination; no tea, to draw the sides of their tender little stomachs together; no whisky, to kill their digestion; no *Gundy*, or *Taffy*, or *Lick*, or *Black Man*, or *Fib*; the less sugar and sweet things the better; the more milk and butter and fat the better; but plenty of plain, halesome food, parritch and milk, bread and butter, potatoes and milk, good broth,—kail as we call it. You often hear of the wonders of cod-liver oil, and they are wonders; poor little wretches who have faces like old puggies', and are all belly and no legs, and are screaming all day and all night too,—these poor little wretches under the cod-liver oil, get sonsy, and rosy, and fat, and happy, and strong. Now, this is greatly because the cod-liver oil is capital *food*. If you can't afford to get cod-liver oil for delicate children, or if they reject it, give them plain olive oil, a tablespoonful twice a day, and take one to yourself, and you will be astonished how you will, both of you, thrive.

Some folk will tell you that children's feet should

be always kept warm. I say no. No healthy child's feet are warm; but the great thing is to keep the body warm. That is like keeping the fire good, and the room will be warm. The chest, the breast, is the place where the fire of the body —the heating apparatus—is, and if you keep it warm, and give *it* plenty of fuel, which is fresh air and good food, you need not mind about the feetikins, they will mind themselves; indeed, for my own part, I am so ungenteel as to think bare feet and bare legs in summer the most comfortable wear, costing much less than leather and worsted, the only kind of soles that are always fresh. As to the moral training of children, I need scarcely speak to you. What people want about these things is not knowledge, but the will to do what is right,—what they know to be right, and the moral power to do it.

Whatever you wish your child to be, be it your self. If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, and a liar, and a thief, and a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself all these. As the old cock crows, the young cock learns. You will remember who said, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from

thistles, as get good, healthy, happy children from diseased and lazy and wicked parents.

Let me put you in mind, seriously, of one thing that you ought to get done to all your children, and that is, to have them vaccinated, or inoculated with the cow-pock. The best time for this is two months after birth, but better late than never, and in these times you need never have any excuse for its not being done. You have only to take your children to the Old or the New Town Dispensaries. It is a real crime, I think, in parents to neglect this. It is cruel to their child, and it is a crime to the public. If every child in the world were vaccinated, which might be managed in a few years, that loathsome and deadly disease, the small-pox, would disappear from the face of the earth; but many people are so stupid, and so lazy, and so prejudiced, as to neglect this plain duty, till they find to their cost that it is too late. So promise me, all seriously in your hearts, to see to this if it is not done already, and to see to it immediately.

Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make *free* with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like you and me, as *weans*, wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and you all practise it every day in your own families. Here is a pleasant little

story out of an old book. 'A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to get weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do this. "But," says he, "I'll get horses for us all;" then, cutting little wands out of the hedge as ponies for them, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle in their little legs, and they rode cheerily home.' So much for a bit of ingenious fun.

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is your prayers, and they are, if real and humble, worth more than silver or gold,—more than food and clothing, and have often brought from our Father who is in heaven, and hears our prayers, both money and meat and clothes, and all worldly good things. And there is one thing you can always teach your child: you may not yourself know how to read or write, and therefore you may not be able to teach your children how to do these things; you may not know the names of the stars or their geography, and may therefore not be able to tell them how far you are from the sun, or how big the moon is; nor be able to tell them the way to Jerusalem or Australia, but you may always be able to tell them who made the stars and numbered them, and you may tell them the road to heaven. You may always teach them to pray. Some weeks ago, I was taken out to see the mother of a little child. She was very

dangerously ill, and the nurse had left the child to come and help me. I went up to the nursery to get some hot water, and in the child's bed I saw something raised up. This was the little fellow under the bed-clothes kneeling. I said, 'What are you doing?' 'I am praying God to make mamma better,' said he. God likes these little prayers and these little people—for of such is the kingdom of heaven. These are His little ones, His lambs, and He hears their cry; and it is enough if they only lisp their prayers. 'Abba, Father,' is all He needs; and our prayers are never so truly prayers as when they are most like children's in simplicity, in directness, in perfect fulness of reliance. 'They pray right up,' as black Uncle Tom says in that wonderful book, which I hope you have all read and wept over.

I forgot to speak about punishing children. I am old-fashioned enough to uphold the ancient practice of warming the young bottoms with some sharpness, if need be; it is a wholesome and capital application, and does good to the bodies, and the souls too, of the little rebels, and it is far less cruel than being sulky, as some parents are, and keeping up a grudge at their children. Warm the bott, say I, and you will warm the heart too; and all goes right.

And now I must end. I have many things I could say to you, but you have had enough of me and my bairns, I am sure. Go home, and when

you see the little curly pows on their pillows, sound asleep, pour out a blessing on them, and ask our Saviour to make them His; and never forget what we began with, that they came from God, and are going back to Him, and let the light of eternity fall upon them as they lie asleep, and may you resolve to dedicate them and yourselves to Him who died for them and for us all, and who was once Himself a little child, and sucked the breasts of a woman, and who said that awful saying, 'Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it had been better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea.'

SERMON IV.

HEALTH.

My dear Friends,—I am going to give you a sort of sermon about your health,—and you know a sermon has always a text; so, though I am only a doctor, I mean to take a text for ours, and I will choose it, as our good friends the ministers do, from that best of all books, the Bible. Job ii. 4: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.'

This, you know, was said many thousands of years ago by the devil, when, like a base and impudent fellow, as he always was and is, he came into the presence of the great God, along with the good angels. Here, for once in his life, the devil spoke the truth and shamed himself.

What he meant, and what I wish you now seriously to consider, is, that a man—you or I—will lose anything sooner than life; we would give everything for it, and part with all the money, everything we had, to keep away death

and to lengthen our days. If you had £500 in a box at home, and knew that you would certainly be dead by to-morrow unless you gave the £500, would you ever make a doubt about what you would do? Not you! And if you were told that if you got drunk, or worked too hard, or took no sort of care of your bodily health, you would turn ill to-morrow and die next week, would you not keep sober, and work more moderately, and be more careful of yourself?

Now, I want to make you believe that you are too apt to do this very same sort of thing in your daily life, only that instead of to-morrow or next week, your illness and your death comes next year, or, at any rate, some years sooner than otherwise. *But your death is actually preparing already, and that by your own hands*, by your own ignorance, and often by your own foolish and sinful neglect and indulgence. A decay or rottenness spreads through the beams of a house, unseen and unfeared, and then, by and by down it comes, and is utterly destroyed. So it is with your bodies. You plant, by sin and neglect and folly, the seeds of disease by your own hands; and as surely as the harvest comes after the seed-time, so will you reap the harvest of pain, and misery, and death. And remember there is nobody to whom health is so valuable, is worth so much, as to the poor labouring man; it is his stock-in-trade, his wealth, his capital; his bodily strength and skill are the main

things he can make his living by, and therefore he should take better care of his body and its health than a rich man; for a rich man may be laid up in his bed for weeks and months, and yet his business may go on, for he has means to pay his men for working under him, or he may be what is called 'living on his money.' But if a poor man takes fever, or breaks his leg, or falls into a consumption, his wife and children soon want food and clothes; and many a time do I see on the streets poor, careworn men, dying by inches of consumption, going to and from their work, when, poor fellows, they should be in their beds; and all this just because they cannot afford to be ill and to lie out of work,—they cannot spare the time and the wages.

Now, don't you think, my dear friends, that it is worth your while to attend to your health? If you were a carter or a coach-driver, and had a horse, would you not take care to give him plenty of corn, and to keep his stable clean and well aired, and to curry his skin well, and you would not kill him with overwork, for besides the cruelty, this would be a dead loss to you—it would be so much out of your pocket? And don't you see that God has given you your bodies to work with, and to please Him with their diligence; and it is ungrateful to Him, as well as unkind and wicked to your family and yourself, to waste your bodily strength, and bring disease

and death upon yourselves? But you will say, 'How can we make a better of it? We live from hand to mouth; we can't have fine houses and warm clothes, and rich food and plenty of it.' No, I know that; but if you have not a fine house, you may always have a clean one, and fresh air costs nothing—God gives it to all his children without stint,—and good plain clothes, and meal, may now be had cheaper than ever.

Health is a word that you all have some notion of, but you will perhaps have a clearer idea of it when I tell you what the word comes from. Health was long ago *wholth*, and comes from the word *whole* or *hale*. The Bible says, 'They that are whole need not a physician;' that is, healthy people have no need of a doctor. Now, a man is whole when, like a bowl or any vessel, he is entire, and has nothing broken about him; he is like a watch that goes well, neither too fast nor too slow. But you will perhaps say, 'You doctors should be able to put us all to rights, just as a watchmaker can clean and sort a watch; if you can't, what are you worth?' But the difference between a man and a watch is, that you must try to mend the man when he is going. You can't stop him and then set him agoing; and, you know, it would be no joke to a watchmaker, or to the watch, to try and clean it while it was going. But God, who does everything like Himself, with his own perfectness, has

put inside each of our bodies a Doctor of his own making—one wiser than we with all our wisdom. Every one of us has in himself a power of keeping and setting his health right. If a man is overworked, God has ordained that he desires rest, and that rest cures him. If he lives in a damp, close place, free and dry air cures him. If he eats too much, fasting cures him. If his skin is dirty, a good scrubbing and a bit of yellow soap will put him all to rights.

What we call disease or sickness, is the opposite of health, and it comes on us—1*st*, By descent from our parents. It is one of the surest of all legacies; if a man's father and mother are diseased, naturally or artificially, he will have much chance to be as bad, or worse. 2*dly*, Hard work brings on disease, and some kinds of work more than others. Masons who hew often fall into consumption; labourers get rheumatism, or what you call 'the pains;' painters get what is called their colic, from the lead in the paint, and so on. In a world like ours, this set of causes of disease and ill health cannot be altogether got the better of; and it was God's command, after Adam's sin, that men should toil and sweat for their daily bread; but more than the half of the bad effects of hard work and dangerous employments might be prevented by a little plain knowledge, attention, and common sense. 3*dly*, Sin, wickedness, foolish and excessive pleasures, are a great cause of disease. Thousands

die from drinking, and from following other evil courses. There is no life so hard, none in which the poor body comes so badly off, and is made so miserable, as the life of a drunkard or a dissolute man. I need hardly tell you, that this cause of death and disease you can all avoid. I don't say it is easy for any man in your circumstances to keep from sin; he is a foolish or ignorant man who says so, and that there are no temptations to drinking. You are much less to blame for doing this than people who are better off; but you CAN keep from drinking, and you know as well as I do, how much better and happier, and healthier and richer and more respectable you will be if you do so. *4thly* and lastly, Disease and death are often brought on from ignorance, from not knowing what are called the *laws of health*, those easy, plain, common things which, if you do, you will live long, and which, if you do not do, you will die soon.

Now, I would like to make a few simple statements about this to you; and I will take the body bit by bit, and tell you some things that you should know and do in order to keep this wonderful house that your soul lives in, and by the deeds done in which you will one day be judged, and which is God's gift, and God's handiwork,—clean and comfortable, hale, strong, and hearty; for you know, that besides doing good to ourselves and our family and our neighbours with our bodily labour, we are told that we should glorify God in our bodies as

well as in our souls, for they are His, more His than ours,—He has bought them by the blood of His Son Jesus Christ. We are not our own, we are bought with a price; therefore ought we to glorify God with our souls and with our bodies, which are His.

Now, first, for *the skin*. You should take great care of it, for on its health a great deal depends; keep it clean, keep it warm, keep it dry, give it air; have a regular scrubbing of all your body every Saturday night, and if you can manage it, you should every morning wash not only your face, but your throat and breast with cold water, and rub yourself quite dry with a hard towel till you glow all over. You should keep your hair short if you are men; it saves you a great deal of trouble and dirt.

Then, the inside of your *head*—you know what is inside your head—your brain; you know how useful it is to you; the cleverest pair of hands among you would be of little use without brains, they would be like a body without a soul, a watch with the mainspring broken. Now, you should consider what is best for keeping the brain in good trim. One thing of great consequence is *regular sleep, and plenty of it*. Every man should have at the least eight hours in his bed every four-and-twenty hours, and let him sleep all the time if he can; but even if he lies awake, it is a rest to his wearied brain, as well as to his wearied legs

and arms. *Sleep is the food of the brain.* Men may go mad and get silly, if they go long without sleep. Too much sleep is bad; but I need hardly warn you against that, or against too much meat You are in no great danger from these.

Then, again, whisky and all kinds of intoxicating liquors, in excess, are just so much poison to the brain. I need not say much about this, you all know it; and we all know what dreadful things happen when a man poisons his brain and makes it mad, and like a wild beast with drink; he may murder his wife, or his child, and when he comes to himself he knows nothing of how he did it, only the terrible thing is certain, that he *did* do it, and that he may be hanged for doing something when he was mad, and which he never dreamt of doing when in his senses; but then he knows that he made himself mad, and he must take all the wretched and tremendous consequences.

From the brains we go to the *lungs*,—you know where they are,—they are what the butchers call the *lichts;* here they are, they are the bellows that keep the fire of life going; for you must know that a clever German philosopher has made out that we are all really burning,—that our bodies are warmed by a sort of burning or combustion, as it is called,—and fed by breath and food, as a fire is fed with coals and air.

Now the great thing for the lungs is plenty of fresh air, and plenty of room to play in. About

70,000 people die every year in Britain from that disease of the lungs called consumption—that is, nearly half the number of people in the city of Edinburgh; and it is certain that more than the half of these deaths could be prevented if the lungs had fair play. So you should always try to get your houses well ventilated, that means to let the air be often changed, and free from impure mixtures; and you should avoid crowding many into one room, and be careful to keep everything clean, and put away all filth; for filth is not only disgusting to the eye and the nose, but it is dangerous to the health. I have seen a great deal of cholera, and been surrounded by dying people, who were beyond any help from doctors, and I have always found that where the air was bad, the rooms ill ventilated, cleanliness neglected, and drunkenness prevailed, there this terrible scourge, which God sends upon us, was most terrible, most rapidly and widely destructive. Believe this, and go home and consider well what I now say, for you may be sure it is true.

Now we come to the *heart*. You all know where it is. It is the most wonderful little pump in the world. There is no steam-engine half so clever at its work, or so strong. There it is in every one of us, beat, beating,—all day and all night, year after year, never stopping, like a watch ticking; only it never needs to be wound up,—God winds it up once for all. It depends for its

health on the state of the rest of the body, especially the brains and lungs. But all violent passions, all irregularities of living, damage it. Exposure to cold when drunk, falling asleep, as many poor wretches do, in stairs all night,—this often brings on disease of the heart; and you know it is not only dangerous to have anything the matter with the heart: it is the commonest of all causes of sudden death. It gives no warning; you drop down dead in a moment. So we may say of the bodily as well as of the moral organ, 'Keep your heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.'

We now come to the *stomach*. You all know, I daresay, where it lies! It speaks for itself. Our friends in England are very respectful to their stomachs. They make a great deal of them, and we make too little. If an Englishman is ill, all the trouble is in his stomach; if an Irishman is ill, it is in his heart, and he's 'kilt entirely;' and if a Scotsman, it is his 'heed.' Now, I wish I saw Scots men and women as nice and particular about their stomachs, or rather about what they put into them, as their friends in England. Indeed, so much does your genuine John Bull depend on his stomach, and its satisfaction, that we may put in his mouth the stout old lines of Prior:—

'The plainest man alive may tell ye
'The seat of empire is the Belly:

From hence are sent out those supplies,
Which make us either stout or wise;
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your Belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food,
Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
Just as the bias rules the bowl:
That great Achilles might employ
The strength designed to ruin Troy,
He dined on lions' marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread;
But by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat and quiet;
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet.
Observe the various operations,
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel,
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse!
Salads and eggs, and lighter fare,
Turn the Italian spark's guitar;
And if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.'

Good cooking is the beauty of a dinner. It really does a man as much good again if he eats his food with a relish; and with a little attention, it is as easy to cook well as ill. And let me tell the wives, that your husbands would like you all the better, and be less likely to go off to the public-house, if their bit of meat or their drop of broth were well cooked. Labouring men should eat well. They should, if possible, have meat—

butcher-meat—every day. Good broth is a capital dish. But, above all, keep whisky out of your stomachs; it really plays the very devil when it gets in. It makes the brain mad, it burns the coats of the stomach; it turns the liver into a lump of rottenness; it softens and kills the heart; it makes a man an idiot and a brute. If you really need anything stronger than good meat, take a pot of wholesome porter or ale; but I believe you are better without even that. You will be all the better able to afford good meat, and plenty of it.

With regard to your *bowels*—a very important part of your interior—I am not going to say much, except that neglect of them brings on many diseases; and labouring men are very apt to neglect them. Many years ago, an odd old man, at Greenock, left at his death a number of sealed packets to his friends, and on opening them, they found a Bible, £50, and a box of pills, and the words, 'Fear God, and keep your bowels open.' It was good advice, though it might have been rather more decorously worded. If you were a doctor, you would be astonished how many violent diseases of the mind as well as of the body, are produced by irregularity of the bowels. Many years ago, an old minister, near Linlithgow, was wakened out of his sleep to go to see a great lady in the neighbourhood who was thought dying, and whose mind was in dreadful despair, and who wished to see him immediately. The old man, rubbing

his eyes, and pushing up his Kilmarnock night-cap, said, 'And when were her leddyship's booels opened?' And on finding, after some inquiry, that they were greatly in arrears, 'I thocht sae. Rax me ower that pill-box on the chimney-piece, and gie my compliments to Leddy Margret, and tell her to tak thae twa pills, and I'll be ower by and by mysel'.' They did as he bade them. They did their duty, and the pills did theirs, and her leddyship was relieved, and she was able at breakfast-time to profit by the Christian advice of the good old man, which she could not have done when her nerves were all wrong. The old Greeks, who were always seeking after wisdom, and didn't always find it, showed their knowledge and sense in calling depression of mind Melancholy, which means black bile. Leddy Margret's liver, I have no doubt, had been distilling this perilous stuff.

My dear friends, there is one thing I have forgot to mention, and that is, about keeping common-stairs clean; you know they are often abominably filthy, and they aggravate fever, and many of your worst and most deadly diseases; for you may keep your own houses never so clean and tidy, but if the common-stair is not kept clean too, all its foul air comes into your rooms, and into your lungs, and poisons you. So let all in the stair resolve to keep it clean, and well aired.

But I must stop now. I fear I have wearied you. You see I had nothing new to tell you.

The great thing in regulating and benefiting human life, is not to find out new things, but to make the best of the old things—to live according to Nature, and the will of Nature's God,—that great Being who bids us call Him our Father, and who is at this very moment regarding each one of us with far more than any earthly father's compassion and kindness, and who would make us all happy if we would but do His bidding, and take His road. He has given us minds by which we may observe the laws He has ordained in our bodies, and which are as regular and as certain in their effects, and as discoverable by us as the motions of the sun, moon, and stars in the heavens; and we shall not only benefit ourselves and live longer and work better and be happier, by knowing and obeying these laws, from love to ourselves, but we shall please Him, we shall glorify Him, and make Him our *Friend*,—only think of that! and get His blessing, by taking care of our health, from love to Him, and a regard to His will, in giving us these bodies of ours to serve Him with, and which He has, with His own almighty hands, so fearfully and wonderfully made.

I hope you will pardon my plainness in speaking to you. I am quite in earnest, and I have a deep regard, I may say a real affection, for you; for I know you well. I spent many of my early years as a doctor in going about among you. I have attended you long ago when ill; I have delivered

your wives, and been in your houses when death was busy with you and yours, and I have seen your fortitude, energy, and honest, hearty, generous kindness to each other; your readiness to help your neighbours with anything you have, and to share your last sixpence and your last loaf with them. I wish I saw half as much real neighbourliness and sympathy among what are called your betters. If a poor man falls down in a fit on the street, who is it that takes him up and carries him home, and gives him what he needs? it is not the man with a fine coat and gloves on,—it is the poor, dirty-coated, hard-handed warm-hearted, labouring man.

Keep a good hold of all these homely and sturdy virtues, and add to them temperance and diligence, cleanliness, and thrift, good knowledge, and, above all, the love and the fear of God, and you will not only be happy yourselves, but you will make this great and wonderful country of ours which rests upon you, still more wonderful and great.

SERMON V.

MEDICAL ODDS AND ENDS.

My dear Friends,—We are going to ring in now, and end our course. I will be sorry and glad, and you will be the same. We are this about everything. It is the proportion that settles it. I am, upon the whole, as we say, sorry, and I daresay on the whole you are not glad. I dislike parting with anything or anybody I like, for it is ten to one if we meet again.

My text is, '*That his way may be known upon earth; his saving health to all nations.*' You will find it in that perfect little psalm, the 67th. But before taking it up, I will, as my dear father used to say,—you all remember him, his keen eye and voice; his white hair, and his grave, earnest, penetrating look; and you should remember and possess his Canongate Sermon to you—'The Bible, what it is, what it does, and what it deserves,'—well, he used to say, let us *recapitulate* a little. It is a

long and rather kittle word, but it is the only one that we have. He made it longer, but not less alive, by turning it into 'a few recapitulatory remarks.' What ground then have we travelled over? *First*, Our duties to and about the Doctor; to call him in time, to trust him, to obey him, to be grateful to, and to pay him with our money and our hearts and our good word, if we have all these; if we have not the first, with twice as much of the others. *Second*, The Doctor's duties to us. He should be able and willing to cure us. That is what he is there for. He should be sincere, attentive, and tender to us, keeping his time and our secrets. We must tell him all we know about our ailments and their causes, and he must tell us all that is good for us to know, and no more. *Third*, Your duties to your children; to the wee Willie Winkies and the little wifies that come toddlin' hame. It is your duty to *mind* them. It is a capital Scotch use of this word: they are to be in your mind; you are to exercise your understanding about them; to give them simple food; to keep goodies and trash, and raw pears and whisky, away from their tender mouths and stomachs; to give them that never-ending meal of good air, night and day, which is truly food and fire to them and you; to *be* good before as well as to them, to speak and require the truth in love—that is a wonderful expression, isn't it?—the truth in love; that, if acted on by us all, would bring the millen-

nium next week; to be plain and homely with them, never *spaining* their minds from you. You are all sorry, you mothers, when you have to spain their mouths; it is a dreadful business that to both parties; but there is a spaining of the affections still more dreadful, and that need never be, no, never, neither in this world nor in that which is to come. Dr. Waugh, of London, used to say to bereaved mothers, Rachels weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted, for that simplest of all reasons, because they were not; after giving them God's words of comfort, clapping them on the shoulders, and fixing his mild deep eyes on them (those who remember those eyes will know what they could mean), 'My woman, your bairn is where it will have two fathers, but never but one mother.'

You should also, when the time comes, explain to your children what about their own health and the ways of the world they ought to know, and for the want of the timely knowledge of which many a life and character has been lost. Show them, moreover, the value you put upon health, by caring for your own.

Do your best to get your sons well married, and soon. By 'well married,' I mean that they should pair off old-fashionedly, for love, and marry what deserves to be loved, as well as what is lovely. I confess I think falling in love is the best way to begin; but then the moment you fall, you should

get up and look about you, and see how the land lies, and whether it is as goodly as it looks. I don't like walking into love, or being carried into love; or, above all, being sold or selling yourself into it, which, after all, is not it. And by 'soon,' I mean as soon as they are keeping themselves; for a wife—such a wife as alone I mean, is cheaper to a young man than no wife, and is his best companion.

Then for your duties to yourselves. See that you make yourself do what is *immediately* just to your body, feed it when it is really hungry; let it sleep when it, not its master, desires sleep; make it happy, poor hard-working fellow! and give it a gambol when it wants it and deserves it, and as long as it can execute it. Dancing is just the music of the feet, and the gladness of the young legs, and is well called the poetry of motion. It is like all other natural pleasures, given to be used, and to be not abused, either by yourself or by those who don't like it, and don't enjoy your doing it—shabby dogs these, beware of them! And if this be done, it is a good and a grace, as well as pleasure, and satisfies some good end of our being, and in its own way glorifies our Maker. Did you ever see anything in this world more beautiful than the lambs running races and dancing round the big stone of the field; and does not your heart get young when you hear,—

'Here we go by Jingo ring,
Jingo ring, Jingo ring;
Here we go by Jingo ring,
About the merry ma tanzie.'

This is just a dance in honour of poor old pagan Jingo; measured movements arising from and giving happiness. We have no right to keep ourselves or others from natural pleasures; and we are all too apt to interfere with and judge harshly the pleasures of others; hence we who are stiff and given to other pleasures, and who, now that we are old, know the many wickednesses of the world, are too apt to put the vices of the jaded, empty old heart, like a dark and ghastly fire burnt out, into the feet and the eyes, and the heart and the head of the young. I remember a story of a good old Anti-burgher minister. It was in the days when dancing was held to be a great sin, and to be dealt with by the session. Jessie, a comely, and good, and blithe young woman, a great favourite of the minister's, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the session to be 'dealt with'—the grim old fellows sternly concentrating their eyes upon her, as she stood trembling in her striped short-gown, and her pretty bare feet. The Doctor, who was one of divinity, and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her and himself, said, 'Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?'

'Yes,' sobbed Jessie.

'Ye maun e'en promise never to dance again, Jessie.'

'I wull, sir; I wull promise,' with a curtsy.

'Now, what were ye thinking o', Jessie, when ye were dancin'? tell us truly,' said an old elder, who had been a poacher in youth.

'Nae ill, sir,' sobbed out the dear little woman.

'Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dance,' cried the delighted Doctor.

And so say I, to the extent, that so long as our young girls think 'nae ill,' they may dance their own and their feet's fills; and so on with all the round of the sunshine and flowers God has thrown on and along the path of his children.

Lastly, your duty to your own bodies: to preserve them; to make, or rather let—for they are made so to go—their wheels go sweetly; to keep the *girs* firm round the old barrel; neither to over nor under work our bodies, and to listen to their teaching and their requests, their cries of pain and sorrow; and to keep them as well as your souls unspotted from the world. If you want to know a good book on Physiology, or the Laws of Health and of Life, get Dr. Combe's *Physiology;* and let all you mothers get his delightful *Management of Infancy*. You will love him for his motherly words. You will almost think he might have worn petticoats,—for tenderness he might; but in mind and will and eye he was every inch a man. It is now long since he wrote, but I have seen nothing so good since; he is so intelligent, so

reverent, so full of the solemnity, the sacredness, the beauty, and joy of life, and its work; so full of sympathy for suffering, himself not ignorant of such evil,—for the latter half of his life was a daily, hourly struggle with death, fighting the destroyer from within with the weapons of life, his brain and his conscience. It is very little physiology that you require, so that it is physiology, and is suitable for your need. I can't say I like our common people, or, indeed, what we call our ladies and gentlemen, poking curiously into all the ins and outs of our bodies as a general accomplishment, and something to talk of. No, I don't like it. I would rather they chose some other *ology*. But let them get enough to give them awe and love, light and help, guidance and foresight.

These, with good sense and good senses, humility, and a thought of a hereafter in this world as well as in the next, will make us as able to doctor ourselves—especially to act in the *preventive service*, which is your main region of power for good —as in this mortal world we have any reason to expect. And let us keep our hearts young, and they will keep our legs and our arms the same. For we know now that hearts are kept going by having strong, pure, lively blood; if bad blood goes into the heart, it gets angry, and shows this by beating at our breasts, and frightening us; and sometimes it dies of sheer anger and disgust, if its blood is poor or poisoned, thin and white. 'He

may dee, but he'll never grow auld,' said a canty old wife of her old minister, whose cheek was ruddy like an apple.

Run for the Doctor; don't saunter to him, or go in, by the bye, as an old elder of my father's did, when his house was on fire. He was a perfect Nathanael, and lived more in the next world than in this, as you will soon see. One winter night he slipped gently into his neighbour's cottage, and found James Somerville reading aloud by the blaze of the licht coal; he leant over the chair, and waited till James closed the book, when he said, 'By the bye, I am thinkin' ma hoose is on fire!' and out he and they all ran, in time to see the auld biggin' fall in with a glorious blaze. So it is too often when that earthly house of ours—our cottage, our tabernacle—is getting on fire. One moment your finger would put out what in an hour all the waters of Clyde would be too late for. If the Doctor is needed, the sooner the better. If he is not, he can tell you so, and you can rejoice that he had a needless journey, and pay him all the more thankfully. So run early and at once. How many deaths—how many lives of suffering and incapacity—may be spared by being in time? by being a day or two sooner. With children this is especially the case, and with working men in the full prime of life. A mustard plaster, a leech, a pill, fifteen drops of Ipecacuanha wine, a bran poultice, a hint or a stitch in time, may do all and at once;

when a red-hot iron, a basonful of blood, all the wisdom of our art, and all the energy of the Doctor, all your tenderness and care are in vain. Many a child's life is saved by an emetic at night, who would be lost in twelve hours. So send in time; it is just to your child or the patient, and to yourself; it is just to your Doctor; for I assure you we Doctors are often sorry, and angry enough, when we find we are too late. It affronts us, and our powers, besides affronting life and all its meanings, and Him who gives it. And we really *enjoy* curing; it is like running and winning a race—like hunting and finding and killing our game. And then remember to go to the Doctor early in the day, as well as in the disease. I always like my patients to send and say that they would like the Doctor 'to call before he goes out!' This is like an Irish message, you will say, but there is 'sinse' in it. Fancy a Doctor being sent for, just as he is in bed, to see some one, and on going he finds they had been thinking of sending in the morning, and that he has to run neck and neck with death, with the odds all against him.

I now wind up with some other odds and ends. I give you them as an old wife would empty her pockets — such wallets they use to be! — in no regular order; here a bit of string, now a bit of gingerbread, now an 'aiple,' now a bunch of keys, now an old almanac, now three *bawbees* and a bad shilling, a 'wheen' buttons all marrowless, a thim-

ble, a bit of black sugar, and maybe at the very bottom a 'goold guinea.'

Shoes.—It is amazing the misery the people of civilisation endure in and from their shoes. Nobody is ever, as they should be, comfortable at once in them; they hope in the long-run and after much agony, and when they are nearly done, to make them fit, especially if they can get them once well wet, so that the mighty knob of the big toe may adjust himself and be at ease. For my part, if I were rich, I would advertise for a clean, wholesome man, whose foot was exactly my size, and I would make him wear my shoes till I could put them on, and not know I was in them.[1] Why is all this? Why do you see every man's and woman's feet so out of shape? Why are there corns, with their miseries and maledictions? why the virulence and unreachableness of those that are 'soft?' Why do our nails grow in and sometimes have to be torn violently off?

All because the makers and users of shoes have not common sense, and common reverence for God and his works enough to study the shape and motions of that wonderful pivot on which we turn and progress. Because FASHION—that demon that I wish I saw dressed in her own crinoline, in bad shoes, a man's old hat, and trailing petticoats, and with her (for she must be a *her*) waist well

[1] Frederick the Great kept an aide-de-camp for this purpose, and, poor fellow! he sometimes wore them too long, and got a kicking for his pains.

nipt by a circlet of nails with the points inmost, and any other of the small torments, mischiefs, and absurdities she destroys and makes fools of us with, —whom, I say, I wish I saw drummed and hissed, blazing and shrieking, out of the world; because this contemptible slave, which domineers over her makers, says the shoe must be elegant, must be so and so, and the beautiful living foot must be crushed into it, and human nature must limp along Princes Street and through life natty and wretched.

It makes me angry when I think of all this. Now, do you want to know how to put your feet into new shoes, and yourself into a new world? go and buy from Edmonston and Douglas sixpence worth of sense, in *Why the Shoe Pinches;* you will, if you get your shoemaker to do as it bids him, go on your ways rejoicing; no more knobby, half-dislocated big toes; no more secret parings, and slashings desperate, in order to get on that pair of exquisite boots or shoes.

Then there is the *Infirmary*.—Nothing I like better than to see subscriptions to this admirable house of help and comfort to the poor, advertised as from the quarrymen of Craigleith; from Mr. Milne the brassfounder's men; from Peeblesshire; from the utmost Orkneys; and from those big, human mastiffs, the navvies. And yet we doctors are often met by the most absurd and obstinate objections by domestic servants in town, and by country people, to going there. This prejudice

is lessening, but it is still great. 'Oh, I canna gang into the Infirmary; I would rather dee!' Would you, indeed? Not you, or if so, the sooner the better. They have a notion that they are experimented on, and slain by the surgeons; neglected and poisoned by the nurses, etc., etc. Such utter nonsense! I know well about the inner life and work of at least our Infirmary, and of that noble, old Minto House, now gone; and I would rather infinitely, were I a servant, 'prentice boy, or shopman, a porter, or student, and anywhere but in a house of my own, and even then, go straight to the Infirmary, than lie in a box-bed off the kitchen, or on the top of the coal-bunker, or in a dark hole in the lobby, or in a double-bedded room. The food, the bedding, the physicians, the surgeons, the clerks, the dressers, the medicines, the wine and porter—and they don't scrimp these when necessary—the books, the Bibles, the baths, are all good; are all better far than one man in ten thousand can command in his own house. So off with a grateful heart and a fearless to the Infirmary, and your mistress can come in and sit beside you; and her doctor and yours will look in and single you out with his smile and word, and cheer you and the ward by a kindly joke, and you will come out well cured, and having seen much to do you good for life. I never knew any one who was once in, afraid of going back; they know better.

There are few things in human nature finer than the devotion and courage of medical men to their hospital and charitable duties; it is to them a great moral discipline; not that they don't get good, selfish good to themselves. Why shouldn't they? Nobody does good without getting it; it is a law of the government of God. But, as a rule, our medical men are not kind and skilful and attentive to their hospital patients, because this is to make them famous, or even because through this they are to get knowledge and fame; they get all this, and it is their only and their great reward; but they are in the main disinterested men. Honesty is the best policy; but, as Dr. Whately, in his keen way, says, 'that man is not honest who is so for this reason,' and so with the doctors and their patients. And I am glad to say for my profession, few of them take this second-hand line of duty.

Beards.—I am for beards out and out, because I think the Maker of the beard was and is. This is reason enough; but there are many others. The misery of shaving, its expense, its consumption of time—a very corporation existing for no other purpose but to shave mankind. Campbell the poet, who had always a bad razor, I suppose, and was late of rising, said he believed the man of civilisation who lived to be sixty had suffered more pain in littles every day in shaving, than a woman with a large family had from her lyings-in. This would be hard to prove; but it is a process that

never gets pleasanter by practice; and then the waste of time and temper,—the ugliness of being ill or unshaven. Now, we can easily see advantages in it; the masculine gender is intended to be more out of doors, and more in all weathers than the smooth-chinned ones, and this protects him and his Adam's apple from harm. It acts as the best of all respirators to the mason and the east wind. Besides, it is a glory; and it must be delightful to have and to stroke a natural beard, not one like bean-stalks or a bottle-brush, but such a beard as Abraham's or Abd-el-Kader's. It is the beginning ever to cut, that makes all the difference. I hazard a theory, that no hair of the head or beard should ever be cut, or needs it, any more than the eyebrows or eyelashes. The finest head of hair I know is one which was never cut. It is not too long; it is soft and thick. The secret where to stop growing is in the end of the native untouched hair. If you cut it off the poor hair does not know when to stop; and if our eyebrows were so cut, they might be made to hang over our eyes, and be wrought into a veil. Besides, think of the waste of substance of the body in hewing away so much hair every morning, and encouraging an endless rotation of crops! Well then, I go in for the beards of the next generation, the unshorn beings whose beards will be wagging when we are away; but of course they must be clean. But how are we to sup our porridge and kail? Try it when young, when

there is just a shadowy down on the upper lip, and no fears but they will do all this 'elegantly' even. Nature is slow and gentle in her teaching even the accomplishment of the spoon. And as for women's hair, don't plaster it with scented and sour grease, or with any grease; it has an oil of its own. And don't tie up your hair tight, and make it like a cap of iron over your skull. And why are your ears covered? You hear all the worse, and they are not the cleaner. Besides, the ear is beautiful in itself, and plays its own part in the concert of the features. Go back to the curls, some of you, and try in everything to dress as it becomes you, and as you become; not as that fine lady, or even your own Tibbie or Grizzy chooses to dress, it may be becomingly to her. Why shouldn't we even in dress be more ourselves than somebody or everybody else?

I had a word about *Teeth*. Don't get young children's teeth drawn. At least, let this be the rule. Bad teeth come of bad health and bad and hot food, and much sugar. I can't say I am a great advocate for the common people going in for tooth-brushes. No, they are not necessary in full health. The healthy man's teeth clean themselves, and so does his skin. A good dose of Gregory often puts away the toothache. It is a great thing, however, to get them early stuffed, if they need it; that really keeps them and your temper whole. For appearance' sake merely, I

hate false teeth, as I hate a wig. But this is not a matter to dogmatize about. I never was, I think, deceived by either false hair, or false teeth, or false eyes, or false cheeks, for there are in the high—I don't call it the great—world, plumpers for making the cheeks round, as well as a certain dust for making them bloom. But you and I don't enjoy such advantages.

Rheumatism is peculiarly a disease of the working man. One old physician said its only cure was patience and flannel. Another said six weeks. But I think good flannel and no drunkenness (observe, I don't say no drinking, though very nearly so) are its best preventives. It is a curious thing the way in which cold gives rheumatism. Suppose a man is heated and gets cooled, not being very well at any rate, and is sitting or sleeping in a draught; the exposed part is chilled; the pores of its skin, which are always exuding and exhaling waste from the body, contract and shut in this bad stuff; it—this is my theory—not getting out is taken up by a blunder of the deluded absorbents, who are always prowling about for some thing, and it is returned back to the centre, and finds its way into the blood, and poisons it, affecting the heart, and carrying bad money, bad change, bad fat, bad capital all over the body, making nerves, lungs, everything unhappy and angry. This vitiated blood arrives by and bye at the origin of its mischief, the chilled shoulder, and

here it wreaks its vengeance, and in doing so, does some general good at local expense. It gives pain; it produces a certain inflammation of its own, and if it is not got rid of by the skin and other ways, it may possibly kill by the rage the body gets in, and the heat; or it may inflame the ill-used heart itself, and then either kill, or give the patient a life of suffering and peril. The medicines we give act not only by detecting this poison of blood, which, like yeast, leavens all in its neighbourhood; but by sending it out of the body like a culprit.

Vaccination.—One word for this. Never neglect it; get it done within two months after birth, and see that it is well done; and get all your neighbours to do it.

Infectious Diseases.—Keep out of their way; kill them by fresh air and cleanliness; defy them by cheerfulness, good food (*better* food than usual, in such epidemics as cholera), good sleep, and a good conscience.

When in the midst of and waiting on those who are under the scourge of an epidemic, be as little very close to the patient as you can, and don't inhale his or her breath or exhalations when you can help it; be rather in the current to, than from him. Be very cleanly in putting away all excretions at once, and quite away; go frequently into the fresh air; and don't sleep in your day clothes. Do what the Doctor bids you; don't crowd round your dying friend: you are stealing his life in

taking his air, and you are quietly killing yourself. This is one of the worst and most unmanageable of our Scottish habits, and many a time have I cleared the room of all but one, and dared them to enter it.

Then you should, in such things as small-pox, as indeed in everything, carry out the Divine injunction, '*Whatsoever* ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' Don't send for the minister to pray with and over the body of a patient in fever or delirium, or a child dying of small-pox or malignant scarlet fever; tell him, by all means, and let him pray with you, and for your child. Prayers, you know, are like gravitation, or the light of heaven; they will go from whatever place they are uttered; and if they are real prayers, they go straight and home to the centre, the focus of all things; and you know that poor fellow with the crust of typhus on his lips, and its nonsense on his tongue—that child tossing in misery, not knowing even its own mother—what can they know, what heed can they give to the prayer of the minister? He may do all the good he can, the most good maybe, when, like Moses on the hill-side, in the battle with Amalek, he uplifts his hands apart. No! a word spoken by your minister to himself and his God, a single sigh for mercy to Him who is Mercy, a cry of hope, of despair of self, opening into trust in Him, may save that child's life, when an angel might pour forth in vain

his burning, imploring words into the dull, or wild ears of the sufferer, in the vain hope of getting *him* to pray. I never would allow my father to go to typhus cases; and I don't think they lost anything by it. I have seen him rising in the dark of his room from his knees, and I knew whose case he had been laying at the footstool.

And now, my dear friends, I find I have exhausted our time, and never yet got to the sermon —and its text—'*That the way of God*'—what is it? it is His design in setting you here; it is the road He wishes you to walk in; it is His providence in your minutest as in the world's mightiest things; it is His will expressed in His works and word, and in your own soul it is His salvation. That it '*may be known*,' that the understandings of His intelligent, responsible, mortal and immortal creatures should be directed to it, to study and (as far as we ever can or need) to understand that which, in its fulness, passes all understanding; that it may be known '*on the earth*,' here, in this very room, this very minute; not as too many preachers and performers do, to be known only in the next world, men who, looking at the stars, stumble at their own door, and it may be *smoor* their own child, besides despising, upsetting, and extinguishing their own lantern. No! the next world is only to be reached through this, and our road through this our wilderness is not safe unless on the far beyond there is shining the lighthouse on the other side

of the dark river that has no bridge. Then '*His saving health;*' His health—whose?—God's—His soundness, the wholeness, the perfectness that is alone in and from Him—health of body, of heart, and brain, health to the finger-ends, health for eternity as well as time. '*Saving;*' we need to be saved, and we are salvable, this is much; and God's health can save us, that is more. When a man or woman is fainting from loss of blood, we sometimes try to save them, when all but gone, by transfusing the warm rich blood of another into their veins. Now this is what God, through His Son, desires to do; to transfuse His blood, Himself, through His Son, who is Himself, into us, diseased and weak. '*And*' refers to His health being '*known*,' recognised, accepted, used, '*among all nations;*' not among the U.P.s, or the Frees, or the Residuaries, or the Baptists, or the New Jerusalem people—nor among us in the Canongate, or in Biggar, or even in old Scotland, but 'among all nations;' then, and only then, will the people praise Thee, O God; will all the people praise Thee. Then, and then only, will the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, will bless us. God will bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

And now, my dear and patient friends, we must say good-night. You have been very attentive, and it has been a great pleasure to me as we went on to preach to you. We came to understand one

another. You saw through my jokes, and that they were not always nothing but jokes. You bore with my solemnities, because I am not altogether solemn; and so good-night, and God bless you, and may you, as Don Quixote, on his deathbed, says to Sancho, May you have your eyes closed by the soft fingers of your great-grandchildren. But no, I must shake hands with you, and kiss the bairns—why shouldn't I? if their mouths are clean and their breath sweet? As for you, *Ailie*, you are wearying for the child; and he is tumbling and fretting in his cradle, and wearying for you; good-bye, and away you go on your milky way. I wish I could (unseen) see you two enjoying each other. And good-night, my bonnie *wee wifie;* you are sleepy, and you must be up to make your father's porridge; and *Master William Winkie*, will you be still for one moment while I address you? Well, Master William, *wamble* not off your mother's lap, neither rattle in your excruciating way in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon; no more crawing like a cock, or skirlin' like a ken-na-what. I had much more to say to you, sir, but you will not bide still; off with you, and a blessing with you.

Good-night, *Hugh Cleland*, the best smith of any smiddy; with your bowly back, your huge arms, your big heavy brows and eyebrows, your clear eye and warm unforgetting heart. And you, *John Noble*, let me grip your horny hand, and

count the queer knobs made by the perpetual mell. I used, when I was a Willie Winkie, and wee, to think that you were born with them. Never mind, you were born for them, and of old you handled the trowel well, and built to the plumb. *Thomas Bertram*, your loom is at a discount, but many's the happy day I have watched you and your shuttle, and the interweaving treddles, and all the mysteries of setting the 'wab.' You are looking well, and though not the least of an ass, you might play Bottom most substantially yet. *Andrew Wilson*, across the waste of forty years and more I snuff the fragrance of your shop; have you forgiven me yet for stealing your paint-pot (awful joy!) for ten minutes to adorn my rabbit-house, and for blunting your pet *furmer?* Wise you were always, and in the saw-pit you spoke little, and wore your crape. Yourself wears well, but take heed of swallowing your shavings unawares, as is the trick of you 'wrights;' they confound the interior and perplex the Doctor.

Rob Rough, you smell of rosin, and your look is stern, nevertheless, or all the rather, give me your hand. What a grip! You have been the most sceptical of all my hearers; you like to try everything, and you hold fast only what you consider good; and then on your *crepida* or stool, you have your own think about everything human and divine, as you smite down errors on the lapstane, and 'yerk' your arguments with a well-rosined

lingle; throw your window open for yourself as well as for your blackbird; and make your shoes not to pinch. I present you, sir, with a copy of the book of the wise Switzer.

And nimble *Pillans*, the clothier of the race, and quick as your needle, strong as your corduroys, I bid you good-night. May you and the cooper be like him of Fogo, each a better man than his father; and you, *Mungo* the mole-catcher, and *Tod Laurie*, and *Sir Robert* the cadger, and all the other odd people, I shake your fists twice, for I like your line. I often wish I had been a mole-catcher, with a brown velveteen, or (fine touch of tailoric fancy!) a moleskin coat,—not that I dislike moles, I once ate the fore-quarter of one, having stewed it in a Florence flask, some forty years ago, and liked it; but I like the killing of them, and the country bye-ways, and the regularly irregular life, and the importance of my trade.

And good-night to you all, you women folks. *Marion Graham* the milkwoman; *Tibbie Meek* the single servant; *Jenny Muir* the sempstress; *Mother Johnston* the howdie, thou consequential Mrs. Gamp, presiding at the gates of life; and you in the corner there, *Nancy Cairns*, grey-haired, meek and old, with your crimped mutch as white as snow; the shepherd's widow, the now childless mother, you are stepping home to your *bein* and lonely room, where your cat is now ravelling a' her thrums, wondering where 'she' is.

Good-night to you all, big and little, young and old; and go home to your bedside, there is Some One waiting there for you, and His Son is here ready to take you to Him. Yes, He is waiting for every one of you, and you have only to say, 'Father, I have sinned—make me'—and He sees you a great way off. But to reverse the parable; it is the first-born, your elder brother, who is at your side, and leads you to your Father, and says, 'I have paid his debt;' that Son who is ever with Him, whose is all that He hath.

I need not say more. You know what I mean. You know who is waiting, and you know who it is who stands beside you, having the likeness of the Son of Man. Good-night! The night cometh in which neither you nor I can work—may we work while it is day; whatsoever thy *hand* findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work or device in the grave, whither we are all of us hastening; and when the night is spent, may we all enter on a healthful, a happy, an everlasting to-morrow!

THE END.

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